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E.3675

Yours Very truly,
Geo. W. Allee.

GATHERED WAIFLETS

Gathered Waiflets

BY

GEORGE McALEER, M. D.

ASSEMBLED AND PUBLISHED
By Their Author
WORCESTER, MASS.
1913.

43158

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TO HER
WHO ON THE SECOND DAY OF JUNE
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR
EXCHANGED THE NAME
HELEN FRANCES KENDALL
FOR
MRS. GEORGE MCALEER.

FOREWORD

“ Now, half afraid
To scan the train that startled memory brings,
Thought backward glances, and an inward voice
Asks for the harvest of my summer time.”

“Though fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.”

In the subtle economy of Nature a handful of leaves upon a tree are of but little importance or value, but when multiplied in numbers during the fullness of Summertime they not only clothe the trees in a garb of beauty, but they are also essential and indispensable; the biting frosts of Autumn soon end their transient day, clothe them in dullest brown, and angry winds hurl them unappreciated and unmourned to earth and oblivion. But no! — an artist hand gathers a vagrant few of their number, more fortunate than their fellows, and weaves them into a beautiful and enduring garland, each leaf contributing an added attraction and importance not inherent in itself.

Even so are the thought and hope of their author in assembling the Gathered Waiflets.

TORQUATO TASSO.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LADY FULLERTON READING
CIRCLE, WORCESTER, MASS., FEBRUARY 5, 1894.

IT is with the utmost diffidence that I appear before the audience that I see before me on this occasion. The theme, for its proper treatment, and this distinguished assembly deserve the best efforts of orators familiar with the subject and who could blend the graceful imagery of the poet and the felicity of expression of the novelist. These, it is needless for me to assure you, I cannot command. I might have noted down many things in the life of our poet, and made copious extracts from his masterpiece of Epic grandeur that would interest and please you, but knowing that the extemporaneous is preferred, even if inferior, to the written, I venture to adopt the former even at the risk of failing to meet your expectations.

With poetry in the abstract we need not now concern ourselves, for I am going to assume that my hearers have left behind them, with their childhood, the idea that all jingling words that fall pleasantly upon the ear, no matter how perfect the metre and melodious the rythm, is poetry. No, poetry is something above and beyond; something that may not be measured alone by metre and rythm. Poetry may be likened to the tempest that stirs to depths profound, to the lightning's flash and thunder's crash, to the

aurora that precedes the rising sun, to the summer shower, as if nature was weeping tears of joy, to the rainbow that beautifies the heavens and typifies hope, to the sympathetic friend who brings balm in the hour of affliction and sorrow, to the devout one whose holy life is a continual prayer that lifts up and ennobles; and again, when it touches the heart with all the varied sentiments from the heights of joy to the depths of dejection and sorrow as in a fond mother's love, it seems as if it touched our dull human nature and lifted us up to higher things as if by the hand of Divinity itself. Poetry is all this and more, and yet to no one has it ever been given to touch every chord with a master's hand. And so we have classification and gradation.

Shakespeare may be called the poet of action; Shelley, the poet of liberty; Keats, the poet of beauty; Scott, the poet of chivalry; Wordsworth, the poet of nature; Milton, the poet of introspection and involved description; Byron, the poet of impassioned and eloquent energy; Moore, the poet of the heart and sentiment; and so we might extend the list. But to return to our poet Tasso. High upon the top-most cliffs of fame, "among the few immortal names not born to die," are deeply chiselled the names of the world's greatest poets, and few there are whose works entitle them to higher place or more loved remembrance than him whom we summon here to-night from out of the tomb of ages — the determined student, the gifted genius, the chivalrous knight, the brilliant poet, the reigning court and nation's favorite, and later the poor, infirm, persecuted and abandoned Tasso.

Torquato Tasso was born in 1544 of illustrious

and highly gifted parents in the higher walks of life, and he died in early manhood, in 1595.

At the early age of eight years he was famous for his religious fervor and precocity of intellect. He received his early education from the renowned teachers of youth, the Jesuits. He grew up in a refined and highly learned literary and critical atmosphere. He was an early and voluminous writer as attested by his *Rinaldo* (which was given to the world when he was but eighteen years old), *Aminta*, *Torrismondo*, *La Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*, *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and other poems. From early life he was accustomed to the society of scholars and the intellectually great, and in early manhood he became the idol of the most brilliant and exclusive court in Europe.

His "Jerusalem Delivered" was completed during his thirtieth year. He lived a devout life in an intensely religious age, when high ideals and knightly chivalry and moral rectitude were at their best, and when they won their highest and most enduring laurels. Like many another of the world's great intellectual giants reverses overtook him in his later life, mental disturbances dimmed his brilliant intellect, and for seven long years he was deprived of his personal liberty.

He was a loyal son of the church, and his "Jerusalem Delivered" so abounds in Catholic doctrine, teaching and practice that the bigotry and intolerance to which the so-called Reformation gave birth and continued life—save in exceptional cases among the greater scholars and the more thoughtful, tolerant and appreciative—have ever exerted a withering and all too suc-

cessful effort to push aside and obscure this wonderful work and to deprive the world of its vast wealth of intellectual, poetical, ethical and literary treasures.

Tasso essayed a task hitherto not attempted, and since his time not equalled by any other writer. Unnumbered authors have won laurels and the plaudits of their readers by the skillful management of a single hero or heroine in their work, and when Shakespeare succeeds in managing two characters—Othello and Iago—so well and so evenly balancing their contributing parts that scholars and critics are unable to decide which is the hero of the play, the world bows down before this great achievement of his mighty genius; but Tasso essayed and triumphantly completed a mightier and vastly more difficult task. He planned and made his “Jerusalem Delivered” an allegory of human life and human action—of man composed of soul and body, of the good and the base—the crusades the battlefield of life, and the assault and conquest of Jerusalem, the toils and triumphs of man over the trials, temptations and vicissitudes of life.

The transcendent genius of Tasso enabled him to originate and give prominent place in his great masterpiece to different characters clearly showing forth in their contribution to the action of his great epic—each in his or her own sphere and way—a special characteristic or trait of human nature—some distinctive virtue, vice or passion—and this he does with such consummate ability that the most learned scholars, critics and reviewers in all lands agree that all of his characters have equal place and equal prominence throughout, that no character dominates over another, and that in this regard the “Jerusalem Delivered” of

Tasso has never been equalled. He makes every act and deed of his leading characters embody and typify some prominent attribute of human nature — to mention but a few of the many — Godfrey, kingly, dignified, just and noble — highest type of manhood guided by reason and reflection; Argantes, ireful, powerful, bold and noisome — type of arrogance, brute strength and anger not governed by reason or judgment; Baldwin, thoughtful and meditative — type of the methodical man who acts only after reason has been invoked and approves; Rinaldo, fiery and passionate — type of impetuous and unreflecting manhood that acts without weighing consequences; Armida, beautiful, alluring and deceitful — type of perpetual youth and the allurements, vanities and frailties of life; Clorinda, earnest, grave, devoted — type of womanly women ever strong and ready to pursue where conviction leads; Sophronio, zealous, modest, retiring, steadfast — type of purity and holy love.

It has been claimed as a high honor for the great Homer that he was the father of the simile, but be this as it may it is certain that no other poet ever made greater use of this figure of rhetoric, nor more appropriately, gracefully and forcefully than did Tasso in his greatest work in which it is used upwards of six hundred times.

It was long since proclaimed, and for many generations it has been very generally conceded by historians, artists and scholars, that Dante gave to the world more subjects for the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the artist than any other author who ever lived, if not more than all authors combined, and that Tasso has done for authors equal service in the world

of books and literature. Certain it is that some of the most startling, popular and successful works of many authors, from his time to the present, are but copies of isolated portions of his greatest poem modernized and amplified but not improved.

The mighty Shakespeare — the generous pilferer from others, and whose conduct in this regard would, in this more plain speaking age of the world, accord him place with the rankest of plagiarists — fashioned his *Romeo and Juliet* upon Tasso's *Olindo and Sophronio*. This has always been known by the leading lights in the literary world, but lest it may be doubted in this superficial age when so much incense and red fire are burned before the shrine of Anglo-Saxonism while industriously striving to belittle the great achievements of other European nations, I crave your permission and forbearance to parenthetically and briefly introduce the unquestioned evidence of a great luminary in the world of letters, the famed Dr. Johnson, a great friend and admirer of England's greatest poet and playwright; and his evidence further proves the general illiteracy and ignorance of the English people down to modern times.

“ The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. . . . The philology of Italy had been translated hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth. . . . The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity. . . . Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose that he chose the most popular. . . . And Fairfax's translation of Tasso's '*Jerusalem Delivered*' was then in England upon the

summit of popularity. . . . He obtained his ideas from accidental quotations or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more had he obtained them. . . . In the story of Romeo and Juliet he is observed to have followed the English translation where it deviates from the Italian.”

The foregoing extracts are taken from Dr. Johnson’s preface to many of the editions of Shakespeare’s complete works.

The ear marks of Tasso’s transcendent genius are also easily discovered and recognized in Spenser’s highly praised *Fairiæ Queene*.

It is a long step from Shakespeare’s time to the present, but plagiarism and adaptations from Tasso still continue. It is but a few short years ago that Haggard’s “*She*” created a furore in the reading world, and this is but a prose rendering of Tasso’s *Armida*.

But in the limited time at our disposal I must not extend the list. The work of no other poet so abounds in a wealth of proverbial poetical gems of thought, and no poet has ever been so generally and frequently honored by having them adopted by authors, orators, publicists and others from the time of Tasso to the present day to give more elegant expression, adornment, appositeness, point and force to their ideas and best efforts, and the literary world has been greatly enriched thereby.

The “*Jerusalem Delivered*” is not for the dilltanti—the flippant and hasty readers. Close application and deep study must be bestowed upon a work so comprehensive and so profound before its scope, its unity of purpose, its triumphant fulfillment, its lasting

beauty, and enduring superiority will be fully revealed.

But I must not presume upon your indulgence and overtax your patience by supplying further biographical data or by attempting a general review of our poet's greatest work.

I do wish, however, to detain you somewhat with a consideration of the age in which he lived, the difficulty of obtaining an education, his environments, as well as the works which his transcendent genius left as a priceless heritage to more favored generations. This I am anxious to do particularly for one of many reasons. I know I have the honor of addressing many who are engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of teaching youth, and what I particularly desire to emphasize is the consideration of the attainments of our poet without what are now deemed the indispensable adjuncts of the schoolroom. You will recall the date of the invention of printing by movable types, and that books for use in the schoolroom, as we now have them, were to him unknown. I crave your indulgence if I ask right here, parenthetically, if school books were blotted out of existence to-day and teaching be confined to the oral only as in bygone times what progress would be made in the schoolroom? And with all the aids now at the command of teachers, I ask where are the rivals or equals of the early scholars? You need not be told that Tasso was not the bright, particular star and solitary exception. You know that the stylus of St. Augustine had traced on parchment and given to the world, centuries before, his *Civitate Dei*, that the incomparable *Summa Theologiæ* of the Angel of Schools shone athwart the world like a ray of Divine effulgence three centuries

before Tasso's birth, that time had buried sixteen centuries between the birth of his gifted countryman, Virgil, and his natal day, and Dante preceded him nearly three centuries. Scholars have long since accorded Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso the proud distinction of being the greatest poets who ever shed lustre on the land of their nativity, sunny Italy, since the dawn of the Christian era.

Nor are these the only giants in intellect which illumined the early years and blessed later generations, but we forbear further enumeration lest we extend the list to undue length and encroach too much upon your time and patience.

At the time of Tasso's birth, A. D. 1554, America was a veritable *terra incognita*. It had but little place on the map of the world and was as of little importance. Religious tranquility had not been disturbed by the rebellion of Luther, the apostasy of Calvin, nor the wickedness of Henry VIII, and a careful reading of history will reveal the fact that Christian nations and Christian people cared less for personal aggrandisement, which is such an unpleasant and withering characteristic of these later times, than for the domination of the spiritual as commanded by the Master.

Pope, hierarchy, Christian kings, princes and nobles gloried in their religion and hesitated not at great personal sacrifice to extend its blessings to the less favored ones of earth.

Brilliant examples of those who obeyed the command of the Master, "Go Teach," are too numerous to be enumerated now, and we must be content with naming as examples two who may be regarded as contemporary with Tasso, and who left the imprint of their

greatness and achievements as a rich legacy to all coming generations, Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier.

The spiritual was not alone relied upon to evangelize the world, and the sword was often unsheathed in the cause. From the eleventh to the thirteenth century the Christian nations waged almost unceasing war against Mohammedan and infidel countries, not for conquest or gain, but to recover Palestine and the Holy Sepulchre from the scoffer and unbeliever and to extend Christianity throughout the known world.

The most remarkable of all these wars was the first Crusade, which was undertaken A. D. 1096, in which year it is recorded that not less than 6,000,000 souls moved forward toward Palestine.

This vast concourse was the outpouring of all Christian nations, and was under the leadership of Godfrey de Bouillon aided by brave men from many nations.

The organization, equipping, disciplining, manoeuvring, moving and maintenance of such an army, as well as the method of warfare in those far off times, of onslaught and repulse, of stratagem and personal encounter (for powder and fire-arms were then not in use) form a most interesting chapter in military annals, and furnish ample scope for the most gifted pen. The history of this Crusade is what Tasso tells in his "Jerusalem Delivered," which is, and will be the marvel, admiration and delight of scholars to the end of time.

At the outset permit me to say that the leading personages and events, in this great work, are historically correct, so we have a substantial and not an

imaginary or poetical foundation for the narration. His leading characters were real, living, acting personages and participants in the events which he records. Not a useless plan is formulated, movement made, engagement entered into, that is adventitious, tentative, or that could be omitted without injury and loss. In sentiment and poetic expression he touches a responsive chord with a master's hand that finds lodgment in every human breast. Romance, too, of the highest type, runs through his pages and serves as a golden thread upon which to string the jewels of his thoughts.

You frequently hear the remark, "That is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." This, in a broader sense, may be taken as a measure of the inability of writers to properly manage more than one character, and when the Bard of Avon succeeds with two, as in *Othello* and *Iago*, his work is regarded with wonderment bordering on amazement. Not so with Tasso. No one of his characters stands pre-eminent, subordinating all the others.

The kingly Godfrey, wise, just and firm; chivalrous Tancred, fiery, brave and resolute; Rinaldo, inconstant and sentimental; Argantes and Gernando, types of human strength and brutal ferocity; Armida, the beautiful and deceitful; and Clorinda, of royal lineage and daring, are some of his leading characters, and who are so skilfully managed that each disputes with the other the claim to greater prominence.

To attempt, therefore, a resume of this great epic, however superficial and inadequate, would take us beyond reasonable limit and I shall not now undertake it.

Knowing well that romance and sentiment always

appeal to and interest an audience of the fair sex I shall attempt but a brief summary of incidents in which they have prominence, culling as it were but a few flowers from a generous garland. And this, in as far as may be in the time at our disposal, I will present in the same habiliments with which our poet clothed his thoughts.

Interesting as is the first canto, which treats principally of the outpouring of different nations, the organization of the army, and all the preparations made in those distant times for the practice of the art of war, we may not now stop to consider. This vast army had not passed in review before Godfrey on its way to the land "Where Christ the pangs of death and darkness underwent," before its purpose was known to the enemy, which sent spies recruited from the fair sex into their camp to deceive and ensnare. This is the occasion when our poet writes the oft quoted words:—

"And looked-for evil is a greater ill
Than the winged mischief when it comes."

And Aladine, of the infidel forces, being apprised of the intent of the Crusaders, thus gives utterance:—

'I see," said he, "in this perfidious brood
Undoubted signs of new conceived delight;
The public evil is their private good.

"I'll wreak my will;
Destroy them all; a sharp example make;
Safe in their mothers' arms the infants kill,
Their temples fire, and to the lowest sill
Burn their abodes.

And first on yon scorn'd Sepulchre of theirs,
Shall the cowl'd priests be slain, midst all their vows
and pray'rs.

“Then with busy brain
In every fountain noxious drugs he throws,
And the polluted stream with secret poison flows.”

Plots, counterplots and preparations for the conflict grow apace. Craft, deceit and perfidy are given free rein by the enemy, and fair deceivers successfully ply their wiles and evil machinations with many of Godfrey's trusted leaders.

A heavenly messenger now appears and urges Godfrey to proceed, who then holds a council of war, when he

“Meets all men's words with such charms of speech
That while he compels he wins and pleases each.”

In the answers of endorsement and approval, among other beautiful things, our poet makes Peter the Hermit say:—

“Our government is even
As a vague pendulum, which each one finds
Struck by as many hands as there are various minds.”

And Godfrey concludes by saying:

“The period has arrived when we should rear
Our flag aloft; less fortunate will flow
The tide the longer we delay: things clear
Will set in night.”

The day of battle at length arrives, and onslaught meets repulse only to have the attack renewed and see the vanquished become the victors. Again and again attack and repulse, repulse and attack, and not until the ensanguined earth was strewn with mangled, bloody corpses was the Persian standard temporarily lowered to the conquering Crusaders. Tancred was ever in the centre of the conflict where

Death reaped his greatest harvest, and wearied at the close of day, he retired to a living spring to quench his thirst. While refreshing himself

“To the same warbling of fresh waters drew
Armed but unhelmed and unforeseen a maid;
She was a Pagan, and came thither, too,
To quench her thirst beneath the pleasant shade.”

Helmed and steeled as was Tancred, he deserted Mars, and was immediately enslaved in the chains of Love.

But she, discovering that she was not alone, departed as swiftly as she came, leaving the impress of her high and warlike mien indelibly impressed upon his heart.

The Mohammedans next employed the wiles of beauty to ensnare Godfrey, and so weaken the Christians by depriving them of their invincible leader, and thus avenge their losses and defeat.

Armida is commissioned to entrap the Christians:

“Go to the hostile camp; weep, tremble, sigh,
Each female charm that lures to love employ;
Let the lips aid the witchcraft of the eye,
Smiles flash through tears and grief despond in joy
Now shrink from notice, now with prayers annoy,
In weeping beauty o’er the wise prevail.”

Her beauty, wiles and consummate skill gain her admission to the presence of Godfrey, and finds him

“In simple vesture on a simple seat,
Calmly conversing with his chieftains round;
For genuine worth, though negligent, is crowned
With a sufficient ornament arrayed
In its own excellence.”

Mind less capable than Tasso's could never depict such studied wiles, invent such plausible claims, or urge them with more persuasive eloquence. She tells Godfrey that she was born and nurtured in the faith he despised, that she was of royal lineage, that her mother died in giving her birth, that her father followed her mother to the grave five years later; that, dying, her father gave her in charge to an uncle who planned an unworthy matrimonial alliance for her, which was so repugnant that she refused it, and failing in this, a trusty servant assured her that he had planned to rid himself of her by poison and thus possess the crown which was rightfully hers. She appeals to him in the name of chivalry to come to her aid and avenge her wrongs, assuring him that—

“Lovelier is Mercy's smile than Valor's crown.”

“Godfrey revolved; he feared some Gentile snare
Couched in her tears, some ambushcade of art;
He knew who kept not faith with God, would dare
Break league with man.”

And thus he answered:

“If God's own quarrel had not claimed these swords,
Now oath-bound to His cause, thy hopes might rest
Thereon in perfect trust,—not pitying words
But valid actions had thy wrongs redressed;
But while His heritage is thus oppressed
Beneath the harsh rod of a tyrant king,
How can we grant, fair lady, thy request?
Divided hosts declining fortunes bring,
And check the flowing tide of vict'ry in its spring.”

And she, with Satanic cunning, cries out

“Lost! Lost! O skies! O stars! What evils more

Do ye prescribe? Did ever one fulfil
A doom so harsh, so merciless before?"

And deceitfully turning to Godfrey,

"Not to thee, gracious Chieftain! not to thee
Lay I this crime, but to imperious Fate;
Oh that her active tyranny would free
My weary spirit from a world I hate!

"Now holy sanctitude and maiden shame
Urge me to go, but whither shall I fly?
There is no refuge for a blighted name;
Earth holds no spot beneath the boundless sky
So secret but the tyrant's eye
Will find it, and transpierce me; but—I go;
The Angel of Death approaching I desory:
Naught now is left but to forestall his blow;
None but Armida's arm shall lay Armida low."

Withdrawing from Godfrey's presence her abjections, tears and impassioned appeals that worried him not, touched the hearts of his bravest and less discreet warriors, who said amongst themselves:

"Surely he made the vexed sea roaring brine
His nursing cradle, and wild wolves that rave
On the chill crags of some rude Apennine,
Gave his youth suck: O, cruel as the grave,
Who could view charms like hers and not consent to
save."

The spirit of chivalry so predominated, and so much dissatisfaction resulted from Godfrey's decision, that he felt compelled to summon a council, and said:

"Knights, you have heard our sentiments, which were
Not to refuse the Syrian maid's request,
But our intended succor to defer
To a maturer season; I recur

To the same charge,—your judgment yet is free
To follow my proposal; in the stir
Of this unstable world, how oft we see
That 'tis true wisdom's part to change her own decree.

“Proceed or stay then at your own free will;
To your discretion I the choice confide;
But choose not more than ten; to me you gave
Powers paramount, to royalty allied;
This is my prerogative I cannot waive;
No! for a powerless Chief is but a glorious slave.”

The council was unanimous against Godfrey's decision, and so many were anxious to draw the sword in her defence, that the fortunate ones had to be selected by lot, who, with the maid, withdrew with loud acclaim from camp. But, so strong was the spirit of chivalry, that the next roll-call showed many defections and desertions in addition from the camp of Godfrey to her standard. We may say, in passing, that all these fell prey to the Mohammedans and were slaughtered or transported to distant lands.

This so crippled the Crusaders that Godfrey wisely decided to make no further advances until succored by re-enforcements. Meanwhile the Mohammedans were growing restive in their garrisons in the beleaguered city, and made every effort to precipitate an engagement, but Godfrey is unmoved and bides his time. He tells his leaders:

“All equal crimes are not of like account.

 'Tis for the great to give
Proof of obedience to the lowly.

 To be mild
Power should be based in fear; when rulers spread
Too wide their mercy, Liberty runs wild,
And States decay.

To wrath's first gust I deem it best to bend;
A cause by Power prejudged 'twere fruitless to defend."

Succor is slow to come, famine presses sorely, and dissatisfaction and insubordination grow in Godfrey's camp, and Christian and Saracen alike, can be restrained no longer. Clorinda and Argantes make reconnoissance without the walls of the besieged city in the evening when

"The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burn down."

Seeing the twinkling lights in the camp of the Christians, and the towering rolling fort to be used against their citadel, Clorinda, turning to Argantes, said:

"There will I go with torch and sword and fire
Their rolling fort."

And Argantes answered,

"With thee, with thee this night too will I go
And all thy fortunes share, betide me weal or woe."

Clorinda remonstrates lest both should fall, and Argantes' loss to the besieged be irreparable. But Argantes persists, and together they seek the Soldan, who gives his consent to the attempt. Here Clorinda's eunuch steps in and attempts to dissuade her from such rash adventure.

The words of the text—

"'Twas then her eunuch came
Who had her cradle rocked and nursed her from a
child."

Not succeeding in this, and fearing the worst, he

tells her who she is and whence,—that she was born in far away Ethiopia, of Christian parents, in the harem over which he presided, but unlike them in color, she was white as snow, which so terrified her mother, lest it would argue her unchaste, and knowing her father's jealous temper, and the eunuch's fidelity, she parted forever with her child, sending it and the eunuch to a far off clime, and substituting

“A new-born negro's infant for her own.”

The parting of mother with her child is told as only Tasso could tell, and other words would fail in the attempt to do it justice. In his flight with the child, the eunuch encountered a tigress, and had to seek safety in a tree, leaving the child on the ground.

The tigress approached and was fondled by the child, and after nursing it, as would a fond mother, departed leaving the child unharmed.

Re-possessing himself of the child, he continued his flight, until he landed in Egypt. Being chased one day by robbers, he escaped by swimming a roaring, surging stream. Being caught in a vortex and thrown about, he emerged, half dazed, only to realize that he had lost the child in the struggle. Striking out for the shore, he found that the light garments of the child had buoyed it up, and that it had floated out upon the sandy beach below. Being wearied he stretched himself on the sand beside it to rest.

“And slumbering on the sand
Methought the figure of a frowning Knight
Came near and pointing at my breast his brand
Imperiously exclaimed: No more withstand
The solemn charge with which thou long hast striven,

A mother's precept: Christen, I command,
This babe the choice inheritance of heaven;
To my peculiar care the orphan child is given,
'Twas I gave mercy to the infuriate beast,
Life to the wind and mildness to the stream:
And woe to thou if thou my words dispute,
Or as a vacant phantom dis-esteem
The heavenly form I am.

But as false I judged the dream,
And true my faith, I scrupled not to slight
The angel's threat, and still withheld the rite."

He tells her her history at length and concludes—

"Last morn a sleep, the simile of death,
Ere yet the stars had faded from the sky,
Sank in my soul, and by our holy faith
Again thy Genius, in my sleep passed by;
And haughtier was his look, more fierce his cry,
Traitor, he said, the hour to dis-unite
Clorinda from the bonds of earth draws nigh;

Mine shall she yet become in thy despite;
Be thine the woe; he frowned and heavenward took
his flight."

With tears he again entreats her to desist, and she, remembering a like dream, or vision, wavered. But, in another moment, arousing herself to action, she joins Argantes, and they betake themselves to the camp of the Christians and fire the rolling fort. Bursting forth, the flames arouse the camp, and all are in arms and hot-pursuit of the fleeing ones, who hasten back to the walled city, Argantes behind to protect the maid. All reach the gates at the same instant, which open to let in the daring pair, but in the confusion and haste Clorinda is shut out with the enemy. Her self-possession and daring desert her not,

and she now slips in among the Christians and endeavors to escape in the darkness. Tancred, whose keen eyes are not deceived, follows in hot pursuit, and engages her in deadly conflict, not recognizing her sex.

No other pen has ever given to the world such detailed description of prowess, skill and endurance in personal encounter.

Finally, after lengthy combat, which was maintained with equal vigor and prowess, and victory hovered alternately over each—

“In her fair bosom deep his sword he drives;
’Tis done, life’s purple fountain bathes its blade.”

And thus she speaks:

“Friend, thou hast won: I pardon thee, and O,
Forgive thou me. I fear not for this clay,
But for my dark soul, pray for it, and bestow
The sacred right that laves all sins away.
Not distant, gushing from the rocks, a rill
Clashed on his ear; to this with eager pace
He speeds—his hollow casque the waters fill—
And back he hurries to the deed of grace;
His hands as aspens tremble, while they raise
The locked aventayle of the unknown knight;—
God for thy mercy! ’tis her angel face!
Aghast and thunderstruck, he loathes the light;
Ah, knowledge best unknown! ah, too distracting
sight.”

Mustering all his power in such trying ordeal, he administers the sacrament of baptism and hears her last words:

“Heaven gleams; in blissful peace behold thy friend
depart!”

The battle is renewed in the morning when

Argantes, the furious and hitherto invincible, charges upon Tancred to avenge the fate of Clorinda, but the sword of the Christian knight prevails, and Argantes bites the earth. The Christians triumph and the walls of Jerusalem fall before the conquering crusaders.

Nearly every character in the "Jerusalem Delivered" has an individuality as clear-cut and well defined as that of Tancred and Clorinda, the action and movement of the epic is well balanced and harmonious, the plot is of absorbing interest, the whole forming a work at once the charm and delight of students and scholars, and of which, one high in ability to judge, has proclaimed that "Not a single Canto in the work, not a line in a Canto, nor a word in a line can be omitted without marring the beauty and symmetry of the whole."

MONEY AND BANKING.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. JOHN'S TEMPERANCE
AND LITERARY GUILD, WORCESTER, MASS., FRIDAY
EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, 1898.

I FIND myself in an embarrassing predicament to-night, and the only explanation I can offer is the zeal of your spiritual director in your behalf and my inability to say "No" when I should. As you all well know, I am no financier or banker in the broad acceptance of the terms, and yet I am to talk to you on money and banking.

To adequately treat the subject which has been assigned to me requires ability which I cannot command, and it would consume more time than is at our disposal. However, a business life extending over a generation of years has familiarized me with some of the rudiments of both, which it may not be unprofitable to spend a few moments to consider.

In the hurry and bustle of our every-day life we find it very easy to adapt ourselves to the high civilization surrounding us, so prone is man to reconcile himself to his environment; and it is so easy to assume that things have always been as they now are that we seldom take the trouble to go back and investigate their beginnings.

The genesis of money and banking is as important and interesting, and their origin, growth and development are as truly an evolution, as any other

science. In primitive times manufactures and commerce, as we now know them, were unknown. Production was limited to supplying the very scanty individual wants of those far-off times, and too often these were obtained by the robber hand of might from the less combative and peaceful producer. Man's wants grew and became more imperative with the growth of civilization and the ascendancy of principles over might, when it was learned that these varied wants could be best supplied by the sub-division and specialization of labor, the greatest step ever taken apart from Christianity in the work of upbuilding and elevating humanity.

It required no great profundity for the farmer to perceive that it was more advantageous for him to devote all his ability and energy to tilling the soil and caring for his sheep and cattle than to attempt to do this and at the same time be a very indifferent artisan in a dozen other callings, which under other conditions he would be compelled to practice to indifferently supply his wants. He soon became aware that he could procure clothes to wear, boots for his feet and tools to till the soil, of better quality and at less expense in exchange for the products of his farm from people who made a specialty of their production, than if he made them himself — while the artisans exclusively engaged in their production, and who could fashion more perfect implements at much less expense than could the farmer, were only too glad to exchange the products of their ingenuity and skill for the necessities of life, and so barter was established.

To make these various exchanges much time was lost and much inconvenience resulted. After the lapse

of time this was in a measure remedied by setting apart a certain day at stated times where all could gather for the interchange of products. This proved a step in advance, and the custom spread to all countries where civilization obtained a foothold, and this was the origin of the modern fair or market day.

But a new way must be found to solve an old difficulty, which, with the increased opportunities for the interchange of commodities, became more and more intolerable. One farmer had only wheat to sell and needed in exchange only a plough, but the maker of the plough already had wheat enough, and so both had to seek a third party, a fourth, a fifth, or more, before it was possible to effect an exchange. Another farmer had a fatted ox and wanted only a pair of boots. The boot-maker wanted the beef for food, but as one fatted ox would buy many pairs of boots, another inconvenience resulted. Again, owing to soil, climate and the varied distribution of metals and minerals, a surplus of many things is produced in one location which cannot find a purchaser where produced, while people at a distance might desire or even be in great need of them, and yet it might be entirely impractical to attempt their exchange by barter. Also under such conditions it would be well-nigh impossible to lay by the surplus produced during the more active years of life for use in old age and sickness. Hence the necessity was realized for some unit of value to facilitate the exchange of products and by means of which man can not only conveniently supply his wants, but also be able to lay by the surplus for future use, and so a unit of value, or measure of value, came into use. This measure of value varied at different times and in

different countries, but all may be classed under the generic term, money.

In some countries products of the soil, such as corn, tea and tobacco, were adopted; in others skins of animals, shells, human beings as slaves, oil and cattle. Lexicographers tell us that our word "pecuniary" is derived from the Latin word *pecus*, cattle. In some countries, even in our day, commodities are still the medium of exchange; but they have long since been discarded for such use by nations in touch with the civilization of the nineteenth century, and coins made from the precious metals have taken their place.

Money has been defined by a noted American writer on political economy and money as "that which passes freely from hand to hand throughout the community in final discharge of debts and full payment of commodities, being accepted equally without reference to the character or credit of the person who offers it, and without the intention of the person who receives it to consume it, or to enjoy it, or to apply it to any other use than in turn to tender it to others in discharge of debts and payment of commodities."

No more interesting chapter is to be found in the pages of profane history than that wherein is recorded the origin of this now very common medium of exchange, its development, and the impetus which it has given to agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and through them to civilization.

The invention of money coined from the precious metals is one of the very few great inventions of the world—an invention that may well be called the father of commerce. Without money commerce as we know it would be impossible, and without commerce one of

the three great levers which move the world upward to better things would be blotted out.

The vast interchange of goods and products in our day takes place so easily—with such facility and great rapidity—that it seldom occurs to us to ask how it is done, and, if we think of the matter at all, we are apt to conclude that it has always been so. But the annihilation of time and space and the prodigious development of commerce, are practically limited to our own day—and money has been a most important contributing factor.

Herculean enterprises which would have astounded the world, and which would have been pronounced visionary and impractical but a few generations ago, are now undertaken and carried to successful issue without apparent effort—and money is the vivifying agent. Hospitals of great extent to alleviate human suffering, halls of learning for the upbuilding and elevation of humanity, libraries containing the intellectual treasures of Time, and eleemosynary institutions to project a ray of sunshine into the lives of the aged and unfortunate—are among the triumphs of civilization, and all made possible by money.

As might be supposed, the precious metals were first used as a medium of exchange during the old civilization of the East, where they were weighed at each transaction, and they were received and delivered as so much bullion or metal. For many centuries all the commerce of the Eastern countries was carried on by this method.

In the pages of sacred and profane history we read of the shekels or pounds of gold and silver used in ancient Assyria and Babylonia, but while the same

term is used in the East and some of the countries of the Western world in our day, bullion, or the metals in bulk, is no longer the medium of exchange.

A most important step in advance was taken when the precious metals were put into circulation in pieces of uniform fineness, weight and value, duly stamped with the official seal or coat-of-arms of the country or city which issued them. This fixity of value greatly facilitated business transactions and gave great impetus to commerce. Like many other great adaptations, inventions and discoveries, it is to-day a disputed question what nation and people were the first to give this great improvement in mercantile transactions to mankind.

Some historians contend that the Lydians made use of such coins sixteen centuries before the Christian era, while others claim the honor for the Greeks in Phocæa in Iona, who, in the seventh century before Christ, first conceived the idea of coining money, that is, making pieces of equal value and stamping on each piece the city arms, the phoca or seal, thus giving the warranty of their dominion for the right weight, fineness and value of these pieces.

The mechanic art in those distant times was but in embryo, and nowhere was this more in evidence than in the crude coins produced for circulation as money, samples of which are to be found in many of the museums of the world.

Varying much in thickness and contour, no two being precisely alike, it was an easy matter for those inclined to dishonesty to pare off a little of the valuable metal here and there, without detection, from the coins passing through their hands. This evil became

very general and extended over centuries, and withstood every attempt to suppress it, although the crime was made high treason in many countries and the severest and most cruel penalties were meted out to offenders. Fabulous wealth was accumulated by this nefarious, thieving practice, and the temptation was so great as to withstand every effort to suppress it. Paring and shaving became too slow, and operators boldly resorted to clipping. This so defaced the coins that often it was impossible to tell what was their original value. Impecunious and spendthrift kings, taking advantage of the fact that clipped coins of less intrinsic than nominal value circulated at their face or nominal value, to fill their depleted treasuries resorted to the robber method of issuing coins with half and sometimes less than half of the requisite amount of the precious metal, and forced them upon their unwilling subjects.

Then a very grave practical difficulty arose, which may be best explained by a very commonplace illustration. Let us suppose that a bushel of wheat and a pair of shoes to be of equal value and either could be bought for a certain coin. The farmer having the wheat to sell does not want the shoes at present, and the shoemaker having the shoes to dispose of does not want the wheat for some months to come. Neither is willing to exchange the product of his labor for a piece of metal which might not be worth half as much six months hence, and which would compel either one then to give twice as much in exchange as would have been necessary but a few short months before.

This debasement of the currency then, as it always has since, worked such injury to the mercantile

world as to paralyze business and destroy commerce, leaving behind its blackened trail of stagnation and ruination as a sorrowful legacy to coming years. Thus, generations and centuries ago, stability in the currency based upon its intrinsic value was found to be necessary to avoid excessive fluctuations in values and consequent disorder in the business world. Many now think that the question of a debased currency never arose to perplex the people until our day, and that it can be justified and made helpful to a nation by the sleight-of-hand of some ignorant sophist or shallow theorist, forgetting that the issue is as old as that of coinage itself, that it has always been attended with deplorable results, and that only one solution is possible, as those deeply schooled in the science of political economy and the great financiers of the world unanimously proclaim, and the voice of history abundantly proves.

Macaulay, writing of the times of William the Third, some 200 years ago, and the debased money then in circulation, tells, as no other pen has ever told, the evils resulting therefrom, and his words should prove a salutary warning to all coming generations.

The evil had grown to such proportions during the reign of this sovereign that the most heroic measures were resorted to to put a stop to its further progress. Laws more stringent than ever were enacted, and a law was passed prohibiting the circulation of all coins by tale, and so they were received and paid as in more primitive times, by weight alone, to the great loss and ruin of many. But as a return to old conditions and to old methods is a step backward, and as improvement and progress never retrace their steps permanently, a way was found out of the difficulty by

making all coins of equal value exactly alike, made possible by improvement and progress in the mechanic art, and milling the edges or stamping thereon some motto or legend so that it was impossible to clip or mutilate them without detection, in which shape we have them now.

There have always been industrious people of frugal habits who limit their expenditures to an amount below their income, or, to use a common and well-understood colloquial phrase, "who lay by something for a rainy day." To these may be added widows, minors and invalids, as well as a very large class composed of those who are better fitted by nature to serve others than to manage for themselves, all of whom may inherit or otherwise come into possession of wealth, and with growing commerce and advancing civilization the volume of currency expanded in proportion and its proper care and management pressed for a solution. To carry much wealth about upon the person exposes it to the constant risk of loss by violence or otherwise, and if hidden away it might be lost by the sudden death of the owner, by fire, or be stolen by burglars and robbers; and aside from these and other risks such vast wealth hoarded would be wholly unproductive, and while earning nothing for its owners would be working grave injury to the community by disturbing financial distribution and equilibrium.

As it was impractical for each individual to provide fire and burglar proof vaults for the adequate protection of his property, or to engage in financial business in addition to his other occupation, so in this, as in other walks of life, the division of labor solved the difficulty.

A single individual, or an association of individuals, by providing a place of safety could better protect and care for the surplus earnings of all than each individual could do for himself; and by loaning this money to the more enterprising, as well as those in need, the welfare of borrower and lender was not only promoted, but also that of the whole community, and so banks and banking came into existence. The term bank is said to be derived from *banca*, a bench, upon which the money changers sat in bygone years during the time of fairs or market days.

With the establishment of banks an old element in society, confidence, became more prominent and of greater value than had ever previously been accorded to it, and without which banking as now conducted would be impossible. Without the certainty that he could have it whenever he might want it, or at some stated time mutually agreed upon, no man would entrust his money to the keeping of others, and those receiving it, the bankers, would not loan it to others unless fully confident that it would be paid back at the end of the term for which it was loaned. Confidence, therefore, founded upon integrity, is the chief corner-stone supporting the financial superstructure, and without this there would be nothing but discord and chaos in the world of finance and business. Business depression and attendant upheavals and failures resulting therefrom are some of the injuries wrought by impaired confidence, even in a minor degree, which many of my hearers have witnessed, and which it is not necessary for me to enlarge upon now.

There is no business of equal magnitude or importance so very generally misunderstood, or which is more

violently assailed by the ignorant, shallow-brained schemers and designing adventurers and tricksters, who grow not weary howling about the banking monopoly and the wicked, bloated bond-holders and financiers. From this ill-favored class and worthless element in society nothing receives greater criticism and condemnation than success in the financial world; and the higher the social standing of him who achieves it and the greater his success the more violent and senseless their denunciations! How anything can be a monopoly, favored with special and exclusive privileges, when every one is free to engage therein under the same conditions, is a question too deep and too profound for me to understand or explain, and its solution I will leave to those jaundiced gentlemen who never made a success of anything which they ever undertook, but who have abundant advice and criticism to offer to all who have.

Banks and banking, as properly known and understood, may be classed as business (national in the United States) banks, trust companies, savings banks and co-operative banks—the first organized and operated under national laws in this country and the others under the state laws of their respective states.

Savings banks having for their principal object to furnish a safe place for the wage-earner and man of limited means to deposit surplus earnings, and their investment being limited by law to very high class securities to ensure safety, their function and scope are entirely unlike those of the national banks and trust companies, and they may more properly be classed with eleemosynary than banking institutions. Knowing that my hearers are more generally interested

in savings banks than in other financial institutions, I shall offer no apology for dwelling, later, at greater length upon their organization, management and functions than upon the others.

Co-operative banks, as their name implies, are organized for mutual help and advantage. They loan the money contributed by the members, who purchase "shares," paying therefor by monthly installments, a stated amount per month, until the shares reach maturity, or, in other words, until paid for in full. They limit their business exclusively to members, loaning their money to the highest bidders therefor in amounts proportional to the number of "shares" held by such members.

While these banks are admirably adapted to the specific purpose for which they are organized, and have proved of undoubted advantage by encouraging habits of thrift and economy, by enabling many to own homes who probably would not have had them otherwise, and by adding taxable property to the community, yet they are not at all adapted to the wants of business and commerce, and it is only by a stretch of language that they can be classed as banks.

The objects, scope and methods of national banks and trust companies being substantially the same they may be considered together, and what is said of one applies almost as well to the other.

It is true that national banks issue notes payable on demand, or bank bills as they are commonly called, and that trust companies do not; but whether there is or is not any advantage in this is an open question, many of the leading bankers of the country being on record in the negative, and many of the larger banks

with capital running into the millions having in circulation only a nominal amount of bank notes or bills.

Trust companies usually depart from the specific lines generally pursued by the national banks in various ways, some of which are providing vaults for the safe keeping of valuables, which are rented to the public, acting as trustees of estates and of funds set apart for some specific purpose, acting as transfer agents of the stock of corporations, as trustees for bonds, guaranteeing bonds, and in many other ways acting as fiduciary agents.

But in the matter of transacting a general banking business, receiving deposits, discounting notes and the like, national banks and trust companies may be regarded as substantially alike, the one competing with the other for the financial business of the world. And now we have arrived at the gateway of one of the marvels of the nineteenth century—the growth, development, extent and importance of the banking interest; where giant minds and brainiest men meet in the arena in financial centers; where tireless energy and Herculean endeavor join hands with coolness and intrepidity; where enterprise, bordering upon rashness, snatches success from out the devouring jaws of failure.

All this is not true of every bank, for banks are very human institutions, and like all others they are characterized by great differences;—from the small bank in the country town, whose volume of business runs up only to the modest thousands in a year, and where the work is all probably performed by the cashier under the direction of a board of directors, up to the great metropolitan institutions, the volume of

whose business not infrequently mounts up into millions daily, and in which greatest ability and skill are required in their organization and management to insure efficiency, promptness and safety.

Here again we find the principle of sub-division of labor in operation, the work in these vast financial institutions being sub-divided and devolving upon a president, vice-president, board of directors, cashier, assistant cashier and even a second assistant cashier, receiving teller, paying teller, note teller, financial rating clerk, call loan clerk, discount clerk, mail clerk, head bookkeeper, and any number of assistants, stenographers, typewriters, messenger boys, porters, watchmen and others, all having well defined duties to perform, most of which are evident by the title borne by the designated official, but which for the want of time I will not now attempt to explain. I would also bespeak your forbearance in the same connection while I briefly touch upon the various instruments falling under the designation of commercial paper and such as are used in financial transactions: notes—demand, time, secured by collateral and mortgage; drafts—at sight, time and with bill of lading; checks—certified, to bearer, to order, cashier's, certificate of deposit; stocks—common, preferred, with various conditions and stipulations, rights; bonds—debenture, mortgage, coupon, registered, etc.

Few people not directly interested in banking can have any adequate idea of the prodigious amount of exacting labor daily performed in banking institutions, the clock-like precision with which every transaction is handled, and the complete closing up of every item of business with each day.

Such institutions are the bulwarks of the business world, must keep in closest touch with all the great financial centers of the globe, and be ready to act at once in emergency to advance or protect its interests, at the same time giving every attention to detail and routine, treating its most humble customer with the same courtesy and attention as it does the millionaire.

Nor is all this anxiety, energy, toil and responsibility for an hour, a day, a week, for they keep their ceaseless round as unending as the years in their course.

It is said that "peace hath its victories no less than war," and as finance has sent its offspring, commerce, to plant its banner upon the outposts of civilization, to elevate and ennoble without the shedding of blood, is it asking too much to accord a place upon the pedestal of fame to the mighty ones of finance above that accorded to the warriors who carried the sword and flame and did the work of death and destruction?

Thus far my remarks have in the main been limited to the origin of money, its progressive development into the form in which we know it, and to banks organized to receive and render it more available in the industries and commerce of the world. Such banks are organized to receive deposits, to issue bank bills—which are simply notes payable on demand, a great invention to save the annoyance and risk of carrying about cumbrous and heavy weighing specie for use in commercial transactions—to make loans of money, which, aside from the capital of the bank, is the money of their depositors, and such other financial functions as they may be permitted to engage in and transact under the laws of the country in which they

are located. Such banks are merely joint stock companies and as such are governed, as are others, by a board of directors, elected by and from the stock-holders by stock ballot, who in turn elect the president and other subordinate officials.

In this country such corporations differ from manufacturing, mercantile, insurance, mining and others only in the work transacted and the laws under which they operate, national banks being organized and operated under national laws, and trust companies and other corporations under the laws of the different states from which they hold their charters and in which they operate.

Trust companies have a stated capital, issue stock therefor, elect their officers as other corporations do, and transact a general banking business, save that they are not allowed to issue and circulate as money their notes payable on demand generally known as bank bills. In addition to the general work of banks, trust companies, unlike national banks, are not restricted as to the amount that they may loan to a single borrower, and they are permitted to engage in many other lines of financial and fiduciary work that national banks are not allowed to engage in, such as acting as trustees for bond-holders, as registrars and transfer agents for stocks, as underwriters, executors of wills, administrators of estates, guardians of minors, etc.

Aside from the fact that savings banks receive deposits and invest money, they have little else in common with business banks, sometimes designated banks of issue—national banks as designated in this country—or with trust companies. Like trust companies they are organized under and governed by state

laws—unlike them they have no capital and in consequence no stock-holders, and, therefore, no personal interests to promote or selfish purposes to serve. The work of their management is largely for others and not for individual profit.

The first formal step taken to organize a savings bank is the formation of a board of corporators, composed of men of probity and standing in the community, who take the necessary steps for incorporation. When a charter is granted a meeting of the corporators is called who elect a board of trustees, who in turn elect a president, treasurer, board of investment, and the other officers of the bank.

Savings banks are primarily organized to furnish a place where those of small means and wage-earners may safely deposit their money—a place where their earnings will not be exposed to the hazard of loss by theft, by fire, by being hidden and the place where secreted forgotten, destroyed, or not made known to others because of insanity or sudden death—a place where their money will be safeguarded from thoughtless expenditure, as too often happens when carried about upon the person, or lost in many other ways.

Another function performed by savings banks, a function but little less in importance, if any, than the foregoing, a function little understood and seldom commanding a thought from the masses in this wild, on-rushing and superficial age, is that they serve to keep vast sums of money in circulation that would otherwise be hoarded, that a large portion of this money is made available to many in moderate circumstances who wish to build and own homes—people who otherwise could never hope to have this added comfort and blessing.

The assets of the savings banks in the state of Massachusetts reach in round numbers the prodigious amount of \$770,000,000.00. It is worth the bestowal of a little time to consider what a steadying influence the careful investment of this vast amount, in conjunction with that of other states, has upon the financial world, and what calamity would result from the calling in of real estate loans by the banks, or its withdrawal and hoarding by depositors.

There were at the close of the year, October 31, 1910, over two million depositors in the 192 savings banks of this state whose cost of management was less than two hundred and sixty-six one thousandths of one per cent. of their assets, a record of economical management not equalled by other financial institutions in this country.

So well are they managed, so well and so zealously are the interests of their depositors safeguarded, that less than four ten-thousandths of one per cent. would pay all losses incurred by depositors for the lengthened period of the past seventy years—a record unapproached in any other walk in life. And yet with all this ability in management and frugality in expenditure there are those in this dissatisfied and speculative age who grumble because larger dividends are not paid—people who apparently put risk above security—people who do not understand the functions of savings banks, or the purposes for which they are organized.

Perhaps I cannot do better here than to enter very briefly upon an explanation of this matter. This I will proceed to do by using the words of an able and respected bank commissioner of our state, now de-

ceased. Appealing to him to learn why the scope of investments, which savings banks were allowed to make, was not extended so as to include a greater range, I was asked:

"What for? Is not the present list ample to absorb all the money you have for such investments?" I made reply that it was, but that if it was extended it might include securities that would pay better interest or dividends than those that the banks were now permitted to invest in. Divining that my purpose was that the bank with which I have the honor to be connected might, as well as others, thereby be enabled to increase its dividends, he said:

"No, we cannot admit to the list of securities in which the money of savings banks may be invested anything of a doubtful or uncertain character, no matter what interest or dividend it pays. You are to remember that the primary function of a savings bank is to safely keep the money deposited with it, and to be able to give it back to the depositors whenever called for.

"The dividends paid are another and all together different and subordinate matter. Of course, if the money can be safely invested so as to return the depositor a little more than was deposited, well and good; but no speculative inducement or promise of large dividends should ever be held out to secure deposits. When statistics show that ninety-five per cent. of all who engage in business fail, most of whom lose their all, let those not content with the dividends paid take their money and invest it themselves, when perhaps they may learn, when it is too late, that security is better than the promise of great returns. And, again,

the savings banks should not pay such large dividends as will attract the deposits of the wealthy who wish to participate in good dividends while shirking the tax collector and the care, risk and responsibility of the management of their wealth."

This so succinctly and cogently summarizes the basic principles which underlie the savings banks of our state that it is unnecessary for me to add a word thereto.

It would, however, be a startling revelation to many were the individuals and numbers known of those who hearkened to the voice of the tempter and withdrew their deposits from savings banks, allured by seductive promises and finely engraved and printed literature and the promise of big dividends, to invest in wild-cat ventures only to lose all and repine when it was too late.

Others in their pride, ignorance, or thoughtlessness, think it a great favor to a bank to make a deposit therein, unmindful of or forgetting the fact that it is the bank that is doing them a service for which they should be grateful. The aggregate of small deposits enables the bank to make advantageous loans that individual depositors could never make for themselves, and being looked after sharply by capable and experienced men, and safeguarded by the laws of the state, it requires no profundity of learning or deep discernment to understand which is most benefitted.

Another class there is who fail to understand and realize that the interest of the one is the interest of both—people who carry their money about with them and refuse to deposit it until the quarter day arrives when they flock to the bank with their money. This

savors of ignorance or sharp practice, or both. It never seems to occur to them that it may be weeks and it may be months before the bank can place the money to earn the dividend that they expect and be woefully disappointed not to receive. Should this wrong grow or be unduly persisted in a remedy may have to be sought by appealing to the legislature to enact such a law that no deposit in a savings bank should be allowed to go on interest until thirty days after it had been received—a very reasonable time in which to invest it.

Another class are in evidence in savings banks loaded with inquiries about the management, about dividends, what will the bank pay, etc.,—not knowing or forgetful of the fact that all that is earned after providing for the guaranty fund in accordance with the laws of the state, the expenses of management, which have been shown to be infinitesimally small—less than one-fourth of one per cent of their assets—and the tax imposed by the state, are returned as dividends to the depositors, and that this may so vary that no human foresight can predict what the future may bring forth.

Nor are borrowers at savings banks blameless or beyond criticism. Many there are who pose as leading citizens, even as philanthropists, if you will, some seated in the chair of authority, and others in various walks of life, who go up and down the highways of finance striving to cajole and brow-beat officers of banks and banking houses in their attempt to obtain bargain-counter rates of interest and lessen the earnings upon the money of the hard working and small depositors. Often these people, if depositors instead of borrowers, would be the first, loudest and longest to

clamor for greater dividends which as borrowers they strive to diminish.

The savings banks of Massachusetts have paid into the treasury of the state upwards of \$70,000,000.00 as tax since it was first levied in 1862, an amount exceeding the total cost of management of the banks by upwards of twenty-eight millions of dollars. To many these startling figures will come as a surprise, and they will help to explain why depositors are not paid greater dividends. When our state puts such a burden upon the wage-earner—as most of the depositors are, and so deliberately discourages habits of economy and thrift—it would seem as if it had abdicated the legitimate functions of a state and joined the ranks of aggrandizing individuals and corporations.

This species of taxation came into vogue during the Rebellion of 1861–5 to replenish the treasury to meet the needs of an expensive, extensive and lengthy war. The conditions that gave it birth no longer exist nor have for years, and this burdensome tax imposed upon the toilers of the state cannot be too soon removed or reduced. Some of the time now given by the legislature to freak and worthless legislation might better be given to a matter that directly affects the welfare of nearly two millions of depositors and indirectly every citizen of the state.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND ITS PEOPLE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ASSOCIATE BOARD OF
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DESPITE the works of History, the labors of Historical Societies, hand books of travel, the army of summer tourists, and the wonderful enterprise of the newspaper world, the old saying that "not one-half of the world knows how the other half lives" is almost as true to-day as it was in the distant past.

Stretching away to the north of the New England States and beyond is the Province of Quebec, a country that is a veritable *terra incognita* to the masses of their neighbors to the south, the people of the United States. To the great majority of these the name recalls only a very limited territory where winter reigns during the greater part of the year, devoid of interest, and peopled with an unprogressive if not a very inferior race—a down-trodden people whose rights are denied them by an exacting and oppressive government beyond the seas.

A little time given to a consideration of this portion of the western hemisphere—its extent, physical characteristics, history, and the everyday life of the people—may not be without interest and value while

serving to make neighbors better acquainted with each other and appreciated. A little reflection and thoughtful consideration will also teach lessons of toleration and justice to the residents and law-making powers in the United States, the boasted land of "freedom, equal rights and justice," but where in many things these high sounding and seductive claims are not so happily exemplified as in the less pretentious country north of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude.

Within the bounds of the Province of Quebec is embraced a territory many times larger than all New England, a territory rich and varied in scenic beauty and grandly picturesque. The Appalachian range of mountains extends into the eastern portion of the province, and the Laurentian chain stretches away for hundreds of miles in the northern part, contributing variety and grandeur to the whole country.

Lakes are scattered in abundance throughout the Province, which gem the landscape and primeval forest, and which well reward the tourist, artist and sportsman by their beauty, extent and wealth of gamest fish. Lake St. John, having an area of 260 square miles, is the largest. Temiscamingue is next with an area of 126 square miles, besides numerous others of smaller size and lesser importance.

The mighty St. Lawrence, ranking with the largest rivers of the world, after leaving the Great Lakes and the awe-inspiring Niagara Falls, lends a charm to the Thousand Islands, and cuts in twain the southeastern portion of the country through which its mighty volume of waters flow in a north-easterly direction for hundreds of miles until lost in the ocean beyond. It has as principal tributaries the Ottawa, 600

miles long; the Ste. Maurice, 400 miles long; the Richelieu, which is the outlet of Lake Champlain; the famed Saguenay, which performs a similar service for Lake St. John and the country beyond; and many others of lesser note.

Most of these rivers abound in scenery unsurpassed elsewhere, and in cascades and waterfalls that prove a revelation, surprise and delight to the beholder. The Falls of Shawinigan in the Ste. Maurice, 24 miles above Three Rivers, are 150 feet high; the Falls of the Montmorency, 8 miles from Quebec, are 250 feet, and the rocky gorge through which the Saguenay pours its turbulent waters for a hundred miles, is startling in its almost perpendicular cliffs of rock which kiss the clouds, and which in majesty, grandeur and extent are without a rival in the world.

In the more northern parts the extensive forests, stretching away to the land of perpetual winter, furnish a home for an abundance of large game—bear, deer, caribou and moose—which is eagerly sought by sportsmen of this and foreign countries for the pleasure and benefit which reward such adventure and communing with nature, and also by the hunters and trappers of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and the *Courier de Bois*, for the peltry, which commands good prices and meets with ready sale in the fur markets of the world. They also furnish employment and remunerative wages to vast numbers of people who are employed in getting out timber and lumber for domestic need and export, and in more recent times for wood pulp, which has revolutionized the paper making of the world.

Throughout the southern portion the climate is mild

and salubrious, the soil is strong and rich, and nearly all the varieties of fruit, vegetables and cereals of the New England states are successfully cultivated. With increased population, and the passing of the fur bearing animals in the older settled portion of the Province, farming became the principal occupation of the people outside cities and the more populous centres. Surplus hay, horses, cattle, butter, lumber and other products of land and forest found a ready market in the United States in exchange for textile goods, agricultural implements, and other manufactured articles, until the termination of the Reciprocity treaty between the two countries in A. D. 1865, after the close of the civil war in the United States, when duties were imposed upon merchandise passing from one country into the other.

During the existence of this treaty there was developed a very close bond of interest and friendship between the people of the two countries, and the sentiment in favor of annexation was deep and wide spread; but on its termination in 1865 a new policy was adopted and developed by the people of Canada and all this is now changed.

The termination of the Reciprocity treaty paved the way for and led up to the Confederation of the Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, the establishment of foreign markets, and of factories for the production of the various goods, tools and merchandise previously purchased in the United States. This has proved so successful and advantageous for the people, and has so fostered and stimulated a national spirit, that now but very few if any will be found to favor, much less advocate union with the United States.

In agricultural districts, particularly in the Eastern Townships, much attention is now given to the manufacture of cheese of very superior quality, large quantities of which are exported and find a ready sale in the markets of England and on the Continent.

To properly understand and appreciate the conditions, customs and practices which now obtain in rural communities in the older settled parts of the Province where the descendants of the original settlers overwhelmingly predominate, which so savor of mediævalism, and which appear so quaint and fascinating to the outside world, it will be desirable to go back to the early days of authentic history and sketch in outline some of the leading events connected with the exploration, colonization, and the establishment of government in this northern portion of the New World.

In enterprise, daring and success France led the way. So far as available records go they prove that the portion of Canada (by which name at one time all the British possessions in North America were designated) now known as the Province of Quebec, was discovered during the early years of the Sixteenth Century by Jacques Cartier, who sailed up the St. Lawrence river in A. D. 1535, before Puritanism was known in the world, and nearly one hundred years before the Puritans set foot upon the soil of America. He made other voyages the following and subsequent years, when he devoted more time to exploration and acquiring a knowledge of the country and its strange people. Other French explorers subsequently visited these shores before the coming of Samuel de Champlain in A. D. 1608, who established a colony at Stadacona, where the City of Quebec now is.

The heart of France then thrilled with missionary zeal and many devoted priests accompanied these colonists to impart the blessings of religion, spiritual comfort, and guidance. Many missionaries of noble birth and highest attainments also left behind station and place in their native land and devoted their lives to the elevation of the red man from the depths of paganism and idolatry to the heights of Christianity. These apostolic men, in obedience to the command of the Master, buried themselves in the wilderness and spent the rest of their lives amid scenes of squalor and filth, in deprivation and suffering, even heroically meeting death in the discharge of their sacred duties. Words are not necessary to add to the pathos of such lives as are recorded in the "Jesuit Relations" by the pen of Rev. Ennemond Masse, S. J.: "This life is without order and without daily fare, without bread, without salt, and often without anything; always moving on and changing; in the wind, in the air, and in bad weather; for a roof, a wretched cabin; for a couch, the earth; for rest and quiet, odors, cries and songs; for medicine, hunger and hard work."

They sought not the plaudits of men, yet the pens of our greatest historians and poets have embalmed their memory in the minds and hearts of a grateful posterity, and recorded their heroic achievements for God and civilization upon the brightest pages of history and literature. The heroic deeds, sacrifices and sufferings of Le Caron, Brebouf, Daniel, Lallemant, Jogues, Rasles, and unnumbered others of their companions, together with the devotion, privation and toil of the sainted women who sacrificed all that the world holds dear to aid in the good work, are as a luminous

cloud of inspiration, triumph and glory, which will continue to reflect lustre upon their nationality, their religion and their adopted country until the end of time.

The colonists brought with them deep religious conviction and love for the Church of their fathers, in which they were born and reared. To them a good life was more important than honors and riches. In their every day life they exemplified the Christian virtues and squared their conduct by the Golden Rule. When differences arose between them they were usually settled by arbitration, or by their parish priest and spiritual guide, and such decisions were cheerfully accepted as final without violence to Christian charity. However humble their lot, they ever strove to make their Church attractive and worthy the Divine Presence. They could not afford marble statuary for its adornment, and so casts from the works of the masters, of the Holy Family, an Apostle, patron saint, or other religious subjects, were procured to embellish it and make its teachings more realistic and lasting. During the winter season, and in the far north where natural flowers could not be obtained, artificial flowers were substituted for decorating the altar. No effort was spared to follow the full and beautiful ceremonial of the Church according to the Roman ritual, as well as the customs of the Church in motherland, and many of these are faithfully observed by their descendants and successors to this day, some of which will be noticed later.

The enterprise and success of the people of France in colonization in North America, and of other nations in other parts of the Western Hemisphere, aroused the

jealousy of England and stimulated to activity the national traits of arrogance, conquest, aggrandizement and domination. The people of England at that time were so far behind in the race with the nations of Continental Europe, and so little understood the work of successful colonization, which they were prompted to undertake through jealousy because of the success of other nations, that their first attempts in Maine, Massachusetts and Virginia were rank failures. The English settlers seemed better fitted for the life of pirates and the practice of robbery, rapine and bloodshed than the less exciting and more humane life of the colonists from other countries. In this day of civilization and enlightenment, when so much incense is burned at the shrine of Anglo-Saxonism, this may seem to some a bold and unwarranted charge, but an appeal to the history of the times will amply verify its truthfulness.

We have only to recall the Royal robberies of the times—Cathedrals, Monasteries, educational and eleemosynary institutions and others—and the bloody history of the fleets of piratical vessels fitted out in England to prey upon the commerce of the world, the brutality of the buccaneers of which Claud Duval, Jack Cade and Captain Kind are types, and the blood-curdling records of a Coote, Child, Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh—some of whose piratical triumphs were shared with royalty and were rewarded with the honors of knighthood—to realize a striking picture of the times, and of the ethics governing and animating those seated in high places of government, and even upon the throne itself. For the present we must be content with the testimony of an English historian who

will not be accused of bias or prejudice, but who unlike too many of his successors who endeavor to apologize for, explain away, or altogether omit the unpalatable truths of the times, has the honesty to admit them in all their repulsive hideousness.

After going into the subject of pirates and piracy in England to very considerable length, the vast amounts realized therefrom, and the adulation and honors heaped upon the successful marauders and murderers, Macaulay says :

"The Indian Ocean, meanwhile, swarmed with pirates of whose rapacity and cruelty frightful stories were told. Many of these men, it was said, came from the North American Colonies, and carried back to these colonies the spoils gained by crime. Even the Puritans of New England, who in sanctimonious austerity surpassed even their brethren in Scotland, were accused of conniving at the wickedness."

This quotation also throws an interesting side light upon the character of some of the New England colonists now so generally praised and even apotheosized.

Jealous of the growth of the French colonies, and of the success of the black-robe in converting the aborigines to Christianity, the British colonists were ever on the alert to discover opportunity for plunder, when an unprovoked attack would be made. The missionary being the special object of their hatred was treated with great indignity and not infrequently slain, the people butchered, the settlement robbed, and what could not be carried away was given to the flames.

It is worthy of note that in the first conflict between the English and French on this continent the English

were the aggressors. In 1613 the marauding freebooter, Argall, sailed from Virginia to the coast of Maine, where he attacked and destroyed the French settlement of Ste. Saveur, now Mount Desert, killing Brother Gabriel du Thet, and giving to the flames such booty as he could not carry away. Thus was shed the first blood that flowed so copiously and crimsoned the soil through so many subsequent years as a result of bigoted intolerance and unreasoning hate. Later writers have endeavored to apologize for if not condone the crime of Argall by saying that he was but one of the common herd of freebooters and outlaws of the time, without authority for the marauding expedition, and that his conduct would not be approved by those in authority. To prove that this is but special pleading, untruthful and in harmony with the attempt very generally made during all the years since to gloss over the noted short comings and crimes of the early English settlers in this country, we have but to recall the facts that Argall, in obedience to the orders of his superiors, soon afterwards plundered and destroyed the French settlements at Ste. Croix, Port Royal, and other places, and that when he returned to England later he was rewarded by being appointed Deputy Governor of Virginia in 1617, succeeding to the office of Governor soon after.

Such brutality and devastation was continued during many generations without interruption or remonstrance from those charged with the affairs of government, and too often it was instigated by them, but we must be content with the recital of one other instance, not only because of its fiendish atrocity but also because it had its origin and endorsement in the state of

Massachusetts, to which honor and praise is now so generally and bountifully given.

In A. D. 1646, at the earnest solicitation of the Abnaki Indians, Father Gabriel Druillettes, S. J., was sent by his Superior from Sillery near Quebec to establish a Mission on the river Kennebec.

He left Sillery August 29, 1646, for his destination, and so far as known to history he was the first white man who ever penetrated the unbroken wilderness from the St. Lawrence into the wilds of central Maine. He journeyed to his destination by the same waterways in part traversed by Benedict Arnold and his detachment of Continental soldiers to attack Quebec more than one hundred years afterwards, and which were then well known. He located at Narantsouk, now Norridgewock, where he erected his mission cross and was soon surrounded by a large congregation of peaceful converts and neophytes.

This Mission was continued very successfully for nearly eighty years, when the Missionary then in charge was butchered and the Mission destroyed by zealots from the English Colonists of Massachusetts.

The New England Courant, August 24th, 1724, says: "On Saturday last arrived Captain Johnson Harman from his expedition against the Indians at Norridgewock, and brought with him 28 scalps, one of which is Father Rasles, their priest."

And in "Massachusetts Council Records," Vol. 8, page 71-2, and "Westbrook Papers," page 155, we read:

"At a Council held at the Council Chamber in Boston, on Saturday, August 22, 1724, Present:

"His Honor William Dummer, Esq., Lt. Gov. Penn Townsend, Add. Davenport, Adam Winthrop, Nathan

Byfield, Esqrs., John Clark, Esq., Daniel Oliver, Esq., Edward Bromfield, Thomas Fitch, Captain Johnson Harman being arrived from the Eastward with Indian scalps, together with the scalp of Sebastian Ralle, the Jesuit and Missionary among the Norridgewock Indians and the Standard of y^e Sd Tribe of Indians, was directed to attend in Council, and there gave a short narrative of his march to Norridgewock (with four Companies of Soldiers under his command) and of his action at the Sd Place, the twelfth instant, where he destroyed a great number of the enemy, many of whom being slain or drowned in the river, he could not recover their bodies.

“His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, in consideration of the extraordinary service of y^e Sd Captain Harman, presented him with a Commission for Lieutenant Colonel of his Majesty’s forces eastward under the command of Coll. Thomas Westbrook. Coll. Johnson Harman made solemn oath that the twenty-seven scalps above mentioned (which were produced in Council) were the scalps of rebel or enemy Indians slain by him and the forces under his command, and that they had taken four Indian prisoners.

“Pursuant to the Act, entitled an Act to encourage the persecution of the enemy and rebels:

“Advised and consented that a warrant be made out to the treasurer to pay unto y^e Sd. Coll. Johnson Harman, the sum of four hundred and five pounds for twenty-seven Indian scalps, and the further sum of twenty pounds for four Indian prisoners slain and taken as aforesaid; y^e Sd sum to be by him distributed to the officers and soldiers concerned therein, as y^e Sd Act directs.

“Coll. Johnson Harman likewise made oath that the other scalp was that of Sebastian Ralle, a Jesuit, who appeared at the head of the Indians and obstinately resisted the forces, wounding seven of the English and resolutely refusing to give or take quarter.”

Pursuant therefore to a resolve of the General Assembly passed at their session begun and held the 13th of July, 1720, in the words following, viz.:

“This Court being credibly informed that Mons. Ralle, the Jesuit residing among the Eastern Indians, has not only on several occasions of late affronted His Majesty’s Government of this Province, but has also been the incendiary that has instigated and stirred up these Indians to treat His Majesty’s subjects settling there in the abusive, insolent, hostile manner that they have done.

“Resolved, that a premium of one hundred pounds be allowed and paid out of the Public Treasury to any persons that shall apprehend y^e Sd Jesuit within any part of this Province and bring him to Boston and render him to justice.

“Advised and consented that warrant be made out to the treasurer to pay unto y^e Sd Coll. Johnson Harman the above Sd sum of one hundred pounds for his service in the destruction of y^e Sd Sebastian Ralle, y^e Sd sum to be divided among the officers and soldiers, as is directed in the Act for encouraging the persecution of the Indian enemy, etc.”

Such was the experience, and too often such was the fate, of the devoted missionary, fired with religious zeal, who left kith and kin and sacrificed all the allurements of the world to bring the light of the gospel and the blessings of civilization to the savages in the wil-

derness—and such is a picture of the bigotry and intolerance of the times—the malevolence of the people, and an illustration of the perversion of history.

France meanwhile pushed the work of exploration, evangelization and colonization—her conquests of peace, Christianity and civilization extended westward to the Mississippi, south to the Gulf of Mexico, and in the far north as far as Hudson Bay, whither the Rev. Charles Albanel, S. J., another of the heroic band of devoted missionaries, accompanied by two companions and six Indians, made a tour of exploration and observation in A. D. 1671–2, going overland through an unbroken wilderness from Quebec, to learn the nature of the country, the number of the aborigines, their habits, disposition and needs. Such enterprise and success stimulated the worst passions of the English people, who continued to meet this conquest of peace and Christianity with determined opposition, persecution, and open warfare, which were persisted in from their earliest settlement in the country until victory crowned their efforts by the overthrow of France upon this continent in A. D. 1759 on the plains of Abraham, which was ratified and confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in A. D. 1763.

Meanwhile the persecuting people of the British colonies were in turn made to feel the iron heel of despotism of the Mother Country, but less for religious hate and animosity than for revenue, aggrandizement and dominion, and this led to rebellion and bloodshed a few years later in 1775. At this juncture in their affairs the people of the thirteen colonies in revolt very naturally supposed that the people of Canada, smarting under the sting of recent defeat and over-

throw, would join with them to combat a common enemy. England, fearing this and to conciliate them and win their friendship and aid, as a matter of policy and not of principle, enacted the "Quebec Act," which many statesmen consider the greatest act of diplomacy ever recorded upon the pages of history. Under its conditions the original settlers in Canada were guaranteed all the rights and privileges, civil and religious, hitherto enjoyed by them under the fostering and protecting laws of France, save allegiance to the Crown—in fact creating an anomaly among the governments of the world, a British dependency under the religion, laws, language and customs of her bitterest enemy and rival—rights and privileges which were openly denounced, violently opposed, and denied to Catholics—even at the expense of life itself—in the British Isles and other British dependencies where the iniquitous penal laws were still in force in all their barbarous cruelty and repulsiveness.

While this restoration of rights had a re-assuring and conciliating effect upon the people of Canada, and tended to win their friendship and allegiance to the crown of England, the motive that prompted it was apparent to all.

Writers of the time assert that the Canadians were in hearty sympathy with the work undertaken by the revolted colonists to throw off the galling yoke of England, and that they would very probably have co-operated with them to aid in driving the Union Jack and all that it symbolizes, from the Northern Hemisphere, ending British dominion therein, and extending the boundary of the United States to the most northern limit of the continent, but for the restraining influence

of their clergy and the renewed outbreak of bigotry and intolerance with which the revolted colonists denounced the enactment and promulgation of the Quebec Act, and which found noisy expression in their broadsides, pamphlets, meeting-houses, and public gatherings throughout the colonies. This recrudescence of proscription, intolerance, bigotry and hate was already crystalized into law in many of the colonies where it was a penal offence for a Catholic priest to enter, and even a capital offence if he performed any of his sacred functions. Granting their rights to the people of Canada by England by the Quebec Act intensified this feeling and led to violent opposition and protest on the part of the colonists, whose bigotry, intolerance and iniquitous laws against Catholics were well known in Canada. Many students of history now recognize the enactment and promulgation of this Act as the chief cause, if not the only cause, in the last analysis, which precipitated the contest and resort to arms on the part of the colonists against the mother country, and as the astute measure which secured Canada and all the vast territory embraced under this name to the British crown.

The records of this blind, unreasoning bigotry and hate which now in a more enlightened and tolerant age seem so out of place, and which cost the revolted colonists the loss of a valuable ally, large quantities of much needed military stores, and vast territory, are not now often allowed to see the light of day, and they will have to be sought with difficulty hidden away in the archives of the distant past.

In the Suffolk County (Mass.) resolves sent to the Continental Congress which assembled in Philadel-

phia in 1774, we read: "That the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion and French law in Canada is dangerous in the extreme to the Protestant religion and the civil rights and liberties of all America. Therefore we are obliged to take all proper measures for our security."

And this congress when it assembled in Philadelphia appointed a committee consisting of Lee, Livingston and Jay, to frame an address to the people of England stating their position and grievances and demanding a remedy. The notorious bigot, John Jay, whose descendants inherit and manifest his bigotry and intolerance whenever opportunity offers even down to this day, was made chairman of this committee, and to him was assigned the work of drafting the address. He could not let such a good opportunity pass without incorporating in and giving expression to the general outcry against the Quebec Act, which was so in harmony with his ignorance, bigotry and malevolence, which he did in the following language:

"Nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a Religion that has deluged your island in blood and dispersed Impiety, Bigotry, Persecution, Murder and Rebellion through every part of the World."

Nor can the Congress which approved and authorized the transmission of such sentiments and brazen falsehood be held less culpable or blameworthy; and yet, in their hour of trial and distress, these same men and their compatriots were not slow to send Franklin and the Catholic Carroll to seek the aid of Catholic France, without which they and their cause must have

suffered ignominious defeat, and there would now be no United States to embellish the map of the world.

Facing such hostile speech and sentiment, is it any wonder that the people of Canada refused to hearken to the appeal of Franklin, Chase and Carroll, who were sent to them as a committee to secure their friendly co-operation? Is it any wonder that they refused to take up arms for a people who were so openly and avowedly hostile to them and their religion?

It is true that soon after the promulgation of the Quebec Act, and the use of such violent epithets against it to the crown and people of England without avail, as the time drew near for resort to arms the Continental Congress prepared an "Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec," a portion of which is reproduced to show the change of tone in a very short space of time, and to emphasize the duplicity of human nature:

"What is offered you by the late Act of Parliament—Liberty of Conscience in your religion? No. God gave it to you and the temporal powers with which you have been and are connected finally stipulated for your enjoyment of it. An insolent Ministry persuade themselves that you will engage to take up arms by becoming tools in their hands, to assist them in taking that freedom from us treacherously denied to you. We are too well acquainted with the Liberality of Sentiment distinguishing your nation to imagine that difference of Religion will prejudice you against a hearty Amity with us."

And again later another Address was sent from which the following extracts are taken: "We perceived the fate of the Protestant and Catholic Colonies to be

strongly linked together, and therefore invite you to join with us in resolving to be Free, and in rejecting, with disdain, the Fetters of Slavery, however artfully polished. . . . The enjoyment of your very religion, in the present system, depends on a Legislature in which you have no Share, and over which you have no Control, and your Priests are exposed to Expulsion, Banishment, and Ruin, whenever their Wealth and Possessions furnish sufficient Temptation. We are your friends, not your enemies.”

And another attempt was made in November, 1775, when the Congress appointed Livingston, Paine and Langdon Commissioners to secure their friendly alliance. Some of their instructions were: “ You may assure them that we shall hold their rights as dear as our own. You may and are hereby empowered to declare that we hold sacred the rights of Conscience, and that we shall never molest them in the free enjoyment of their religion.”

But all efforts to seduce them from their loyalty to the British crown proved fruitless. They were doubtless confirmed in their loyalty by the teaching of their church, which makes it a grievous sin to rebel against lawfully constituted authority, by their want of confidence in the professions of their hitherto persecutors and oppressors, and by the restoration of their rights secured to them by that greatest Act of Diplomacy — the Quebec Act. To this Great Britain doubtless owes her vast possessions in the Northern Hemisphere of the Western world today — a territory greater in area than that of the United States.

This far-seeing legislation, which was so out of harmony with the bigotry, intolerance, injustice, and

persecution of the times, was presented in the House of Lords by Lord Dartmouth, May 2, 1774, and was passed without opposition May 17.

In the House of Commons it was violently assailed, but being a royal measure and demanded by the exigences then confronting the country all opposition was without avail and it passed that body June 13, 1774, received the royal assent June 22 following, and is known in law as 14 Geo. III, Cap. 83. It was to go and went into effect in Canada May 1, 1775.

A few ultra-British writers of our own time, blinded by prejudice and who live in the distant past, strive in vain to prove that England was then actuated solely by a desire to fulfil treaty obligations, that the mutterings of insubordination, discontent and threats of the neighboring colonies—which soon after resulted in open warfare and independence—were not an impelling motive, that the government of England—King, Lords and Commons—were imbeciles, and that the enactment and promulgation of the Act was a great mistake from which England has never recovered.

Recalling the many violated treaties recorded against England in the pages of history, which with other things have earned for her the uncomplimentary title of perfidious Albion—her iniquitous, brutal and brutalizing penal laws in force elsewhere in her dominions against the co-religionists of the Canadians, the need she had for a friendly people in this distant land and a friendly harbor to land her army and military stores and the consensus of history bearing upon the subject, we may dismiss this as only another testimony to the intense morbid intolerance and prejudice, long since crystallized into a national trait, which warps the judg-

ment and renders an impartial and judicial consideration of the facts of history impossible, and now such attempt to prove that England was then governed by fools needs no other answer than "there are none so blind as those who will not see," and none so ignorant as those who refuse to learn.

Soon after the conquest, French emigration having practically ceased, England made great efforts to supplant the French population by liberally subsidizing emigration and sending over large numbers of British emigrants, but they being intolerant and full of bitterness toward the religion of the inhabitants, as many, very many of their descendants continue to the present time, as is too painfully evident, they would not locate amongst nor near the French settlers in the older portions of the country along the St. Lawrence River, but betook themselves to that portion of the country now known as the Province of Ontario.

After the close of the war of the Revolution a considerable number of the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, deserters from the ranks of the Hessian mercenaries, escaped prisoners, and other adventurous colonists who swelled their numbers, emigrated to Canada, where they sought and obtained generous bounty — upwards of \$35,000,000.00, vast areas of land and political preferment — as a panacea for their loyalty and enterprise. These latter soon after organized under the name of the United Empire Loyalists, which organization their descendants still find it profitable to perpetuate.

Such a people could not long remain in contentment under existing laws, and being turbulent and restive, they so pestered and annoyed the home govern-

ment with complaint and importunity for a separate government and different laws that they brought about the division of Canada in 1791 into two parts, which were then named Lower Canada and Upper Canada, and a separate parliament was constituted in the latter when the British code became their law, the people of Lower Canada remaining under their then existing form of government.

Agitation and discontent succeeded agitation and discontent in Upper Canada, and envious of the greater progress and success of the people of the older province, they succeeded, with the aid of the complaisant home government, in effecting a re-union of governments in 1841, when they became known as Canada East and Canada West and so remained until merged by the confederation of the various provinces in 1867 into the Dominion of Canada, when they were named the Province of Quebec and the Province of Ontario, as now known.

Here now is seen the anomaly of two provinces as unlike in origin, religion, tastes and practices as can well be imagined, yet living in peace and friendly rivalry beside each other, and owing allegiance to a common flag to which both are devotedly loyal.

But the early intolerance and antipathy, founded on race and religious prejudice, has been and is an important if not the determining factor in keeping alive much of the *ancien regime* in the Province of Quebec.

In many of the rural districts of this province old customs and quaint practices are nearly as well defined and as unique today as in the days when first introduced centuries ago under the fostering care of the *fleur de lis* of France.

While innovation and change are apparent in the cities and larger centres of population, doubtless stimulated by travel, observation and interchange of ideas, by a mixed population, with different customs and practices, and in deference to modern demands, yet in rural communities the primitive ways, quaint customs and practices of early times still obtain — and this is more particularly true and striking in the Church, in church management, observances and practices.

The early colonists being well instructed in their religion and very obedient to its requirements and customs, brought with them a knowledge of the wealth and beauty of the ceremonies of the Church; and the clergy and missionaries being well schooled in and accustomed to the grandeur, beauty and appropriateness of the Roman ritual, ever sought to give added meaning, beauty and significance to every Church function by full adherence to and observance of its every requirement — to give outward expression and emphasis to the interior meaning.

As in the older countries where the Church is governed by canon law, the lay element in the Province of Quebec is recognized and accorded its proper voice in the secular affairs of the Church. On the formal establishment of a parish by the Bishop, the congregation elect three members who are known as *Syndics* or *Marguilliers* (church wardens) who with the pastor constitute the *Fabrique*, a corporation in the eye of the law, a board of management of the temporalities of the Church which may sue and be sued. One of these members at the outset is elected for one year, one for two, and one for three years; one retires each year, when at the annual meeting of the parish a new

member is elected, always leaving two men with experience to continue in office. In long years of experience in and knowledge of the workings of this system not a single case of friction or unpleasantness is recalled, and the knowledge of business brought to bear in the matter of building, repairing, and the care and management of churches, convents, schools and the like, has been of inestimable benefit and value, and a great lessening of the burdens borne by the priests in the United States.

The parishioners who are elected to this board are recognized as the lay head of the parish, and corresponding honor is paid to them. For their use a special pew is erected upon an elevated *banc* or platform apart from the pews and at the side of the church within the sanctuary railing. It is generally more elaborately constructed than the other pews, is surmounted by a canopy or Crucifix, or both, and is provided with a lighted candle at each end during Mass. The member in his third year of service is the chairman and sits at the head of the pew and always takes precedence over the other members.

After the singers and acolytes, who are seated within the sanctuary, they receive the *Asperges* before it is bestowed upon the people; on Palm Sunday they receive the palms from the hands of the priest at the sanctuary rail, and they take precedence at all functions of the Church wherein the laity have part, such as formal gatherings, in the *Fete Dieu* procession and other church functions, escorting the Bishop to and from the railway station on the occasion of his visits, and the like.

In the services of the Church in rural communities

only the Gregorian music is sung by male voices, unless upon exceptional occasions. The singers, gowned in white surplices, sit within the sanctuary and sing the alternate parts. Their work is not that of the modern shrieking soprano, whose dis-edifying and trilling efforts seem much better suited to divert the mind and attention of the hearers than to inspire devotion and praise; not that of the paid tenor who is content with nothing less than modern operatic airs, but is from the heart — sturdy, unaffected, devotional.

During the month of May, fete days, and on special occasions, females may be admitted to the organ loft in the gallery and allowed to take part in the singing. In the churches of the cities regular choirs of mixed voices now sing, and figured music of the less florid type is not infrequently performed.

The bell, called the “tongue of the Church,” sounds out the *Angelus* morning, noon and night, at the elevation, at all Masses, baptisms and weddings; at a death it tolls the age of the deceased, and as soon as the funeral cortege comes within sight of the church its solemn knell adds another to the mournful solemnities of the occasion. When the *Angelus* bell sounds the faithful who are working in the fields turn toward the church, uncover their heads, and recite the prescribed prayers. This is well illustrated by the celebrated painting by Millet.

The *Agapæ*, a custom introduced in Apostolic times, is still observed. A basket and napkins, provided by the *Fabrique*, or parish, are taken home by some member who returns them the following Sunday morning with a sufficient number of loaves of bread which, when cut into small cubes or pieces, will be sufficient

for all members of the congregation to receive one. These loaves are placed upon a small table in the sanctuary before the altar where the priest blesses them before Mass. The loaves are then removed to the sacristy by the sacristan, sexton, or beadle, where they are cut into small pieces and distributed to the congregation during Mass — to the Syndics first and then to the rest of the congregation. Each person receiving a portion devoutly makes the sign of the cross with it and then consumes it. After Mass the basket and napkins are taken away by the person who brought them and the bread is delivered to his nearest neighbor, who performs a similar service the following Sunday, who returns basket and napkins to his neighbor, and so the work goes continually on throughout the entire parish without interruption.

The origin of this custom has received various explanations. Some writers contend that it had its origin in the brotherly gatherings and feasts of the early Christians (1 Cor. XI), some as typifying the charity with which Christians should feed the poor, others the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, which typify the Blessed Eucharist, etc.

Be this as it may, the *pain benit* is a living reality in the church of the *habitants* and its abandonment would be to them a sad innovation and omission from the ceremonial of the Church.

At the *Asperges* the priest, preceded by the cross-bearer, acolytes, and accompanied by an assistant who carries the holy water, makes the circuit of the church, which gives an added importance, impressiveness and solemnity to the ceremony over the more abridged and perfunctory blessing from within the sanctuary.

A parish Mass is offered by the parish priest in the springtime to invoke the blessing of God upon the seeds about to be cast into the earth, and it is no infrequent occurrence to hear the announcement from the pulpit that some member of the parish, sometimes named and sometimes nameless, has arranged for a similar Mass—and it sometimes happens that several are provided for and announced at the same time.

Again, Masses are offered for an abundant harvest, for rain, for fair weather, relief from war, epidemics, sickness, for members of a family, for God's blessing upon the parish, and the like.

Great solemnity is given to all the feasts and festivals of the Church, but to none more than the *fete Dieu*, or Corpus Christi. For days and weeks previous old and young vie with each other in planting evergreen trees along the route of the procession, often forming their tops into arches and decorating them with mottoes and banners. Special attention is bestowed upon the repository and the best that the parishioners can bring is none too good to add to its beauty and attractiveness. Its masses of evergreen and wealth of flowers, rendered more beautiful by scores of lighted candles, make an imposing midsummer spectacle. Preceding the canopy, which is usually borne by four of the patriarchs of the parish, little girls dressed in white and crowned with garlands strew wild flowers in the pathway from baskets suspended from their necks by brilliant colored ribbons. The scene is imposing and the devoutness of all very impressive and edifying.

Midnight Mass is always celebrated on Christmas eve, for which great preparations are also made to

render the occasion worthy of the Feast of the Nativity. The church is always filled to overflowing with devout worshippers, some of whom come many miles, and all enter with zest into the spirit of the joyful season.

The priest makes an annual visit to every family in his parish, accompanied by one or more of the *Syn-dics*, when he takes an official census, inquires after their spiritual condition, and other matters of importance, in accordance with a prescribed form sent out by the Bishop. This serves to more closely unite pastor and people and furnishes reliable statistics of his parishioners and parish.

In rural communities the priest receives for his principal compensation regular tithes which the law imposes upon every husbandman, the payment of which can be enforced by process of law when necessary as other taxes may be collected.

With few exceptions, such as corn and potatoes, every farmer must pay into the granary of *Monsieur le Cure* every twenty-sixth bushel of the crops with which he may be blessed. This tithe or tax is cheerfully and generously paid as a just and reasonable contribution to the maintenance and decency of worship of the God who thus blesses with bountiful harvests. In extensive farming communities it will readily be surmised that the priest's granary is the largest and best filled of all. Under French law all who are baptized into the Catholic Church, but who do not go to church, or who may have joined and attend the Protestant church, must pay such tithes to the parish priest, and they can be compelled to do so by law until they publicly abjure the faith according to the ritual pres-

cribed by the Church for such abjuration and apostasy.

In former times, before the advent of the newspaper and telegraph, the news of the parish and such outside news as might come by some traveller or emigrant, was rehearsed before the dispersal of the congregation after Mass, and until very recent times the old custom survived that no law enacted by the government had binding force until publicly read and proclaimed (called homologated) from the parish church door after High Mass on a Sunday or Holy day of obligation by the sheriff of the county or other duly deputed officer.

Another custom in strange contrast with the observance of the Puritan Sabbath is the sale of farm products, grain, grass-seed, fruit, vegetables, lambs, pigs, fowls, honey and the like, at auction after Mass, at the church door.

An explanation of this custom is found in the long distances many of the parishioners live away from the church in all directions—six, eight, ten, and even in some cases twenty miles, while others living in an opposite direction might be in need of such things without knowing where to obtain them, besides saving long journeys over bad roads and much valuable time during the busy season.

The cemetery usually joins the church, and there seems to be something appropriate in having the dead gathered about the altar before which they worshipped in life, and where their remains will be near their relatives when they assemble to participate in the offices of the Church. The priest, accompanied by the cross bearer, thurifer, and acolytes with lighted candles, receives the corpse upon the bier at the church door

where he blesses it and then escorts it chanting the Miserere or the De Profundus to its place at the sanctuary rail before the altar, when the Requiem Mass is sung and the funeral obsequies performed with such pomp and circumstance as the taste of friends may dictate and their means afford, from the plainest low Mass to the most elaborate known to the ritual of the Church, including the draping of the entire church and windows in sombre black.

Travellers meeting a funeral procession usually turn around and face in the direction which it is going, and while it is passing bare their heads if the season permits, and when the deceased was a prominent person, the remains are escorted a short distance before the journey is resumed.

Devotions and pious customs and practices are not limited to Sundays and Holy days. They are woven into and become a part of the every day life of the people. They are not so eager for riches as to live well. The members of the family are gathered in prayer every night when the rosary is said and other prayers; a farm is bought and *M. le Cure* is sent for to come and bless it; a house is built, and it may be but a log cabin on the frontier, but before moving in *M. le Cure* comes again and blesses the new home.

When settlements are made in outlying places where parishes have not been organized *Calvaires* are erected by the road-side upon the first land cleared, and here the faithful gather on Sundays and Holy days to join in public prayers. Large crosses and *Calvaires* are erected on other farms as they are taken up and reclaimed from the wilderness, and later when a parish is organized and the people have more means, they are

made more elaborate by the erection of a shrine and placing therein a group representing the Holy Family, an Apostle, the patron saint of the parish, the emblems of the Crucifixion—the cross, hammer and nails.

Filial devotion and respect are a very marked characteristic in the homes of the people, as becomes the Christian family. New Year's day, *jour de l' An*, is a day of special rejoicing and family reunion when every member of the family, from those in the days of earliest childhood to those who have grown to manhood and womanhood, and even those whose heads are crowned with the snows of years, return to the home of their childhood and on bended knees supplicate and receive the aged parents' blessing.

Their sense of justice does not rest upon a human foundation—the vote of the majority—nor does it permit them to violate the God-given rights of conscience because they are in the majority and can impose their will upon a helpless minority.

Under the laws of their making the Protestant minority are permitted to maintain schools of their own, paying all their school taxes thereto, and if there are not Protestants enough in any school district to maintain a school they are permitted to join with other school districts to do so. And should any Protestant family or families, whose children have reached adult years, live in a Catholic community and no school be necessary, they can elect to what school or institution they wish their taxes paid, no matter where located nor what distance away. With them it is simply a business proposition decided according to justice and not according to fanaticism and bigotry, a practical exemplification of the Golden Rule.

Strange as it may seem, in other provinces of the Dominion where Protestantism dominates, and where the freedom, liberality and equal rights of Protestantism are volubly and vauntingly proclaimed, the rights of Roman Catholics in educational matters are trampled under foot, and the justice they render unto others where they are in the majority is denied to them by their fellow citizens where they are in the minority.

A convent and school is generally located near the parochial residence and church, and here the young are taught the correct principles of living—the moral faculties are cultivated and developed as well as the intellectual. Character is molded and formed upon true Christian lines, the individual aided and guided to realize the rights of God and his duties toward man—the true end for which he was created—and not turned loose upon society a mere intellectual machine without moral development, balance, symmetry, compass, rudder or ballast. Such an education makes a people who put eternity above time, heaven above earth, the spiritual above the temporal, principle above expediency, and an upright life before riches.

Living where they do and as they do, buttressed and supported by their religion, they can be nothing else but Catholics in their religious belief, but at the threshold of the Twentieth century, with the spirit of uneasiness and unrest let loose and spreading over the land, with thousands upon thousands leaving these salutary props and supports behind, with proselytism backed by abundant means, stalking through the land, it may be fairly questioned if the time has not arrived for them to make re-arrangement of studies

and give more attention to the deeper truths of their religion, the polemical, and to the sciences.

It is true that it is highest wisdom as well as the teaching of the Scriptures to fully realize that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and only the violent bear it away," and "What profiteth it if a man gain the whole world and lose his soul," but it is also true, and has the authority of the Scriptures as well that when God created man He gave him dominion over the earth with command to go forth and subdue it.

Too many of these unsuspecting, innocent, honest Catholics when they leave home and the surroundings of childhood and the safeguards of their country, are like the hot-house plant when subjected to the vicissitudes of the elements, like the seed that fell upon the barren soil, taking root and flourishing for a short time, but when temptation, indifference, agnosticism, and the other gilded isms of the day overtake them in a non-Catholic atmosphere, wither up and fall away. In these latter days simple faith is a very poor armament with which to meet the warfare of the world, and to overcome the seeming logic and clap-trap of the designing proselytizer, and the scoffing and sneers of the infidel and the agnostic.

In the Province of Quebec there is no extreme wealth and no abject poverty. The people are always ready to assist each other, to extend charity to aid any worthy cause, and to alleviate affliction and suffering. No parish is too poor to aid the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and their contributions put to shame their more pretentious and wealthy neighbors in the United States. Nearly every parish has also a

Society of the Holy Childhood whose contributions have maintained many missionaries in heathen lands and saved many precious souls to heaven.

A daily round of duties well and faithfully performed, reasonable competency and peace of mind, are prized beyond superfluous wealth obtained at the expense of worry, anxiety, disappointments and ruined health.

The sun rises clear and the day is fair—the *habitant* is happy and gives thanks; morning comes with lowering skies and night brings affliction—the *habitant* sees in this the hand of God, gives praise and is reconciled. As comes the day, as goes the day—God so ordains, and to His wisdom and goodness be humble submission, adoration and praise

Turning away from the excitement and the artificial life of the popular seaside and mountain resort, and outside the well-worn pathways of tourist travel, a vacation can be pleasantly and profitably spent in the neighboring Province of Quebec with a quaint Christian people, and amid scenes more suggestive of mediævalism than the artificial, stilted, throbbing life of the twentieth century which is in such painful evidence elsewhere.

AN HOUR WITH THE PURITANS AND PILGRIMS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED FEBRUARY 16, 1908, BEFORE DIVISION 3,
ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS, WORCESTER, MASS.

Mr. President and Brother Hibernians:

I highly appreciate the honor of being invited to address you on this occasion. I would that my efforts may meet your expectation and command your approbation. When I accepted the invitation to appear before you, I endeavored to select a subject that would be entertaining and pleasing to you. I know full well that wit, humor and jest are characteristic of Irishmen—national traits—and that I ought to offer you something funny; but once upon a time many years ago, I tried to be funny and got such a strapping therefor that I have never tried to be funny since. I mention this now lest you may think when I announce my subject that I mean to perpetrate a joke, but I assure you that this is not so. I shall speak to you seriously. I have decided to address you on the subject of the Puritans and Pilgrims, and I do this for three leading reasons—to show wherein they and Irishmen are alike, wherein they are unlike, and to make the true character of these much admired and praised people better known.

If there be any one dominant trait in the character of the Puritans, Pilgrims, and Irishmen, it is loyalty to their religious convictions. In this they are alike—

and yet behold how most English-speaking people admire and exalt this trait in the one, while ceaselessly reprobating and denouncing it in the other. We Irish and the sons of Irishmen have much to learn from the Puritans and Pilgrims in this matter. Be their criminations and recriminations, their dissensions and clashings amongst themselves, what they may—and they are many and bitter—they are a unit in sentiment and action against all others. In this they are unlike. Let Irishmen or their descendants disagree, even in trivial matters, and too often a second generation must be born and come upon the scene of action before amity and a community of interests will reign—before minor misunderstandings and differences will be forgiven or forgotten. Well did the poet Moore characterize this when he lamentingly wrote in this connection of Irishmen and their enemies:

“While your tyrants join’d in hate,
You never join’d in love.”

My third reason will appear more fully as I proceed. For a title I have called my subject

AN HOUR WITH THE PURITANS AND PILGRIMS.

The present is an exacting age. A spirit of inquiry and investigation is everywhere in evidence. A mammoth interrogation point stands out boldly in the lime-light of the intense life of the twentieth century. A huge iconoclastic giant roams unfettered throughout the land to uproot, to overturn, and to destroy everything opposed to truth and progress, everything that burdens mankind and holds him enthralled, to tear

down the superstructure so industriously erected upon the falsehoods of the past, and hitherto fondly maintained and propagated for base and selfish motives.

At no previous time in the history of the world has such fearless independence to probe to the bottom of things been manifested—to clear away and destroy the accumulated rubbish and debris of past ages. No predilections or prejudices have restrained, no fear of consequences has debarred.

Thanks to the spirit of a more intellectual, independent, and just age, much that has done duty as history too sacred to be questioned has had the fraudulent mask stripped therefrom and the supporting frame-work thrown out upon the rubbish heap of myth and fable. This is a hopeful sign and gives promise that the day of misrepresentation and falsehood is past, and that truth will eventually come into her own again.

In such a mood and in such a spirit, and in the interest of historical truth, let us give a passing hour to the Puritans and Pilgrims, and some of the many things that have been said, written and accepted as authentic history concerning them. It is no exaggeration to say that the coming of the Pilgrims and Puritans and what is claimed for them—their deep religious convictions and loyalty to conscience, their godly lives, their persecution for conscience sake, their sufferings and fortitude, their achievements and triumphs, the lasting impression for good that they left upon society to uplift and ennoble—all this and much more of similar import has been told from generation to generation with ever-increasing addition, exaggeration, and emphasis during all the years since

their organization as a sect, now more than three hundred years.

Societies without number have been formed and multiplied throughout the land—Descendants of the Mayflower, Forefathers' Day, New England Societies, and other similar organizations and associations—to glorify them and to sing their praise; printing presses, like living volcanoes, have belched forth approving and commendatory volumes, some of which are dignified by the name of history; pamphleteers and pulpiteers have taxed the English language to its utmost for words of encomium and praise; orators on the rostrum and statesmen in the halls of legislation have soared away upon the wings of vivid imaginations and lost themselves in stilted phrases and frenzies of praise; poets have touched all the finer chords of their art to give them and their deeds attractive and effective setting; and the pencils of artists and the chisels of sculptors have been employed to proclaim their greatness and transmit their undying fame (?) down the corridors of Time to generations unborn.

In accordance with the spirit of the age we will depart from the pathway of admiration and adulation and very briefly consider some of the many claims made in behalf of the Pilgrims and Puritans and the evidence upon which they rest. In doing this, and, to avoid any charge of bias or prejudice, we shall limit our evidence very largely to that of Bradford himself, and to other writers of known standing and impartiality.

BIRTH OF PURITANISM.

To judge them rightly we must go back to the birth of Puritanism, and even to the time of the birth of the

principles that made Puritanism possible. Luther, breaking away from the center of religious unity and asserting the right of private judgment, proclaimed faith and faith alone as the corner-stone of his new religion, and the only requisite for eternal salvation. Sin and sin, if you will, according to his doctrine, but believe and your salvation is secure. Calvin soon followed proclaiming the vengeance of an Omnipotent and offended God, and the damnation of all mankind save the predestined few—and here we have at the outset of the so-called Reformation, as the legitimate fruit of private judgment, wholesale salvation proclaimed on the one hand and wholesale damnation on the other, principles—or lack of principles—directly opposed to the teachings of Christ, and as opposed as are the poles—as far asunder as the vagaries of the human mind can conceive—and which have given birth to all the sects that have been born, died, and re-incarnated in one form or another during all the centuries since.

THE APOSTACY OF HENRY VIII.

Henry VIII soon after came to the throne of England grounded in the faith of his fathers—the church which has come triumphantly down the centuries from the time of its institution in Jerusalem by the Redeemer of mankind, who foretold the coming of false teachers and false preachers, but He also promised that He would abide with it forever, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it—a church to which he was devotedly loyal, a church in defence of which he wrote trenchantly against Luther, his work earning for him from the Pope at Rome the title of

"Defender of the Faith," which title is still proudly borne by the crown of England, a church to whose teachings he was true, until yielding to the lowest and basest of animal passions, he failed to secure the approval of the Pope, the visible head of the church on earth, to sanction the violation of that command of Scripture which says: "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." Failing in this and yielding to his passions he broke away from the center of Christian unity—the church to which the people and the throne of England had been loyal for nearly one thousand years—and began that career of licentiousness and crime that earned for him the saying that "he neither spared woman in his lust nor man in his anger," and that brought lasting disgrace upon the throne of England.

Breaking away from the church and following in the foot-steps of Luther and Calvin, he set up his uncontrolled will as the law of the land in spiritual matters—and in opposition to the command of the Master to observe whatsoever things He commanded, and to render unto God the things that are God's—another addition to the sects whose doctrines rested upon the corner-stone of private judgment—upon the "it seemeth better unto me" rather than upon the "thus said the Lord" of Mt. Sinai, and the "He that heareth you heareth Me," and "he that believeth not shall be damned" of the Master. Plunged into excesses his exchequer was soon exhausted when plundering, robbery, bloodshed, and ruin soon followed in the wake, and the most violent and barbarous cruelties and butcheries were visited upon all who stood for moral rectitude and opposed him. Piracy became general at

home and abroad, and the honors of knighthood were bestowed upon the most daring and successful pirates, freebooters, and marauders—the ill-gotten gains of some of whom were shared with royalty itself.

DEGENERACY OF THE PEOPLE.

People in high and low station bent the knee to Baal, and everything salutary was sacrificed to the acquisition of wealth, station and power. Even the Chief Justice of England, the immortal Bacon, sold his decisions—the decisions of the highest legal tribunal in the land—for money. Demoralization existed in every walk of life, and lust for wealth soon begot religious dyspepsia, which in turn begot a multiplicity of sects to meet the morbid wants of those who trampled the ten Commandments and the teaching and positive commands of the Son of God under foot. Worldliness and the baser passions then dominated and actuated the masses of the English people. At such a time, of such conditions, and of such a people was Puritanism born.

THE PURITAN CHARACTER.

It is not too much to say that the people composing this sect were no better than others of their time who were dominated by base and selfish motives, who veiled their misdeeds under scriptural texts, high-sounding phrases, and lofty pretences—of dethroning error and establishing a purer religion while driving the living Christ from the sanctuary and installing man in His stead. During all the years since, holy lives and holy ends have been claimed for them, and their alleged holiness has been proclaimed to the world to gloss over and obscure vile deeds until the

word puritanical has been given place in the vocabulary as synonymous with false pretense and deception.

It requires no deep profundity, or exhaustive investigation of the records of the past, to discover that their so-called religious principles were the offspring of the aberration of a morbid pietism wedded to mercenary and grasping arrogance and avarice.

We are aware that some of the descendants of the Pilgrims disclaim anything in common with the Puritans; but Puritan and Pilgrim being contemporary, of the same parentage and descent, and being united by the common ties of origin, doctrine, aims and desires—in the cruel enactment and more cruel enforcement of barbarous penal laws, in opposition to their repeal or amelioration, and other unchristian practices—and fraternizing and fellowshiping as they did, no good reason exists for making any distinction between them now simply because some of them immigrated to this country a few years before others did.

The motives that apparently actuated them in their native land were the dominant and actuating motives of the time—the acquisition of wealth, the attainment of station, the gratification of ambition.

The Puritans in their native country sought to undermine the government, to overthrow royalty, and to assume the reins of power. This treasonable disloyalty and subversion of government was concocted, cultivated, and put into practice under the hypocritical pretense of hatred of prelacy, striving for freedom of conscience, the practice of pure religion, and the like.

In "The United States History, Its Powers and Progress," Philadelphia, 1851, it is recorded that political malcontents and plotters against their law-

fully constituted government and reigning Queen (Mary, A. D. 1553-8), in the year 1554, were compelled to flee from their country to escape the just penalty of their treason. They went to Geneva and there remained until the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, when they returned and organized a politico-religious society under the leadership of one Brown, when they became known as Brownists—and later, when further differences and contentions arose they were given the name of Puritans, in derision, because of their preposterous pretensions. Separatists, Independents, Presbyterians, Non-conformists, and other seemingly endless subdivisions and variations were born soon after as the offspring of this parent stock.

In this connection we need devote no more time to the aims and objects of this political-religious sect, because every school-boy knows that they fully realized the success of the unholy, ambitious, rebellious and traitorous principles that actuated them when they butchered their king, overturned their lawful government, and put Cromwell at its head.

Dismissing their political and treasonable scheming, and turning our attention to their so-called religion, we find its chief corner-stone to be that each individual in matters of belief is a law unto himself, believing or rejecting at will; that each congregation of the many, many divided sects, is, generally speaking, independent of all others, has a right to assemble and worship according to its own doctrines and covenants, and these are to be determined by the majority thereof, thus making God's word and God's law dependent upon the votes of men and their changing whims. That it was greed for gain and lust for

power that prompted, and not the love of "pure religion," as so volubly, vauntingly, and persistently proclaimed, that impelled them, we shall to be brief, summon but one from the many witnesses who give approving testimony.

Macaulay says: "Not content with limiting the power of the Monarch, they were desirous to erect a commonwealth on the ruins of English polity."

PURITANS CONTUMACIOUS AND DISLOYAL.

That they were arrogant, ambitious, obstinate, opinionated, dictatorial, disputations, contentious, and irreconcilable, is abundantly proved by their conduct and the history and literature of their times.

A standard English publication says: "The Puritans might have almost said in a word we object to everything."

And Wentworth, subsequently Earl of Stafford, said of them: "The very genius of . . . these people leads them always to oppose, both civilly and ecclesiastically, all that authority ever outlines for them."

And again we read in reference to the bitter and selfish wrangling and intriguing of these times, "Episcopacy stood against Puritanism, royalty against republicanism, independency against Presbyterianism,—and all these against Catholicism."

How well the treasonable leaven of Puritanism worked in seducing the allegiance of the soldiery from their King and government; how well their cherished, ambitious and unscrupulous leader, Cromwell, succeeded by hypocritical religious pretences in supplanting the loyal officers in the army with his willing, unscrupulous, and unprincipled tools, the

bloody battles fought, the devastation wrought, the overthrow of the government, the beheading of their King, and the installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector, are told upon the bloody and disgraceful pages of England's history.

In the *Encyclopedia Britannica* we read in relation to their conduct at this time, that "it was indefensible when we regard their idea of the civil power, of the conscience, and religion."

We have not far to seek for a reason why some of them sought safety in foreign countries before and after the Restoration, and we shall not find the impelling motive to be to find a country where they might enjoy religious liberty so much as to find a place where they might escape from the just penalty of their crimes. Although, with the cunning of the serpent, they set up the cry of "religion," and "persecution for conscience sake," it was not the first or only time that the livery of heaven was stolen to cover a base purpose.

Their descendants and successors continually hark back to the same seductive and deceitful cry; but in this day and generation, it would be difficult to find an unbiased jury who, on presentation of the abundant testimony that can be adduced to the contrary, would find this as their verdict.

PURITANS WELCOMED IN HOLLAND.

We have it upon the testimony of some of those who went to Holland that they were well received there, that they were not persecuted for conscience sake, nor were any obstacles interposed against their peculiar religious practices—or what were meant for

such. Then why did they not remain there? Why did they not stay in a civilized and tolerant country that received them with open arms? For an answer we have but to recall the ferment and unrest that at that time pervaded all civilized Europe in consequence of the fabulous tales told of the great wealth that abounded in America, and that it only awaited the gathering by those who adventured thither.

We have it upon the authority of Bradford himself that many of his comrades, companions, and other alleged ultra-holy people were wrangling and quarreling among themselves at Frankfort where "began the bitter war of contention" which later resulted in a disruption of the one and the organization of two distinct churches—a characteristic that has survived until the present time—when a number of them "falling into some errors in ye low countries there for ye most parte buried themselves and their names."

Being restive and unreconcilable, they removed from Frankfort to Amsterdam, but wrangling and quarreling still continued. They subsequently removed to Leyden where it was rumored that Holland was growing weary of them, and "had rather driven them out," when "they began to think of removal to some other place,"—some saying that "they preferred the prisons of England," from which they fled to escape from the consequences of their crimes, "to such liberty in Holland."

The children as they grew up, inheriting the traits of their parents, became obstreperous and dissolute, "getting ye raines off their necks and departing from their parents,"—these "christian" children of "christian" parents brought up under sternest "christian"

discipline in a country that interposed no limitation or barriers!

It was about time to make another change when they became anxious to "go to some place of better advantage" where a "better and easier place of living would draw many"—then as afterwards looking out for the main chance—not wholly an unworthy motive, perhaps, but strangely out of harmony with the claims put forth in their behalf. Conference and debate resulted, and the advantages and disadvantages of different places were discussed and considered. Some wanted to go to Guinea, "as it must needs make ye inhabitants rich,"—and Guinea belonged to the much-despised and religion-hated Spaniards—and so thrift again, and not religion or conscience, creeps in as an impelling motive.

Others wanted to go to "some parts of Virginia where ye English had already made entrance," but objection was made to this because if they went there they might be worse persecuted than in England—Cavalier and Round-head would not be likely to fraternize or have anything more in common in the New than they had in the Old World. But with them, in temporal as in spiritual matters, a vote of the majority was supreme, and America was chosen.

SEEKING THE AID OF ADVENTURERS OR PROMOTERS.

Brought up as they had been, and living as they did, roaming from place to place, they were without facilities and means to undertake the voyage; and here the words of Bradford are very significant, "and they must as well looke to be seconded with supplies as presently to be transported."

Several of the nations of Europe had, in earlier times, been very active and highly successful in colonizing and devoloping portions of America and deriving vast revenue therefrom—much of which was captured by English pirates—and now some of the English people awoke from their debaucheries—their predatory life, robberies, beer-drinking, bear-baiting and cock-fighting—long enough to learn what these more enlightened, more civilized, and more enterprising nations had accomplished, and now they sought to share in the profits of such work—this triumph of peace, civilization, and endeavor. The more enterprising and adventurous were now active in promoting their own financial interests by outfitting parties—“grub-staking” them, as it is now called—to come to these shores for fish and to trade with the Indians for furs.

This being known in Holland, a committee was appointed by the Puritans to visit some of these outfitters—adventurers they were then called—to secure their interest, co-operation and aid. The adventurers, outfitters, or “grub-stakers” of those times were an excellent type of the well known promoters of the present day.

This committee met with success, and they then returned to Holland and made a formal report, which was so favorable that another committee was dispatched to make final arrangements “to treat and conclude with such merchants and other friends as had manifested their forwardness to provoke to and adventure in this voyage.” This proposed “adventure” becoming known in Holland “some Dutchmen made them faire offers about going with them,” but

Thomas Weston, a prominent adventurer or promoter of Bristol, doubtless fearing to lose such a large number of "grub-stakers," journeyed to Leyden to promote the enterprise, and "at ye same time persuaded them to goe on and not to meddle with ye Dutch nor depend too much on ye Virginia Company," and that "he and such merchants as were his friends would sett them forth and feare neither want for shipping nor money."

ACTUATING MOTIVES.

The above throws a very strong side-light upon the going out of the Puritans—as trusting angels into the darkness of night, voyaging out upon unknown and tempestuous seas for conscience sake, and to establish religious liberty and freedom as claimed. Does not this and many other things of similar import, now easily available, abundantly prove that it was mercenary rather than spiritual motives that prompted the coming of the Pilgrims and Puritans?

The bright prospects now of going "to some place of better advantage" stimulated wrangling and scheming anew, when "Mr. Blackwell, he was an elder of ye church at Amsterdam made strategem for Mr. Johnson and his people at Embden."

"These divisions and distractions had shaken off many of their pretended friends"—and also their proffered and hoped-for means.

But these promoters were no novices in such undertakings, and were not to be thwarted by dissimulation and scheming. With the assurance, coolness, and adroitness of the modern promoter, they brushed aside and surmounted obstacles, even when seated upon the throne itself. For the venture now under

consideration, they obtained a patent or charter from the Crown, but "the patente was not taken in ye name of any of their own."

Why strategem? Why deception? Why dissimulation?

The colony of Virginia, whither the Puritans pretended that they intended to go, was living under a charter that recognized the church "by law established," and it would be too much to expect the king to approve the introduction of an element of discord and strife—a renewal in the New of the bitterness and strife and bloodshed and anarchy of the Old World. The promoters, successful in this as in other things, secured from the King his promise that he "would connive at them and would not molest them."

PRACTISING DECEPTION.

We have seen that Weston had already told them "not to depend too much on ye Virginia Company," and now it is a fair question to ask if he had not already planned, with the knowledge and approval of the King and leading Puritans in the enterprise, not to go to Virginia, but to land at some more northern place, as they afterwards did. Is it not another fiction of history so-called that they had lost their way when they landed at Cape Cod? In view of the maritime knowledge of the time, it is demanding over-much of credulity to believe that their landing upon the coast of Massachusetts was not more by design than by accident, or because of lack of knowledge; and this is further strengthened by the willingness of the King to wink at their observances of their religious forms, which he could safely do if promised that they should

be landed so far away from the Virginia colony. And this contention is still further strengthened and confirmed by the signing of what has become known as a very wonderful performance—the signing of the famous compact on the Mayflower for which so much is claimed in history—the Magna Charta of our liberties, and the like.

As is true in most similar enterprises the passengers on board the Mayflower came from many walks of life, even from the slums of the streets of London, among whom were turbulent and very unruly persons. The passengers generally in good faith took passage for Virginia, where doubtless some of them expected to meet old friends and companions among the earlier colonists. It is not difficult to surmise what might have taken place, and what might have been the result, had they not been tied up in the “compact” before discovering the deception practiced upon them when they were landed upon the coast of Massachusetts.

But now other promoters came upon the scene, for the Puritans learned “yt sundrie lords obtained a large grant from ye King for ye more northerly parts of that country derived out of ye Virginia patente and wholly secured from that governmente, and to be called by another name, viz.: New England.

Mr. Weston, the active promoter of the enterprise, was suspiciously active and urgent for the Puritans to abandon going to Virginia and to go to New England instead, “chiefly for ye hope of present profite to be made by ye fishing that was found in ye countrie.”

This was another occasion for wrangling and quarrelling, not only among the promoters, but also among the Puritans, some of whom now refused to go because

they were not to go to Guinea, some because they were not to go to Virginia, and others, who were doubtless in the secret, because it was decided to go to New England.

COMPACT ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER.

But to New England they came although pretending that Virginia was their destination. We have already seen the necessity for making the celebrated "compact" on board the Mayflower before landing, and the shrewd worldly interest that prompted it.

In the words of Bradford, it was "occasioned partly by ye discontented and mutinous speeches that some of the strangers amongst them had let fall from them in ye ship—That when they came a shore they would use their own libertie; for none had power to command them, the patente they had being for Virginia, and not for New England, which belonged to an other Government with which ye Virginia Company had nothing to doe. And partly that such an acte by them done (this their condition considered) might be as firme as any patent, and in some respects more sure."

The glamour thrown around this act leads the youth in our schools and the unthinking to place it upon a par, if not above, the acts of the Apostles; but more closely examined, it will be found upon a very low human level—the abrogation of a solemn covenant, the patent under which the passengers on board the Mayflower adventured, and the substitution of another document that put all the power of domination and control into the hands of the conspiring and ambitious—a dominant and unquestioned trait in the Puri-

tan character from their earliest beginning down to the present time.

What then becomes of the mountains of admiration and adulation so industriously and continually built up to proclaim their foresight and statesmanship—the purity of their lives, their loyalty to principle, and their success in establishing the civil and religious liberty now such a marked and highly-prized characteristic of this country?

It would indeed be very singular if there were not some high-minded and good people among them; but when all reference to the bad is omitted, or their sinful lives glossed over, and indiscriminate and exaggerated praise bestowed upon them, the generations of the past believed, as well as do too many of the present, that they were all upright, God-fearing and holy. It may well be questioned if the best and most able of their number returned to earth whether or not they would recognize the pictures made of them or the frames that give them setting.

A close examination of the records of their time bears ample negative evidence, but we shall now be content with the testimony of Bradford himself upon a few of the many cases that might be cited.

DEFALCATION OF ALLERTON.

Allerton, a son-in-law of Elder Brewster, one of the more prominent men of the Mayflower colony, for whom Point Allerton, on the coast of Massachusetts, is named, and who was, doubtless, a leader among them, was sent to England to dispose of the first cargo of beaver-skins and other fur and fish, to adjust financial matters between the adventurers and the Pilgrims, and

to bring back such goods and commodities as were needed in the Colony. On his return, he made such a showing that he was sent the next and following years on like missions. Suspicions were aroused that everything was not right. Another person was sent later, when it was discovered that Allerton was a rank defaulter. Bradford says of this:

“First it seems to appere clearly that Ashley’s business, and ye buying of this ship, and ye courses framed thereupon, were first continued and proposed by Mr. Allerton, as also yt pleaes and pretences which he made of ye inabilitie of ye plantation to repaye their money’s, etc., and ye hops he gave them of doing it with profite was more believed & rested on by them (at least some of them) then anything ye plantation said or did.”

“It is like, though Mr. Allerton might thinke not to wrong ye plantation in ye maine, yet his own gaine and private ends led him aside in these things; for it came to be knowne, and I have it in a letter under Mr. Shirley’s hand, that in ye 2 or 3 years of his imploymente he had cleared up £400. and put it into a brew-house of Mr. Collier’s in London, at first under Mr. Sherley’s name, &c.; besides what he might have otherwise. Againe Mr. Sherley and he had perticuler dealings in some things; for he bought up ye beaver that sea-men and other pasengers brought over to Bristol, and at other places, and charged ye bills to London, which Mr. Sherley payed; and they got some time £50. a peece in a bargin, as was made known by Mr. Hatherly and others, besids what he might be other wise.

“With pitie and compassion (touching Mr. Aller-

ton) I may say with ye apostle to Timothy, I Tim. 6-9. *They that will be rich fall into many temptations and snares, etc.; and pearce themselves throw with many sorrows, etc.; for the love of money is ye roote of all evil., V 10."*

"God give him to see ye evil in his failings, that he may find mercie by repentance for ye wrongs he hath done to any, and this pore plantation in spetiall."

MURDER AND BESTIALITY.

John Billington, one of the passengers who came over in the Mayflower, was hanged for murder a few years after landing in the country.

In Bradford's words, "This year John Billington ye elder, (one that come over with ye first) was arraigned, and by both grand and petie jurie found guilty of wilful murder, by plaine and notorious evidence. And was for the same accordingly executed. His facte was, that he way-laid a young man, one John New Comin (about a former quarell,) and shote him with a gune, whereof he dyed."

And again Bradford records: "Amongst other enormities that fell out amongst them, this year 3 men were (after due triall) executed for robbery and murder which they had committed; their names were these, Arthur Peach, Thomas Jackson, and Richard Stinnings; there was a 4., Daniel Crose, who was also guilty, but he escaped away and could not be found."

Thomas Granger was convicted and hung for the crime of sodomy. The animals with which the crime was committed were assembled and killed in his presence and tumbled into a common pit, when he was executed. Of this and other vices of the times, Bradford writes: "And yet all this could not suppress ye

braking out of sundrie notorious sins (as this year, besides other, gives us too many sad presidents and instances,) espetially drunkenness and unclainnes; not only incontinence between persons unmarried, for which many both men and women had been punished sharply enough, but some married persons also. But that which is worse, even sodomy and bugerie, (things fearful to name,) have broak forth in this land, oftener than once."

COMING OF THE FIRST MINISTER.

As a correct word picture of the sanctimonious Puritan, with which all are familiar, and some of his doings, I shall close this salacious record of shortcomings and misdeeds of this much proclaimed and loudly praised, deeply religious and holy (?) people.

Mr. John Lyford came to them as a Minister in 1624. Bradford says of him: "When this man first came ashore he saluted them with that deference and humiliation as is seldome to be seen, and indeed made them ashamed he so bowed and cringed unto them, and would have kissed their hands if they would have suffered; yea he wept and shed many tears, blessing God that had brought him to see their faces; and admiring ye things they had done in their wants, &c., as if he had been made all of love and ye humblest person in ye world.

"They gave him ye best entertainment yey could (in all simplisitie) and a large alowans of food out of ye store than any other had, and as the Gov'r had used in all waightie affairs to consulte with their elder Mr. Brewster (together with his assistants) so now he called Mr. Lyford also to counsell with them in their waightiest businesses."

Amongst other short-comings and misdeeds, although a married man, a charge of bastardy was made against him, when, to again quote Bradford, "his wife was so effected with his doings, as she could no longer conceall her greefe and sorrow of minde, but opens ye same to one of their deacones and some of her other friends and after uttered ye same to Mr. Peirce upon his arrival. Which was to this purpose, that she feared some great judgment of God would fall upon them, and upon her, for her husband's cause: now that they were to remove she feared to fall into ye Indians hands, and to be defiled by them as he had defiled other women; or some shuch like judgments, as God had threatened David, 2 Sam. 12 11. I will raise up evil against ye and will take thy wives and give them, and &c." And upon it showed how he had wronged her, as first he had a bastard by another before they were married, and she having some inkling of some ill-carriage that way, when he was a suitor to her, she tould him what she heard and denyed him; but she not certainly knowing yt thing, otherwise than by some darke and secret mutterings, he not only stiffly denied it but to satisfy her tooke a solemn oath that there were no shuch matter. Upon which she gave consente, and married with him; but afterwards it was found true and ye bastard brought home to them. She then charged him with his oath, but he prayed pardon, and said he should not els have had her. And yet afterwards she could keep no maids, but he would be meddling with them, and sometimes she hath taken him in ye manner, as they lay at their bed's feet, with shuch other circumstances as I am ashamed to relate."

It was afterwards learned that before coming to this

country Minister Lyford "had wound himself into ye esteem of sundry Godly and zealous professors in those parts who, having been burthened with ye ceremonies in England, found ther some liberty to their consciences; amongst whom were these two men which gave this evidence. Amongst ye rest of his hearers, there was a godly yonge man that intended to marie, and cast his affection on a maide which lived thereabouts; but desiring to chose in ye Lord, and preferred ye fear of God before all other things, before he suffered his affection to rune too far, he resolved to take Mr. Lyford's advice and judgmente of this maid, (being ye minister of ye place,) and so broak ye matter unto him; and he promised faithfully to informe him, but would first take better knowledge of her, and have private conference with her; and so had sundry times; and in conclusion commended her highly to ye young man as a very fitte wife for him. So they were married together; but some time after mariage, the woman was much troubled in mind, and afflicted in conscience, and did nothing but weepe and mourne, and long it was before her husband could get of her what was ye cause. But at length, she discovered ye thing, and prayed him to forgive her, for Lyford had overcome her, and defiled her body before marriage, after he had commended him unto her for a husband, and she resolved to have him when he came to her in that private way. The circumstances I forbear, for they would offend chast ears to hear them related, for though he satisfied his lust on her, yt he endeavored to hinder conception."

To fully treat of their abuse of Indian women, their debaucheries, sensualities, and other uncleanness would

take us far beyond the scope proposed, and it would prevent the consideration of some of their other evil deeds and short-comings. We shall, therefore, leave this disgusting subject and mephitic atmosphere and seek purer air.

PILGRIM AND PURITAN INTOLERANCE AND HARDSHIPS.

The toleration and liberty that they established are the kind foreshadowed in the compact signed on board the Mayflower—the right to dominate over all and to persecute, to execute, and drive hence all who did not yield implicit obedience to their morbid opinions and wishes. The story of detention in the stocks, of burning holes through tongues with red-hot irons, of cropping ears, of hanging, of banishment, and penal enactments, darken and disgrace the pages of early New England history, and they are too well known to need going into more specific detail now.

Of the toils, hardships and deprivations of the Pilgrims and Puritans, of which so much has been pathetically told and written about, it is only necessary to say that they were neither more nor worse than millions of other emigrants and pioneers endured while carving out homes on the frontiers, in the wilderness, and in other out-posts of this country and of the world.

ALLEGED PERSECUTIONS BY THE INDIANS.

Much has been said and written about their alleged persecutions by the Indians, sympathy claimed for them therefor, and unstinted praise bestowed upon them for their heroic courage and fortitude in conquering and exterminating such formidable enemies. A careful reading of this portion of their history will surprise most people when they learn that

for the most part the Pilgrims, Puritans, and their descendants and successors, were the aggressors. It will also occasion no little surprise to notice the prejudice, bias, and unchristian hate that is interjected into the records. In all their dealings with the Indians, from simple association and mingling in the every-day affairs of life, through barter, the alleged purchase of their lands, cold-blooded murders, and open warfare, the cruel cunning and injustice of the white man is easily discerned. Choice texts of scripture are quoted in great abundance to prove the justice of their avenging deeds against the red man, and the sunshine of God's favor thereon—whereas the Aborigines, the children of a common Father, are characterized as “fiends of hell,” “children of the Devil,” and the like, and the work of despoiling them of their property and lives as christian and highly praise-worthy deeds.

PHILANTHROPY OF THE INDIANS.

During many years after the landing of the Mayflower peace and tranquility reigned between the natives and the new-comers, when the Aborigines, had they been the uncivilized and cruel barbarians that they have since been painted, could have very easily exterminated every white man. During all these years the Pilgrims and Puritans had no difficulty in getting along peaceably with the Indians; but when the colonists multiplied in numbers and waxed strong it was safe to encroach upon, debauch, rob, exterminate and otherwise wrong them, and this they did not hesitate to do—and with deadly results.

Hubbard, in his “Narrative of the Indian Wars,” published in 1677, says in reference to the rapidly in-

creasing white population: "And in the year 1630 more of the persons interested in said Patent, with several other persons, intended to venture their lives and all with them, transported themselves and friends into the said Massachusetts, who did in a short space of time by the accession of many hundreds, who every year flocked after them, make such increase, that in the space of five or six years, there were twenty considerable towns built and peopled; and many of the towns first planted became so filled with inhabitants, that like swarms of bees they were ready to swarm, not only into new plantations, but into new colonies."

In England the frenzy for seeking fame and fortune in America once started soon became epidemic, and it extended so rapidly and grew to such alarming proportions that the King in 1640, to restrict emigration, issued a royal edict forbidding anyone to go to America without first having obtained permission from the authorities.

Although Hubbard's "Narrative of the Indian Wars," just quoted, approvingly abounds with the intolerance, prejudice, and wrong-doings of the Pilgrims and Puritans, like so many others, and especially their brutal barbarities and fiendish atrocities in their warfare of extermination, his narrative is punctuated with the story of the civilization and humanity of the red men. This he makes clear in his enumeration of the reasons why the Pilgrims settled where they did—"and finding some encouragement from the hopefulness of the soil *and courtesy of the heathen*, they resolved there to make their abode for the future, which they did, laying the foundation of a new colony, which from the remembrance of the last

town in England, they sailed from, they called New Plymouth." He also gives, as do many others, abundant testimony to prove the brutalities visited upon the dying and dead bodies of the Indians, slain in warfare and otherwise, by dis-membering, dis-embowelling, cutting off their heads, hands, and other members, to carry back to their homes in brutal triumph—then to mount them on buildings, or poles set in public places, and there leave them for rapacious birds or the elements to destroy; but he is frank enough to admit that "The Indians how barbarous soever in their own nature, yet civilly treated their prisoners."

BRADFORD'S TESTIMONY.

"But about ye 16 day of March a certain Indian came bouldly amongst them and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand, but marvelled at. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to ye easterne parts wher some English ships came to fhish, with whome he was acquainted, & could name sundrie of them by their names, amongst whom he got his language. He became profitable to them in acquainting them with many things concerning ye state of ye country in ye easte-parts wher he lived, which was afterwards profitable unto them; as also of ye people hear, of their names, number, & strength; of their situation & distance from this place, and who was cheefe amongst them. His name was Samaset; he tould them also of another Indian whose name was Squanto, a native of this place, who had been in England & could speake better English then him selfe. Being, after some time of entertain-

mente & gifts, dismiss, a while after he came againe, & 5 more with him, & they brought againe all ye tooles that were stolen away before, and made way for ye coming of their great Sachem, called Massasoyt; who, about 4 or 5 days after came with the cheefe of his friends and other attendance, with the aforesaid Squanto. With whom, after friendly entertainement & some gifts given him, they made a peace with him which hath now continued this 24 years."

During the spring following their arrival in the country Squanto taught them how to plant and cultivate corn. In the words of Bradford, "Afterwards they (as many as wer able) began to plant ther corns, in which service Squanto stood them in great stead, showing them both ye manner how to set it, and after how to dress & tend it. Also he tould them excepte they gott fish & set with it (in these old grounds) it would come to nothing, and he showed them yt midle of April they should have store enough come up ye brooke, by which they begane to build, and taught them how to take it, and wher to get other provisions necessary for them; all of which they found true by triall & experience."

The foregoing brief extract furnishes ample food for thought and reflection. In view of subsequent calumnies and vilifications so industriously and so successfully outpoured upon the aboriginal settlers and owners of the soil by those who unjustly deprived them of their birthright, this evidence of their civilization, toleration and humanity is no less startling than surprising and pleasing—it is so far removed from and so completely negatives the generally accepted view of the bloodthirsty hostility of the Indians

toward the early settlers. Bradford's testimony as given above is amply buttressed and supported by able and unprejudiced authorities during all the years since; but in spite of all the evidence to the contrary the prejudices and falsehoods of the past are still fondly maintained and propagated to justify the sinister conduct and injustice of the white man in earlier times. A bibliography of all the works giving similar testimony to Bradford's concerning the philanthropy and friendship of the Indians, and which they manifested toward the early settlers, would fill a large volume, but we must be content with that of a few only. These we shall select from among those who made a careful study of the Indian character through long years of residence among and association with them in widely different parts of the country, men amply qualified to observe and pass judgment, men of probity and candor, men whom the historians and scholars of the world accept as authorities.

TESTIMONY OF CADWALLADER COLDEN.

Cadwallader Colden in his great work, "The History of the Five Indian Nations"—and these have been admittedly the most cruel and relentless Indians and farthest removed from civilization—says:

"The hospitality of these Indians is no less remarkable than their other virtues; as soon as any stranger comes they are sure to offer him victuals. If there be several in the company, and come from afar, one of their best houses is cleaned and given up for their entertainment. Their complaisance on these occasions goes even farther than Christian civility allows of, as they have no other rule for it than their furnishing

their guest with everything they think will be agreeable to him I can give two strong instances of the hospitality of the Mohawks which fell under my own observation; and which show that they have the very same notion of hospitality which we find in the ancient poets.

“When I was last in the Mohawk country, the Sachems told me that they had an Englishman among their people, a servant who had run away from his master in New York. I immediately told them that they must deliver him up. No, they answered, we never serve any man so who puts himself under our protection. On this I insisted on the injury they did thereby to his master; and they allowed it might be an injury, and replied, though we never will deliver him up we are willing to pay the value of the servant to the master.

“Another man made his escape from the gaol of Albany where he was in prison on an execution for debt; the Mohawks received him, and as they protected him against the Sheriff and his officers, they not only paid the debt for him, but gave him land, over and above sufficient for a good farm, thereon he lived when I was last there. To this it may be added, all their extraordinary visits are accompanied with giving and receiving presents of some value; as we learn likewise from Homer was the practice in old times.

“Theft is very scandalous among them; and it is necessary it should be so among all Indians, since they have no locks but those of their minds to preserve their goods.

“After their prisoners are secured they never offer them the least mal-treatment, but, on the contrary, will

starve themselves rather than suffer them to want; and I have been always assured that there is not one instance of their offering the least violence to the chastity of any woman that was their captive.

“There is one vice which Indians have all fallen into since their acquaintance with the Christians, and of which they could not be found guilty before that time, that is drunkenness. The traders with whom they chiefly converse are so far from giving them any abhorrence of this vice that they encourage it all they can, not only for the liquor that they sell, but that they may have an opportunity to impose upon them. And this, as they chiefly drink spirits, has destroyed greater numbers than all their wars and diseases put together.”

TESTIMONY OF DE LA PATRIE.

Monsieur De la Patrie, in his “History of North America,” says: “When we speak of the Five Nations in France, they are thought, by a common mistake, to be mere barbarians always thirsting after human blood; but their true character is very different. They are indeed the most formidable people in North America, and, at the same time, are so politick and judicious as well can be conceived; and this appears from the management of all the affairs which they transact, not only with the French and English, but likewise with almost all the Indian nations of this vast continent.”

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE CATLIN.

Seventy-five years ago when countless thousands of Buffaloes roamed the western plains of this country, and the tepees of the Indians were the only habitations, the artist, George Catlin, ventured thither to

study and depict the red man in his home. As apt with pen as pencil he has given to the world his monumental volumes "The North American Indians." In his opening chapter he records: "I have roamed about from time to time during seven or eight years, visiting and associating with some three or four hundred thousand of these people, under an almost infinite variety of circumstances; and from the many and decided voluntary acts of their hospitality and kindness, I feel bound to pronounce them by nature, a kind and hospitable people. I have been welcomed generally in their country, and treated to the best that they could give me, without any charges made for my board; they have often escorted me through their enemies' country at some hazard to their own lives, and aided me in passing mountains and rivers with my awkward baggage; and under all these circumstances of exposure, no Indian ever betrayed me, struck me a blow, or stole from me a shilling's worth of my property that I am aware of. . . .

"The Indians of North America . . . were originally the undisputed owners of the soil, and got their title to the lands from the Great Spirit who created them on it, — were once a happy and flourishing people, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of life which they knew of, and consequently cared for! — were sixteen millions in numbers, and sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for His goodness and protection. Their country was entered by the white men, but a few hundred years since; and thirty millions of these are now scuffling for the goods and luxuries of life, over the bones and ashes of twelve millions of red men; six millions of

whom have fallen victims to the smallpox, and the remainder to the sword, the bayonet and whiskey; all of which means of their death and destruction have been introduced and visited upon them by acquisitive white men; and by white men also, whose forefathers were welcomed and embraced in the land where the poor Indian met and fed them with 'ears of green corn and with pemican.'

"Of the two millions remaining alive at this time, about one million, four hundred thousand are already the miserable victims and dupes of white men's cupidity, degraded, discouraged, and lost in the wildering maze that is produced by whiskey and its concomitant vices; and the remaining number are yet unaroused and un-enticed from their wild haunts or their primitive modes by the dread of love of white men and their allurements."

Of their civilization and every-day life, Williams, in his "History of Vermont," A.D. 1794, records: "Among the savages hospitality prevailed to a high degree, and acted with its full force. The Europeans everywhere found the most friendly and cordial reception when they first came among the savages; and from their hospitality they derived all the assistance the savages could afford them. It was not until disputes and differences had taken place that the Indians became unfriendly. Even now an unarmed, defenseless stranger that repairs to them for relief and protection is sure to find safety and assistance in their hospitality. The friendship of the Indian is always a very strong and vigorous affection. His passions unsubdued, undisciplined and ungoverned, always act with force and vigor: whatever be the object of them, the passion itself is always impetuous and strong. No bounds are

set to his resentment and revenge when injured; and no length of time will obliterate the memory of a favor. The same impetuosity and perseverance with which he pursues his enemy, is employed to assist and preserve his friend. In this respect the Indian attachments have fully equalled anything that is to be found in the history of man. Several of their best concerted expeditions have failed through the anxiety of an individual to preserve a friend from the common vengeance and destruction.

“Trained up to the most refined cunning and dissimulation in war the Indian carries nothing of this into the affairs of commerce; but is fair, open and honest in his trade. He was accustomed to no falsehood or deception in the management of his barter. And he was astonished at the deceit, knavery, and fraud of the European traders. He had no bolts or locks to guard against stealing, nor did he ever conceive his property was in any danger of being stolen by any of his tribe. All that train of infamous and unmanly vices, which arise from avarice, were almost unknown to the savage state. Lying and falsehood were viewed with horror and detestation. When they found these vices common among some of the Europeans, the Indians viewed them as a corrupt and odious race, in whose truth, justice and declarations, no faith could be placed. They had no name for adultery or rape. Quarreling, contention and discord with their numerous ill effects were but little known among the members of the same tribe.”

Benjamin Franklin also gave testimony before the thrones and courts of Europe and elsewhere to the early civilization and humanity of the American In-

dians, and in this he is supported by such a galaxy of statesmen and authors that their mere enumeration would require unpardonable limits.

It cannot be denied that when the Indians were decimated, debauched, persecuted, robbed of their lands, and were brought to bay, they did just what all animal nature—brute and human—does under the circumstances,—contended for their freedom and rights, and struck back as best they knew. For defending their persons and property from the encroachments and robberies of the whites, and avenging their wrongs, they have been denounced in violent language and in unmeasured terms; but for cold-blooded brutality and fiendish atrocity, their worst deeds are multiplied and surpassed by those of their white oppressors and traducers.

SURVIVAL OF PURITAN INTOLERANCE.

Many of the descendants and successors of the Puritans, even in our day, have not discovered that the world has taken vast strides forward and upward since the landing of the Mayflower. The bigotry, intolerance, and superlative arrogance that prompted Endicott, a typical Puritan, to cut out the cross from the flag, and Governor Dudley, another, to leave a legacy to Harvard College to provide an annual lecture against "popery," may not now be so openly avowed, but who that knows our decaying country towns, or centers of population where descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans, and their like, are in the ascendant, will deny that their bigotry, intolerance and proscriptive sentiments still survive and are as operative for evil and injustice as in earlier times. They

seem to delight in revelling in the intolerent, unjust and murky atmosphere of the past rather than to breathe in the spirit of truth, right, and justice in the sunshine of the present. It was only last year that a distinguished ex-Governor of this State, Hon. John D. Long, delivered an address at the ter-centenary celebration of the foundation of the First Church in Plymouth. He had respect for the truth, and he told his hearers some of the milder shortcomings of the Puritans. This aroused a whirlwind of opposition and denunciation not only among his hearers but also throughout the country—their periodical publications, ministers, portly matrons and elder spinsters joining in the refrain. They have incense in abundance to burn at the shrine of adulation, but only withering contempt and denunciation for even a moiety of uncomplimentary truth—as intolerant as ever.

“I am a Puritan of the Puritans”—like many another—publicly, loudly and persistently proclaimed an honored son of Massachusetts on the rostrum, in the halls of legislation, and in the press during all the years of his lengthened life. Proudly, in stilted phrase, and with all the art of oratory that he could command, he presented to the State of Massachusetts the manuscript copy of “Bradford’s History of Plimoth Plantation,” recently brought over from England, and from which much of what I have said has been quoted *verbatim et literatum*, and in an impassioned peroration, as published in the press reports at the time—which he, doubtless, would have been glad to have considered the oratorical effort of his life—in the characteristic vaunting language so frequently encountered when anything concerning the Pilgrims and

Puritans is under consideration, said: "Aside from the gospels as they came from the hands of the inspired writers there is no greater book in the world." On a little further reflection, the fervor and thrill of the occasion having passed away, perhaps it dawned upon his mind that the gospels *as* they came from the hands of the inspired writers are no longer in existence, which would leave the remarkable work of Bradford the greatest book in the world!—or perhaps he may have subsequently read the book and been so surprised and disappointed at its contents that his admiration dropped to more commensurate and commendable proportions. This portion of his speech has been modified, and it now appears in the book:—"There is nothing like it in human annals since the story of Bethlehem." Save the mark!

Those who knew him can never think that George Frisbie Hoar had ever read the book or been familiar with its contents when he made this speech. No one who ever knew him can believe that he was capable of so lowering himself or lending himself to so endorse such a record of crime, commonplaces, and the frailties of human nature. No one who ever knew him can think that he could ever believe and profess the morbid religious tenets or share the sentiments of the Pilgrims and Puritans, nor lend his presence to, much less participate in, the whippings at the post, the brandings, the ear croppings, the tongue borings with red hot irons, the hanging of witches; nor that he could ever sanction their theocratic, arbitrary and intolerant civil government, have framed or aided in the execution of the law of banishment against Roger Williams, the unchristian penal enactments and their more unchristian

enforcement against Quakers, "Papists," and others, their cruel and unjust treatment of the Indians, the debauchery of Indian women, and their many other acts of injustice and wrong.

It may be well to ask why men compromise their intelligence and manhood and prefer rhetorical display to truth; and if the loud and oft proclaimed admiration, loyalty and love for the Puritans and their conduct, as recorded by Bradford himself—even when controverted and negatived by the conduct of those who proclaim them—constitute greatness, and for whom monuments of sculptured marble and enduring bronze are erected at great expense in public places to perpetuate their memories?

CONCLUSION.

Where the evidence is so abundant, clear, conclusive and admitted—where "he who runs may read"—no attempt at analysis or elucidation is necessary. It is clear from the admissions of the Pilgrims and Puritans themselves that they were arrogant, narrow, bigoted, intolerant, mercenary, and sinful. No words in the English language can be found to make these allegations more specific or emphatic than they have recorded against themselves. The crimes of murder, sodomy, adultery, fornication, perjury, defalcation, deception, intolerance, uncharitableness, and other unchristian degradations and shortcomings of human nature, are proven against them by an abundance of unquestioned evidence.

But it may be asked, what good will it do at the beginning of the twentieth century to put them in the public pillory and expose them to the scorn, contempt,

and righteous condemnation of others? This reasonable and proper question deserves a reasonable and proper answer. In this connection it is sufficient to say that the shortcomings and cruel injustice of the Pilgrims and Puritans did not end with their day, but in one form or another — although somewhat emasculated and attenuated, and in a less formal, public and offensive manner—has survived all the years since and is still operative. We have only to recall in merest outline the bitterness, persecution and injustice dealt out by them and their descendants and successors, during all the years since their coming, to Roman Catholics, the barbarity attendant upon the celebration of the fiendish slaughter of Father Rasle when his scalp, for which a bounty of one hundred pounds was offered and paid by the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, was carried in public procession through the streets of Boston and grossest indignities heaped thereon, the bigotry that prompted the cutting out of the cross from the flag by Governor Endicott “because it savored of poperie,” the legacy that Governor Dudley left to Harvard College to provide for an annual lecture against Roman Catholicism and Roman Catholics, the outpouring of damnation and wrath that greeted the enactment of the Quebec Act by England, the violent debates in the legislatures of the different states against Catholics and the Catholic Church at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the alien and sedition laws to harass and curtail the rights of Roman Catholics and the persecutions thereunder, the burning of the Ursuline convent on Mount Benedict, near Boston, as a result of pulpit denunciation and appeals to unchristian hate in which Reverend Lyman

piano, organ and carpet was brought into the neighborhood to become the nine days' wonder and its owner the envied one in the settlement.

And many more there are whose birth antedates or was contemporary with the electric telegraph, locomotive railway, power loom, sewing machine, mowing machine, harvester, cream separator, and the like, while those not now beyond mature youth recall the advent of the bicycle, trolley car, telephone, automobile and the thousand and one discoveries and inventions which have blotted out time and space, lightened the burdens of the toilers, and which so minister to the comfort and happiness of all as to add years of longevity to the span of life.

KALEIDOSCOPIIC CHANGES.

These kaleidoscopic changes follow each other so fast, and they so soon become so indispensable and absorbing, that they seem to swallow up and obscure if they do not entirely obliterate the past.

However interesting and important these may be to the student and philosopher, neither time nor space will permit us to consider even the most important and valuable of them categorically, chronologically, or in the order of their importance and value as contributing factors to our high, complex, and rapidly advancing civilization.

A much less pretentious and more agreeable task is proposed, which it is hoped will not be found without interest to the reader. It is to try to furnish the youth of the present day, particularly those residing in the Eastern Townships, wherein the writer was born and where his youth was passed, with a picture of the

another have the pioneers passed away until all, all are gone.

We inquire about them and the niche they filled only to be told for the most part that no one now knows anything about them; we ask for a copy of the local history that its pages may refresh our fading recollections and give some answer to our questionings and learn—oh! unwelcome revelation!—that through culpable indifference and neglect no record of the early settlers who founded and aided in developing the Eastern Townships, of their enterprise and daring, of their privations and hardships, of their toils and triumphs, has ever been made to embalm their good deeds in the pages of history by “the art preservative of arts”—to be at once their monument and the pride and stimulus of their descendants and successors.

With uncomplimentary thoughts uppermost in our mind and with a saddened heart we turn from the unpleasant contemplation and strive to recall and record some of the conditions under which they lived, and what would be some of the most striking changes that would confront them did they now re-visit the familiar scenes of their active life.

Doubtless what would impress them most forcibly would be the disappearance of the vast forests which then abounded and stretched away in every direction, and the extensive fertile farms and tidy homes of comfort which have taken their place.

HARDSHIPS AND TRIALS OF THE PIONEERS.

Villages and habitations that are now in an open country and discernible as far as the range of vision

can reach were then mostly but a few little log cabins hidden by a dense forest growth of mighty pines, hemlocks, cedars, tamarack, beech, birch, maple, and other indigenous trees. The few acres, comparatively, of arable land reclaimed from the wilderness in their day could only by courtesy or a stretch of language be dignified by the name of farms, while to-day they would see teeming acres limited only by the extent of country, and the extensive and forbidding forests of their time entirely blotted out.

The hum of agricultural machinery and the thundering locomotive, neither of which they ever heard or saw, might cause them to doubt if they were in the world they left or whether they were not sojourning in a more favored sphere;—confronted with modern conditions of living and travel, with the marvellous mechanism now common in every walk of life, and the varied applications of steam and electricity, they might be expected to be certain of it.

But to return to the routine of every day life.

The new-comer, often accompanied by his trusting, hopeful, helpful wife, and a few small children, with little or no money, and all their worldly belongings in a crude box, carpet bag, or tied in a bundle—strangers among strangers—alighted from a rude stage at the post office, or possibly having made the journey on foot from the place of disembarkation, carrying all their belongings, and sought for a shelter for the night.

They were usually given a warm welcome at the first log cabin large enough to accommodate them, as its occupants, prompted by a fellow feeling, recall a similar favor extended to themselves not long since, and

the best the cabin affords is cheerfully shared with the latest accession to the neighborhood. Land is taken up and the toil begins of carving out a home from untoward surroundings. An axe is bought at the only store for miles around, and which also serves as a post office;—trees are felled and soon a log cabin takes their place above a hole dug in the ground which becomes an apology for a cellar.

The spaces between the logs are filled with mud or moss or a combination of both, logs are hewn for a floor and cedar is rifted for a covering for the roof.

An apology for a door is provided, which swings upon wooden hinges, and its hard wood latch is operated from without by a latch-string which is withdrawn at night so the door cannot be opened from the outside. A crude fireplace is fashioned of rough stones in one end of the cabin, the family moves in, and life is begun in the new home.

COOKING UTENSILS.

In many cases, and sometimes for years, a single iron kettle having three legs, an iron cover, and a large bail, known as a baking kettle, and in many places as a Dutch oven, was the only cooking utensil on the premises, and many a savory wholesome meal was cooked therein while buried in and covered with burning coals. A little later came the old-fashioned glazed earthen teapot, which became its associate and companion upon the hearth. Corn bread and oaten cakes were baked before a "bread board," set up edgewise and a little aslant before the open fire.

Baking pans, kettles and other hollow iron ware were soon after introduced and came into general use.

Ovens made of brick, the manufacture of which was undertaken by some of the more enterprising, added greatly to the culinary department of the household, but many an elegant roast of beef and mutton and well browned turkey were still cooked for company or the Christmas dinner upon the spit in the tin baker, or tin kitchen, before the open fire in the fireplace.

The holiday season, extending from Christmas until after New Year's, was largely given up to visiting relatives, family reunions and innocent mirth. Holly and mistletoe may not have graced the walls of the humble habitations, but loyal friendships, hearty welcomes, good cheer, and generous hospitality were no indifferent substitutes.

As families were usually large and cabins small, economy of space was very essential. Under many of the beds in the dwellings, and all beds were then of the old high post style held together by a bed cord made tense by a lever or bed wrench, were trundle beds which were drawn out upon the floor for use at night. These were often supplemented by bunks which were folded up and used as seats during the day and evening.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL.

There was then in all Canada not a single mile of railway, and turnpike roads were well nigh impassable, especially during the spring and fall when nearly all travel was practically at a standstill, and when distant journeys would be more readily undertaken on horseback or on foot than with a team. At such times when it became necessary to go to the grist mill the grain was bound upon the horse's back and the owner trudged alongside leading the animal.

In many cases the roads were but the sinuous ways improvised through the forests by lumbermen for hauling out timber, logs, and wood, and which, by continued use and improvement, have become the public highways of the country.

The territory being substantially a forest it was perfectly natural that lumbering operations, peeling hemlock bark, shaving shingles, and the like, would be the principal occupation of the people for many years succeeding the earliest settlements. While large quantities of lumber were cut and exported to the United States the price paid therefor was so low that only the most valuable and easily obtained was thus utilized.

There being then no railways for transportation or rivers available for this purpose the expense for hauling logs from a distance to the saw mills, and the lumber over very poor roads to Lake Champlain, was so great, that little or no margin of profit was left to stimulate the industry or reward the efforts of the more enterprising who engaged in such business. Nevertheless, it was a sight fifty years ago to see the procession of teams—twenty, thirty, forty in line—all heavily laden with lumber going to Missisquoi bay, and later to the mouth of Pike river, from the different saw mills to the north and east, whence the lumber was shipped to Whitehall, Troy, Albany and other places to the south which were accessible by way of the Hudson river.

Receiving such poor returns for their labor seemed to beget a mania for the destruction of the forests so that the land might be reduced to a state of cultivation and a better compensation be obtained for their labor.

Few men can appreciate, and fewer still will ever know, with what toil and hardships this task was accomplished.

DESTROYING VALUABLE TIMBER LANDS.

During the dryest portion of the year fires were started in the choppings of the previous winter and they were encouraged to extend into and devour the uncut forest and consume what to-day would be most valuable timber. These extensive fires raged in all directions, filling the air with clouds of smoke by day and their seething flames lighting up and making lurid, fantastic, and thrilling pictures by night as they seized upon and devoured their prey as a roaring wild beast might seize upon and devour an innocent victim.

Stretching away from west to east along the northern boundaries of New York, Vermont and New Hampshire to the State of Maine for a southern boundary, and with the St. Lawrence river for a northern boundary, nothing now remains in the included territory of the extensive forests of valuable timber that then covered the land as with a protecting mantle.

It is now a bootless task to ask if a clearer insight and forecast would not have prompted the exercise of a wiser discretion and spared at least a portion of the wealth of the forests so wantonly destroyed to meet the wants of a later time.

In many places the hard wood ashes were gathered up by the more enterprising, the lye extracted by very crude appliances and boiled into potash in great iron kettles, which was then hauled by slow moving teams to the distant market of Montreal and an honest dollar well earned thereby. In other places and

especially along the highway leading from the village of Bedford to Phillipsburg on Missisquoi Bay, many lime kilns were built and large quantities of lime was burned and sold to the settlers in other parts where no limestone was available. With limestone and wood then in abundance in this locality and competition sharp, many a bushel of lime was sold for five cents; and not infrequently dinner for purchaser and team was included.

With the scarcity of wood which now exists and better transportation facilities, so that supply may be more easily and cheaply obtained elsewhere, but a faint remnant of the industry now remains.

CLEARING LAND.

Old and young of the households found abundant work, when other labors permitted, in clearing up the land, piling up and burning the logs and odds and ends which escaped the first burning, re-piling and firing the embers, chinking up and around and urging on the devouring element to consume the huge pine and other stumps. With the aid of the light of the fires this work was frequently extended long into the night.

From such work all returned so covered with smoke and grime as to more nearly resemble ebony Negroes from the banks of the river Congo than any of the Caucasian race.

A coarse but substantial and satisfying meal was then disposed of, then to humble and restful beds of straw or corn husks, and up and at it again with the earliest dawn for days and weeks together. Few there are who now can realize, and fewer will ever know by

experience, the extent and severity of the exhausting labor, approximating that usually performed by the ox and the horse, which was necessary, and which was uncomplainingly and ungrudgingly given to subdue the forests, to gather the great boulders and stones into walls and huge piles, and to give to the Eastern Townships the fertile and attractive farms of to-day.

Crops of potatoes, corn, wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, beans and the like were worked in at first between the stumps and stones and cultivated and harvested by hand. The spade, hoe and grub-hoe did duty for the plow and harrow of later years, and the scythe, sickle, and hand rake for the mowing machines and horse rakes of to-day.

After a lapse of a few years, when the stumps became somewhat decayed, and so more easy of removal, a "bee" would be made, when, to their credit be it recorded, all the neighbors for miles around would cheerfully gather with their ox-teams and again prove the truth of the old saying "many hands make light work," and thus accomplish what would otherwise be well nigh impossible, and add several acres of well cleared land to the farm.

EARLIEST FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Mowing machines, harvesters, and horse rakes had not been invented; but had they been in existence they would have been as useless as a smoke stack upon a wheelbarrow, as the land was too rough to permit of their use, and the people for the most part were too poor to buy them. All hay and grain was cut with the scythe and sickle—a large part of the grain and the timothy grass for hayseed with the latter implement.

No threshing machines were then in existence and many weary days were spent wielding the hand flail to thresh the grain and hay seed.

Fanning mills of a crude type were coming into use, but only those in better circumstances could afford to buy them. The old hand fan, which many of the present day never saw, was then in common use—although even then some made use of the still more ancient method of a gale of wind for winnowing their grain.

Any farmer possessed of a modicum of mechanical genius could make a hand fan, but when this was beyond his ability he could get one made for him by a more ingenious neighbor in exchange for labor, some product of the farm, or other compensation.

It was made of thin hard wood, semi-circular in shape and from five to six feet across the straight part, or what would be the diameter of the circle. Around the periphery was a rim some ten or twelve inches high provided with two handles much like handles on a basket, and which were located at convenient distances apart. Into this was put as much of the threshed grain and chaff as could be conveniently handled and an up and down and partial rotary motion was imparted to it by the operator, when the chaff being lighter would work up to the top and outer edge and be blown off from the fan, leaving the grain behind.

VEGETABLE GROWING AND SUGAR MAKING.

Surplus cabbages, potatoes and other vegetables that could not be contained in the hole under the cabin, and which did duty as a cellar, were buried in pits dug in the ground and covered with earth to a

sufficient depth to be beyond the reach of the frost, where they usually remained until the following spring.

In the early spring time sap troughs were made of bass-wood, poplar, ash, and similar wood and scorched over an open brush fire to prevent checking later by the sun when put into use. The maple trees were tapped with a gouge chisel, the spouts were rifted from cedar with the same gouge so as to fit, and a great score or notch cut into the tree with an axe above the spout to increase the flow of sap.

In the most level and open sugar woods the sap was gathered in barrels and puncheons securely fastened to sleds drawn by oxen, but more frequently it was carried in buckets and pails suspended from the shoulders by neck-yokes. The potash kettles were scoured out and again pressed into service to boil the sap.

These were usually suspended over the butt end of a sapling tree and upheld and supported by a convenient stump or boulder. This gave good control of the boiling sap and syrup, as they could easily be removed from over the roaring fire when necessary by swinging around the upper and counterbalancing end of the tree top.

Many tons of sugar were so made and families of several generations supplied therewith before the refined white sugar of the cane was ever seen in these parts; and while it usually was very dark from the charred sap troughs and from the smoke, smut, and cinders from the open fire, it was not less appreciated and useful.

Many can now recall the pleasant scenes and jolly companions of the sugaring-off parties in the long ago.

HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

Soap as now in the market was then practically unknown. The prudent, thrifty and practical housewife and helpmate saved all the bones of the meat used throughout the year, and all the waste fat and grease from the table, for soap grease with which to make the year's supply of soap and so save much that is now wasted, and thus add to their stock of this world's goods.

It is now distinctly remembered that the moon exercised great influence over soap-making, but whether it must be made in the full or new of the moon is now forgotten.

Washing was often done in the neighboring brook or spring, or beside a well in a trough dug out from a large tree when these were not available. As wash boards had not been invented, the hands and knuckles did all the work;—and peeled saplings supported by convenient trees or crotched sticks did duty for clothes lines.

Brooms made of broom corn as now in use were then unknown. The tidy housewife kept her house clean with brooms of home manufacture, which were made from balsam, cedar, or hemlock boughs, firmly tied upon a sapling for a handle, while the man of the house, or some of his grown boys who were blessed with a little mechanical skill, would make a more pretentious one during the winter evenings by shredding white or yellow birch from a sapling of suitable size.

The blazing fire in the fireplace gave the needed heat for comfort, and many times it was the only available light for the household. As matches had not come into general use, it was important to

keep a continuous fire, and so be spared the slow and trying process of producing it with the flint and steel. To this end hemlock and pine knots were gathered in the woods and pastures and one or more of them buried in the coals in the fire-place every night and covered with a mound of ashes, where they would usually be found as a huge coal of fire in the morning. Should the work of covering up the knots and coals be indifferently done so as to permit the accession of air all would be consumed and only ashes remain.

Should the nearest neighbor be not too far away some member of the family would be dispatched with the fire shovel to secure some live coals with which to start a new fire; but a watchful prudence rendered this an infrequent occurrence.

Tallow dips and later molded tallow candles were used for artificial light. Later the petticoat lamp, a small lamp made of tin in which was burned sperm oil, was introduced and was in use many years before the more cleanly and brilliant camphene, a preparation of alcohol and spirits of turpentine, was introduced, and which was later displaced by the kerosene oil of the present time.

Lanterns were something of a rarity, and only the oldest settlers could afford to own one. They were made of tin punched full of various sized and shaped holes forming simple designs, cylindrical in form, in which a candle was used for light—and they served at best only to render the darkness more visible. Next came square lanterns made from small panes of glass, then circular ones of blown glass as now in use.

WIFE AND MOTHER.

Of the wife and mother it could be truthfully said,

as it is said in the scriptures: "She hath done what she could"—and she did it in full scriptural measure—"pressed down and overflowing."

She not only reared a large family, which she always kept neat, comfortable and tidy, and attended to all other household duties, but also often lent a helping hand in haying and harvesting time and other work upon the farm. Fifty years ago it was no infrequent sight to see the mother of the household in the field with her sickle reaping, with her fork and rake in the hay field, or husking corn in the autumn time.

The work of the household at that time was far more onerous than now, and it was performed without many of the conveniences now available to expedite the work and lighten the toil.

For days and weeks together in the busy summer time she and the daughters of the household milked the cows of a very considerable dairy, cared for the milk, churned the cream in the old fashioned, upright dasher churn, made and packed the butter in addition to the care of the home—the bread making, house cleaning, cooking, washing, and mending for her large family.

Hand looms for weaving were then found in many homes and these added another burden to her many cares.

No settler was content without the golden-footed sheep upon his farm to supply him with cash from the sale of the lambs, wholesome meat for his table, and wool for clothing for the family, blankets, stockings, mittens and the like. Much of the wool was carded by hand, spun upon the old-fashioned spinning wheel, wove upon the hand loom, and made up into various garments and articles by hand.

Ample scope might here be given to a vivid imagination and a facile pen without risk of exaggerating the difficulties of the task and the labor required to perform it.

It was no uncommon thing at autumn time for travelling tailors, tailoresses, and shoe-makers to come into the homes of those who could afford to employ them and remain weeks at a time helping to make up the outfit of garments and boots for winter use.

LAW AND MEDICINE.

Professional men were then but few, and largely a superfluity. As might be expected, those who located in such new and sparsely settled communities were generally of the most ordinary attainments and qualifications.

For the most part litigants stated their own case and pleaded the cause before the local magistrates in the most informal manner. Dignity and decorum were then not in evidence, and not infrequently the most ludicrous scenes were enacted. These magistrates often received their appointments for effective political work in behalf of some budding son, or ambitious individual with plenty of money, who usually came from Montreal, and who desired to add the prefix Hon. or the suffix M. P. P. to his family name by capturing a rural constituency of much praised "loyal yeomanry" whom perhaps he had never previously seen or heard of, to represent in the provincial parliament, and not because of any knowledge of the law or fitness for the office, and so results were what might be expected under such circumstances.

Domestic medicine was then much more practiced than it is now. During the summer season nearly

every family gathered a supply of roots, barks and herbs for use throughout the year—gold thread, Canada snake root, slippery elm bark, prickly ash bark, chamomile, sage, thoroughwort, wormwood, catnip, tansy, and the like.

In parturient cases there was in nearly every neighborhood a mid-wife, who officiated very successfully and very often gratuitously. Should she be given a dollar for her services she would think herself very generously rewarded and even handsomely compensated.

Here and there, scattered many miles apart, were to be found pretentious disciples of Esculapius whose superficial knowledge of surgery and the healing art was wrapped up in an ample covering of lofty pretence and an assumed life-and-death air of wisdom. With these unenviable qualities there not infrequently co-existed a very rough and ungentlemanly exterior, and sometimes habits of intemperance, profanity, indifference and other lowering and unbecoming qualities.

This may be the more readily impressed upon the reader and appreciated by a recital of a couple among many cases well remembered of a physician not long since deceased, who practiced medicine more than fifty years over an extent of country approximating four hundred square miles, and for many, very many years without a coadjutor or rival.

YE OLD TIME DOCTORS.

Being sent for on a time to reduce a fracture of the femur in a man beyond mid-life, who resided some six or eight miles away, and who fell upon the ice while fishing for pickerel, it was found that the doctor had gone a dozen miles away in an opposite direction and that he would not return until the next day. Some

twenty-four or more hours after the accident occurred and tumefaction had set in, causing the man to groan in agony with pain, the doctor arrived upon the scene. His first inquiry was for some brandy. Being told that there was none in the house he ordered a messenger dispatched to the tavern in the village for a supply. When this was procured he called for some morning's milk, from which the cream was not to be removed, and half filling a tumbler with this he filled the remainder with brandy and drank all with evident gusto.

He then went to the bedside and stripped off the covering so roughly as to cause the patient to howl with pain, and cry out for mercy—

“Oh! doctor, doctor! for God's sake be easy!”

“Shut up your mouth you d——d old fool! It will learn you to stand up next time,” came the brutal rejoinder.

He was called to another house where the fair sex predominated, and among whom were some practical jokers. His patient was a spinster of doubtful age, whom dame rumor said had at an earlier time been wounded by an arrow from Cupid's quiver. Be this as it may, she was nervous, whimsical, hypochondriacal, and the butt and jest of her more youthful sisters who probably knew or at least suspected the cause of her indisposition.

The doctor being an old bachelor, put on great dignity and assumed the role of a cavalier.

“Ah, yes, you are a very sick girl. It is very fortunate that you called me in so soon. Disease has already made a serious inroad upon your system, which would soon terminate in a decline and a general breaking down, but I shall leave you some power-

ful medicine which your sisters will give you, and which with good care and careful nursing will bring you back to good health," etc., etc., and with an assurance that he would call again in a week or ten days he took his departure.

The medicine left was in the form of pills and they so nearly resembled the seeds growing upon a basswood tree beside the road that the jolly sisters decided it would be a good joke on physician and patient to substitute them for the doctor's medicine, which they accordingly did, and which they administered regularly at the prescribed times.

In due season the doctor called again and was so surprised and delighted with his patient's great improvement that he threw bouquets at himself without stint or limit and boastingly told of his great medical attainments and wonderful skill in the treatment of disease!

FROM LABOR TO REFRESHMENT.

Nor was it all toil and gloom with the early settlers. Amidst the cares and burdens of their daily life aspirations for the higher and more refined were not wholly wanting. In addition to the dahlias and rose-bushes seen in nearly every restricted front yard and garden, hollyhocks and morning glories that covered the windows and sometimes whole sides and roofs of cabins, were assiduously cultivated and highly appreciated.

They had their leisure hours and they made the most of them. The older people of today can well recall the jolly husking bees of autumn time and the reward bestowed upon the lucky ones who found the red ears of corn. Apple paring bees extended throughout the different neighborhoods and frequently termi-

nated with "all salute your partners," "first two forward and back," "balance four," and other similar movements of Terpsichore to the strains of Money Musk, Fisher's Hornpipe, Virginia Reel, and other well known tunes extorted from a violin not made by a Stradivarius nor fingered by a Paganinni, but which answered every purpose.

The older people whiled away many a pleasant evening when they called upon each other by telling the tales of other days, their own adventures, the folklore of the country from whence they came, in "old sledge," "forty five," and other games of cards. Those within the years of childhood and early youth were interested listeners and maintained a respectful silence, longing for the day to come when they would be grown up and able to take part in and share the evening's pleasures.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

When the Death angel made his visit and bore hence some loved one, the entire neighborhood was wrapped in gloom. Relatives, friends and neighbors for miles around came with words of sympathy as sincere as touching, and they were ever ready to render every aid within their power to the afflicted ones.

There were then no professional paid undertakers to mechanically and perfunctorily perform the last sad act of burial.

When a death occurred the village carpenter came and measured the remains and made a coffin of pine boards, wide at the shoulders and tapering to the ends. This was painted black and lined with white cloth. There were no silver plated, oxidized, or other showy handles or tinsel adornments.

The remains were escorted to the place of sepulture

by a large concourse of people who seemed touched by the bereavement and sadness of the occasion. The funeral of many a distinguished person has taken place with less sincere sorrow and appropriate ceremony. Roman Catholics were always buried in the grave-yard attached to the parish church, with church services, and others in a less ceremonious manner, in the many little burial places in the different neighborhoods throughout the country.

The grave is closed, the last sad act performed, and all return to their homes;—night comes, the dew falls, and the moon shines out resplendent over the quiet earth. The sun rises on the morrow and the wonted duties begin over again as if nothing outside the daily routine had happened.

L'ENVOIE.

Changes have come, the old has passed away. The new has been ushered in. Nevertheless it is a disconsolate thing to forever part company with the old settlers—men and women of honorable lives and sterling worth—with old conditions and old customs which were the every-day life of the people of a few generations ago. Green be their memory and peace to their ashes.

“Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

—*The News, St. John's, P. Q., Nov. 9, 1900.*

VERY REV. JOHN J. POWER, D. D., V. G.

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Render therefore to all their dues; tribute, to whom tribute
is due; custom, to whom custom; fear, to whom fear;
honor, to whom honor.—Romans, xiii:7.

The just shall be in everlasting remembrance.—Psalms, cxi:7.

THERE was little that was optimistic or reassuring in the report of the Committee of the General Court which was sent out in 1667 "to take an exact view, as soon as they conveniently can, to make a true report whether the place be capable to make a village, and what number of families they conceive may be there accommodated."

This committee performed the duty for which it was appointed, and ascertained that a very considerable portion of the land within the limits of the proposed new town had already been granted to individuals, and "unto the church of Malden one thousand acres; but all this notwithstanding, we conceive there may be enough meadow for a small plantation, or town, of about thirty families; and if these farms be annexed to it, it may supply about sixty families."

Taking a retrospective glance from the threshold of the twentieth century, it is hard to realize the trans-

formation wrought in the brief space of a little more than two hundred years. Its recital would seem more like a fairy tale than reality. Here the wily Indian then pursued the timid deer; here his paddle ruffled the waters of the placid lake; here the beaver built his dam unmolested; here the white man was a stranger; here the woods had never echoed the settler's axe; here nature had never received the impress of civilization.

And yet in the brief space of years that might be measured by the lives of three individuals, behold the change!

Forbidding forests have given place to homes of comfort; streams once the home of beaver and otter, now turn the wheels of industry and furnish employment to multitudes of people; hill-tops where once burned the signal fires of the savage, now are crowned with churches, schools, and eleemosynary institutions,—and the old is blotted out forever.

The territory which it was thought "may supply about sixty families" is the beautiful city of Worcester of to-day which now sustains a population of one hundred and twenty thousand people, and which is rapidly growing.

In a great nation of great cities Worcester takes prominent place and ranks twenty-ninth in population. Our city is well known throughout the United States and far beyond for its educational institutions, diversified industries, the skill and enterprise of its mechanics, and its rapid growth. But in this grasping, utilitarian age, when so many enter the race for wealth and think that money is king, it is not wise to forget, overlook, or obscure the fact that material success

alone is not a measure of civilization or of a nation's true greatness.

Wood and stubble, bricks and mortar, rifled cannon and men-of-war, huge industrial combinations and enterprises, and vast clearing-house balances of themselves never made a contented people nor a nation great. The civilization, stability, and progress of a country rest upon the moral fibre of the people. Honor and praise alike belong to all who have aided in the building and maintenance of the substructure of equal and exact justice which is embodied in our national constitution, and which is highest civilization and the foundation which buttresses and supports material greatness.

Worcester is great because her people have been and are great. She has contributed, with honor to herself and credit to our country, her full quota of distinguished men to every walk of life.

Taking high rank with the greatest and best of her citizens is the subject of this sketch, Very Rev. John J. Power, D. D., vicar-general of the Diocese of Springfield, who died January 27, 1902. For nearly fifty years he was intensely interested in everything pertaining to the welfare and advancement of the city to which he was an important contributing factor, and few men who have ever lived within its limits were better known or loved, or whose death comes home to so many with all the force of personal bereavement and loss. He was born of highly respectable and honorable parents in the shadow of Bunker Hill in the city of Charlestown, August 23, 1828, where his early boyhood was passed. He attended the public schools and had as school-mates boys who later, like himself, at-

tained to marked distinction—among their number being Starr King, the eloquent preacher and lecturer, and for whom two mountain peaks have been named; Professor Lewis B. Monroe, the famed elocutionist, and author of Monroe's series of readers; and others.

Being bright and studious, he was not only able to take foremost rank in his class, but he also found time to begin the private study of the classics, when fifteen years old, with his pastor, Rev. George Goodwin. He was admitted to Holy Cross College, July 7, 1847, where he was graduated July 24, 1851.

Believing himself called to the priesthood, he made the first year of his course in theology in the Grand Seminary in Montreal. Never enjoying robust health, his frail constitution was too severely taxed by the rigors of a Canadian winter to justify his return. He was then sent to the seminary at Aix, in the south of France, on the shore of the Mediterranean, where he completed his course and where he was ordained priest May 17, 1856.

When he returned to his home he was so frail that it was thought he could not long survive, and to spare him from the trying east winds of his native city, he was sent to Worcester.

The note sent with him by the Bishop to Father Boyce reflected the general belief, "Take good care of this young man; he will not trouble you more than a few months." Being of a highly nervo-vital temperament, his system responded to the balmy weather of early summer in the interior of the state, and he quickly manifested that singular recuperative energy for which he ever after was so noted.

There was then but one Catholic church in the city—

St. John's, on Temple street. In 1852 a plot of land was bought on Shrewsbury street as a site for a new church. Work was begun upon the building in 1854, which was placed under the patronage of Saint Anne; but owing to the small number of Catholics, their poverty, dull times, bad management, or all these, it had passed into the hands of the mortgagee before completion.

Three months after the coming of the young priest, August 6, 1856, he was appointed pastor of the new parish, and then and there he began, amid the most humble and unpromising surroundings, his pastoral labors in which he was so pre-eminently successful and which gave him commanding eminence.

As the Catholic church is managed in this country, the burden of building churches, convents, schools, and the like, is added to the pastoral duties of the priest, and thus it is that Father Power has performed the double duty of adding much to the material growth and beauty of the city while zealously safeguarding the spiritual interests and upbuilding the morals of the people over whom he was placed. Without a dollar in the treasury, he re-purchased the church property, Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston having advanced the necessary money to meet the first payment. Ever optimistic, he had an abiding faith in the growth and development of the city and in his ultimate success. He gathered his flock about him, and soon his winning personality, ascetic life, earnestness, self-denial, lucid instructions, fatherly exhortations, and devoted ministrations, added to its numbers, and extended his rapidly growing fame and influence for good throughout the city and surrounding country.

This made him and his work a shining mark for that periodical ebullition of ignorance, bigotry and malice which has always been in such painful evidence in this country from its earliest settlement, and which stands out as a foul blot thereon, and which at that time was organized under the name of the American party, popularly called "Know Nothings." He was unmoved by their insults and threats of personal violence, but, being credibly informed that they intended to burn the church, as they had burned Catholic churches and other buildings devoted to religious uses elsewhere, and that his parishioners were planning to defend it, he feared bloodshed and consequent dishonor to the city. With his accustomed coolness and foresight, he forbade his people to assemble for this purpose, and locking the doors of the church he placed the keys in the hands of the mayor of the city, and told him that he must protect it, and that if it should be burned he would hold the city responsible therefor. This had the desired effect, St. Anne's escaped the ruffian's torch, probable bloodshed was averted, and the good name and honor of the city were maintained.

The financial crash and panic of 1857 added another obstacle of huge proportions to surmount and overcome. Nothing daunted, he re-doubled his efforts, never resting, never hasting, overcoming difficulty after difficulty by his ability, tact, undaunted zeal, and tireless energy; while his self-abnegation, devotion to duty, and edifying life made the community better and filled his church to overflowing—many non-Catholics in the higher walks of life being of the number.

Untoward sights, sounds and actions could not ex-

ist in a place blessed by his presence and ministrations, and a more healthy and elevated tone was soon apparent in that portion of the city wherein he resided.

Frail as he was and burdened with the work of organizing his parish, attending to the spiritual wants of his parishioners, and paying off the church debt, he found time to devote to missions in the towns of Grafton and Millbury, where his memory is held in loving and grateful remembrance. His rapidly growing congregation soon taxed the church beyond its limits and made it necessary to provide more room. He then had the church raised and a commodious basement built thereunder, extending the seating capacity of the church to the full size of the building; built a vestibule and entrance in front, replaced the windows with stained glass, purchased a pipe organ, cushioned the pews, renovated and frescoed the interior—virtually making a new church out of the old and doubling its capacity.

Soon after he purchased land adjoining the church on the easterly side and erected a convent thereon. He secured a band of Sisters of Mercy, who took up their residence in the convent October 24, 1864, this being the first establishment of the religious orders of women in this city.

There was then no hospital in the city, and its necessity was painfully brought to his attention when servant girls who had no homes or relatives in the city were overtaken by sickness. He supplied the need by establishing a small hospital in connection with the convent, which he placed in charge of the sisters. This, as in other things throughout his life,

he undertook only after careful consideration and thoroughly maturing plans for its maintenance. As he was always a firm believer in what was worth having was worth paying for, he adopted the co-operative plan—each one wishing to avail herself of its advantages during sickness secured the same by the payment of a nominal sum annually. For several years the work was carried on successfully, but a public hospital being afterward established rendered its existence no longer necessary, and it was abandoned.

As the years of his pastoral life lengthened, he saw some of the fruits of his labors in the increased and increasing number of parishioners, which overtaxed existing church accommodations and made imperative the work of providing more room.

Ever striving to extend the kingdom of the Master, and to give the people over whom he was placed every reasonable convenience for their devotion and worship, he undertook the laborious task of building a new church. He called a public meeting in Washburn Hall in the month of January, 1867, to consider the feasibility and propriety of undertaking the work. His audience made answer by subscribing \$7,100 on the spot for this purpose.

He was never content with mediocrity, and, determined in this as in other things to have the best, he selected as a site for the new church a location on "Nobility Hill," so called, the then most prominent and popular residential portion of the city. This aroused a whirlwind of opposition and protest on the part of the residents of the neighborhood, and it was even against the combined wisdom of many of his

friends, whose judgment was adverse, but which time has proved to have been wisely chosen.

Without a dollar in hand, when the work was projected he undertook the task of building the most extensive and expensive church edifice then in the city.

On a day appointed in the spring of 1868 a large number of Catholics assembled upon the site selected and joyfully participated in the first day's work of excavating for the foundation.

The corner-stone was laid with fitting ceremony, in the presence of a vast concourse of clergy and laity, July 4, 1869, and St. Paul's will long remain a fitting monument to his foresight, energy and executive ability, and which by a plan and system of his own formulating, he lived to see free from debt and a handsome surplus in the treasury.

In addition to large sums of money paid while the edifice was in process of construction, there remained a debt of one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars thereon when it was completed. Without any endowment, without any benefactions, and but little wealth among his parishioners, he addressed himself to the task of not only carrying on the spiritual work of the church successfully, paying the heavy interest charges and other expenses, but also to paying off the entire debt.

This plan and system, which have accomplished so much in a short space of time without working hardship to anyone, and for which only failure was predicted by many, deserve to be recorded here to his credit.

Every member of his parish eighteen years old and upwards, earning wages or in the receipt of an income,

was taxed one hundred dollars as his or her minimum share of the church debt or contribution to the building fund. This amount could be paid as a single payment, or by installments when so desired, as small as one dollar each month—the “three cents a day” of which he often spoke that accomplished so much. He divided his parish into districts, and volunteer collectors canvassed each district and handed in the amount collected at vespers the first Sunday of every month. The names of all who completed the payment of the assessment were enrolled as Church Builders or Benefactors, and this, among other things, stimulated a healthy spirit of interest and earnestness in church work and produced a reliable income which rapidly diminished the debt upon the church.

Hither he also brought the Sisters of Mercy, and in addition to the duties of their order of self-abnegation and kindly ministrations to the afflicted and unfortunate throughout the city, he placed them in charge of an orphanage which he established in a commodious brick building, which he built with his own money for this purpose, adjoining the convent and contiguous to the parochial residence.

Since its doors were opened more than one thousand children have been cared for within its walls, every one of whom was an object of his kindly interest, and many of whom were largely dependent upon his paternal bounty.

Such in general terms are some of the outward and more apparent works planned and brought to happy realization by him for whom the city mourns.

But a more valuable and enduring monument to his pre-eminent goodness and greatness is the many lives

made better and brighter by his presence and ministrations, the prejudices and misconceptions that he overturned and explained away, and the lofty ideals that he inculcated and so happily exemplified by example throughout all the years of his active and useful life.

He was blessed with brilliant talents, which he rendered more brilliant by constant study, meditation, and use—and to these he united a keen and practical judgment. These, conjoined with light and strength from on high, he brought to bear upon his every-day life, and to what they led he was ever devotedly loyal.

The one transcendent quality for which he was noted, and which was peculiarly fitting and appropriate, was the measure in which he fulfilled the command of the Master, "Go teach."

His ascetic, self-denying, holy life during all of the pain-beset years of his long pastorate was a profoundly eloquent sermon, rich in the upbuilding of character, strengthening the weak, and making the good better—the after-glow of which will be an abiding inspiration, strength and comfort to all who knew him and came within his saintly influence.

Intolerant ever of avoidable ignorance and ever striving to stimulate intellectual activity—to act only after enlightened reason had been appealed to and approved—his greatest efforts were made to build character upon foundations acceptable to God rather than for the purpose of winning the plaudits and admiration of men.

He lived in an atmosphere above and beyond the humdrum of every-day life, and he continually strove for something higher—he had but scant courtesy for

those content to remain at low levels. While child-like in his simplicity, a characteristic of the truly great, he gave added honor and dignity to the priest and citizen. He was too great to lower himself to the ways of the politician, the tricks of the stage, or to burn red fire to capture the applause of the unthinking multitude.

He read not, he studied not, he appealed not for mere intellection—but that it might give color and form and life and inspiration that would stimulate to greater endeavors and lead up even to heroic achievement all who were given in charge to him—so that the service of the creature might be more worthy the Creator.

“God gave the intellect, and it is man’s duty to cultivate it,” “Majorities have not the prerogative of infallibility,” and, “If in the right stand alone, though all the world oppose,” were not infrequently uttered by him, and those who knew him know how well they typified the man and how well he exemplified them in his every-day life.

Justice, stern, rigid and exacting, was a very prominent trait in his character, and no bandage was necessary upon his eyes to proclaim that he held the scales true and impartial.

His clear and positive convictions and sterling manhood could not tolerate temporizing, vacillation, time serving, insincerity—yet with such thoughtful consideration, gentleness and kindness of heart which he had in over-abundance for all, he never transgressed the bounds of charity, nor found bitterness in his heart for those who opposed, offended, or were not of his faith.

He ever waged ceaseless warfare against intemper-

ance, and especially the curse of drunkenness. For the tempter he had less charity than for the tempted, and his scathing denunciations of the saloon bore wholesome fruit, and will long be remembered. He had an eye to see the misery and ruin wrought by the liquor traffic and abuse of alcoholic stimulants, and a heart to sympathize with and pity the victims. He was not slow to bare his arm and raise his voice to denounce the one and to reclaim and save the other. While not proclaiming his work from the housetops nor amid the din and noise of public gatherings, his work was none the less telling and effective.

He was a master in the forum of controversial discussion. In a moment he would analyze the argument of an opponent and resolve it into its elements, and instantly synthesize all that was cogent therein, only to administer a stunning blow from his well-stored arsenal. While never believing in controversy or contention, he ever had a logical rejoinder or explanation ready for the shafts of an opponent; but he preferred and so inculcated the seeking after truth and light by investigation and prayer to Him who has promised an attentive ear to all who seek after truth with a meek and humble heart.

He was punctual, precise and exacting in all things, even in what others would consider trifles, often saying that the greatest thing in the world, and even the world itself, was made up of small things, and that the most powerful mind and the most sterling character are but the aggregation of small things. He loved to dwell upon and accentuate the importance of doing well the so-called small things of life, which he often said were the only stepping-stones to the greater and

higher, and that when he was gone, if he was remembered for nothing else, he desired to be remembered for this trait in his character.

Cold, reserved and austere as he seemed to some, those who knew him as he was knew that these were but the outward covering of a kind and loving heart; and while flatly refusing to be imposed upon by the designing and unworthy, he always had an open hand and generous sympathy for the unfortunate and deserving—God's poor, as he called them.

In his sermons he never followed a beaten path nor the stereotyped method of introduction, development, climax and conclusion; but no man could choose more fitting words to express his thoughts nor lodge them with more directness and force into the minds and hearts of his hearers—going direct to the end aimed at without formality or verbiage—and making lasting impressions alike upon old and young, cultivated and unlettered.

He was appointed vicar-general January 29, 1874, and on June 25, 1874, his alma mater made him doctor of divinity.

He yielded to no man in pride of birth or love of country, and in the dark days of the War of the Rebellion his rousing words of patriotism gave new courage and sent many a stalwart soldier to the front to recruit the depleted ranks of the army. He gave the city valuable service for many years as a member of the School Board, and he was one of the committee which visited other cities to examine high schools before deciding upon the plan of our present Classical High School.

It is not doing injustice to say that no one ever

took a more kindly interest in the schools of the city, or labored more zealously or with greater success to remove objectionable features and to promote their efficiency. He gave great attention to visiting the schools, and kept in close touch with methods pursued and progress made, and he was always warmly welcomed by teachers and pupils alike, with whom he was always a favorite.

He also served a term of years as a director of the Public Library, where his breadth of scholarship and knowledge of literature and books gave great value to his services.

He was made a member of the Saint Wulstan Society when it was organized, and so remained until his death. This society is composed of some of the leading educated men of the city, and it was organized to take charge of and administer the Knowles legacy, which was left to establish an art museum, and membership therein is considered a great honor, and it is highly prized. He was always proud of the city, and highly interested in everything that enhanced its fame and prosperity. He left the impress of his personality upon his day and generation; and he will long be remembered as the beloved pastor, the sympathetic friend, and the ideal citizen.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

NATURE sleeps. The blazing yule log upon the hearth makes cheering contrast with the wind of winter as it drives the frozen sleet against the casement. Gazing upon the embers, it dawns upon us that man lives but little in the present. The wealth of by-gone memories, strung as jewels along life's pathway, and the hope of future achievement, constitute a fascinating environment compared with which the present is but a barren plain.

A gentle reverie steals over us, and half-dreaming, half-waking, we see man's career painted in the fitful embers before us. Tongues of flame burst forth and vanish, and anon burst forth anew, shoot higher and higher — and then a darkening shadow! Here, in miniature, clouds of sunshine as if happiness never could end; there, wielding a sword of flame as if to overcome the world — and then all is ashes!

Winter's piercing blast now chants a dirge as befits the dying year, and says: the seasons, too, typify thy days, O man. Thy day of youth is but in retrospection. No longer with thee tarries the smiles, tears and blushes of gentle Spring. No more is the balmy air laden with the perfume of Flora's breath. No longer can'st thou, with the husbandman, cast fertile seed into the womb of the future. Thy seed-time is past. The heat of summer's solstice is upon thee, and nature's verdure is responsive. The lowing kine seek

leafy shade and pools of cooling water. Tasseling corn and fields of grain bow gently in the breeze, the lark sings his love-note in the meadow, and the fledgling swallow tries his wing. Restless nature hurries on, and forth goes the reaper. The blooming field of yesterday is shorn of its beauty, and the fragrant fern yields tribute to the biting frost. The feathered songsters seek a home in the "Sunny South." Type of vigorous manhood, robust, rugged Autumn, with his wealth of color, mellow sunshine and crisp frost, is no longer his. The rainbow-tinted hillside is now wrapped in Winter's mantle, the melody of the rippling brook is locked in icy fastness, and Nature sleeps. Barns groan under their burden, and the clanking of their chains makes music, as the kine contentedly chew their cuds in the lintels. Tongues of fire in the northern sky shoot upward to the zenith, and the skater's steel resounds upon the frozen lake.

Wafted hence on the wings of Morpheus, the Good Genius speaks: "Man, O man! be thy day of spring a memory of a wise seed-time, thy summer's hour the remembrance of fruitful maturity, thy golden autumn the attainment of man's best estate; then, as the snows of old age descend upon thy head, wilt thou enjoy the winter of rest, preparatory to thy entrance upon perpetual spring."

The embers have burned low upon the hearth, and a sudden gust of wind partly recalls the wandering mind from the land of dreams only to have it soon again float out upon and wander down another of Nature's attractive vistas upon the balmy zephyrs of spring as they breathe over the land, and bud and blossom are responsive. He sees the humming bird

and butterfly disturb the trellis and dislodge the dewey gem from the petal of the Morning Glory, its mirrored rainbows dashed to earth and lost to human ken. Destroyed it is not, and to him in the land of dreams is it given to see it joined to its fellows, where it leaves its birth-place on the summit, in laughing ripples and winding rivulet, as it glistens and sings ever onward, onward, until lost in the great ocean beyond. He sees obstacles and rebuffs encountered only to be overcome, and growing broader, deeper and more sparkling as it journeys on, it flashes back the rays of the morning sun and attracts the school-boy, who tarries by its side to gather glistening pebbles. Bobolink and daffodil taste its sweets, and fragrant fern and pungent mint give it welcome embrace. The timid hare in the copse shrinks from its mirrored form, and modest violets are hidden by mossy stones, where the silver thread of his idyllic brook meanders through fertile field and luxuriant meadow.

The freshness and loveliness of life abounds, and kindly nature brings tribute of foliage, bud and blossom, as if fully in touch with the enchantment of the scene. The miniature cascades grow in volume, pools deepen, and the current cuts away the bank at the bend. Here he sees Piscator come and drop his tempting lure, and the voracious trout, impaled upon the cruel steel, no longer tarries in his crystal home.

Without mental effort he sees in the stream an epitome of life itself — beginnings the most humble and helpless, children multiplying and adding strength to the family name and household, even as the rivulets add to the brook; obstacles and hindrances in the way to be overcome and surmounted; life's pathway now

turbulent and precipitous, and anon without agitation or ripple; now with bud and blossom to cheer and please, and again encountering the boulders and thorns of opposition and difficulty; now in sunshine and calm, and again with darkening cloud and forked lightning as if to cast down and annihilate; now moving along in quietness and alone, as the dreamer himself, now prolific and useful, and now seeming barren and useless; now turning the wheels of industry amid noise, grime and turmoil in centers of population; and anon bearing the burdens of commerce out to and losing itself in the boundless ocean, even as does restless and resistless time transport the human family out upon the measureless ocean of eternity.

Filled with this unconscious, yet conscious cerebration, so involved and intricate is the weft and woof entering into the fabric of dreams, he returns without effort through space with the rapidity of thought, and finds himself upon a hillside near a solitary spreading tree. It is isolated from its fellows, manfully breasting the storms that break over it, its roots striking more deeply and holding more firmly with each encounter, fulfilling its allotted destiny. He sees therein a type of the hermit of other days—a man of fixed principles to which he was ever devoted and loyal, who lived apart from his fellows, who courted not the world's praise nor feared its censure—and on he passes to a grove of conifers.

Here he sees a brotherhood of trees in close communion—the antithesis of the one on the hillside, each in closest relation, but not encroaching upon the other—the sighing of the wind in their branches typifying the orisons of their human companions, their balsamic

fragrance permeating all, and wafted heavenward like the incense of good deeds ascending from the human brotherhood to the great white throne on high.

Again, he sees great giant trees towering above all surroundings like the noted ones of the world, and others obscure and unpretentious, but fruited with abundance, like the most valued and useful members of society—the unobtrusive men of good deeds. There, to be shunned, are noxious trees whose pestilential exhalations have no redeeming quality—and they remind him only of the vagabond contingent and enemies of their kind; others stately and fair to look upon that are rotten within; trees of great height and vast proportions that challenge his attention and command the tribute of his admiration, that are snapped asunder by the whirlwind and thrown to earth, pulling down and crushing everything in their course like many a proud man who started out upon the journey of life in conscious strength and buoyant with the hope of great achievement—who attained to high and envied station, but who, in a moment of weakness, encountered the gale of temptation, and fell with an appalling crash that shook the pillars of society and brought disgrace and ruin in his path.

Again, he is surrounded by others that seem fitting companions to the dilettanti whose every thought is of the present, and who always promise themselves a golden to-morrow, but who are swept into oblivion by the winds of adversity, leaving behind not even charred embers as a remembrance, as does the consuming forest fire.

The towering oak and clinging vine, type of conjugal love and highest earthly affection, escape not his

attention; nor the lesson they teach of bearing one another's burdens.

Some he sees are like other members of the human family who have a grand destiny, while others of greater intrinsic value live and die unknown; some are great, in a worldly sense, by the noise made by the wind, or rattle of hail in their branches; some, while living, by their association with others of importance; and others, alas! like the good ones of the world, are best known and appreciated when removed from the ranks of the living and beyond its praise.

Putting forth bud and blossom, our dreamer sees that they well typify youth, giving promise of a great future; clothed with densest foliage in mid-summer, the days of manhood and strength; in the sere and yellow leaf the autumn-time of life, when is garnered the harvest of years; and when their naked branches are assailed by the merciless winds of winter, and give back but sad, pensive strains in remonstrance, he sees a vivid picture of cheerless and defenseless old age, desolate and forlorn, when the charms of life are but a memory—the friends of other days cast down from the tree of life and gathered into the silent churchyard, even as are the leaves by the winds of winter.

It dawns upon him as never before that the world is but a vast school-house, and all are pupils.

He sees some who are born with the grin of Momus, who can see only the ludicrous; some with a bent for the serious, who never smile; some who, surmounting every obstacle, ascend to the summit at a single bound; some who never weary proclaiming their own greatness; and others who never become more than drudges or drones by the wayside.

He considers how much he has to be thankful for, to whom it is given to be any of these as occasion demands, and how deserving of commiseration and sympathy is he who can appear but in a single role.

Our dreamer's head falls suddenly upon his shoulder and he returns to consciousness to hear in an adjoining church, at the midnight Mass, the joyful strains, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."—*The Catholic Reading Circle Review, December, 1894.*

THE HORSE IN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

THE HORSES OF TASSO.

THE scientist affirms that the horse antedates man upon this planet, and he traces him back to the distant Pliocene era in the Cenezoic age from the present unidactyle, the highly developed and beautiful animal of to-day with a single toe or hoof, back through lower forms of *Pliohippus* of the lower Pliocene, and the *Mesohippus* and the *Miohippus*, with three toes, of the Miocene era, to the *Orohippus* and *Eohippus*, about the size of a small dog, of a more remote age.

However interesting this may be to the biologist and student, in this busy and intensely practical age we need not go beyond the pages of Holy Writ where creation is affirmed, and where in the early pages we read such glowing accounts of his strength and beauty, the high lights touched with the pen of poetry and sentiment.

From the summit near the dawn of the twentieth century, if we take a hurried glance at the intervening period, we shall always find him very closely associated with man in his needs, triumphs and pleasures, and his history recorded in the literature and art of every age and of every clime.

As a voice from bygone ages the hieroglyphics of ancient Babylon, traced in plastic clay before being

burned into bricks, tell the story of his presence and usefulness in the distant past.

The papyrus of the land of the Pharaohs records his appreciation and praise, and their monuments show forth and give mute testimony to his beauty. Omitted from the annals of Persian history and romance they would lose much of their interest and charm; and nowhere has he been more highly appreciated and praised than upon the hills and in the valleys of distant Arabia.

The torch of civilization kindled in the east, and burning with a fitful and uncertain flame, passed on to the west with ever increasing volume and brilliancy, the horse keeping pace with its onward and upward progress; Grecian civilization grew upon the ruins of the past, and the chisel of Phidias and the pens of Xenophon and Homer immortalized him in its art and literature; Hannibal was born and the streets of Carthage flowed with blood; his victorious horse was turned upon Rome and devastation, ruin and death followed in his path.

When it is remembered that the armor alone of the knights in feudal times often weighed three hundred pounds and over, it is not difficult to believe, without the aid of contemporary history, that great knowledge and discernment must have been bestowed upon his breeding and care to enable him to bear such burden and maintain a great flight of speed, and that he must have attained to great development in those far-off times.

The student, accustomed to look below the surface of things, soon discovers that all that is great, noble and beautiful in the horse did not originate in recent

times, as too many are apt to think, with the importation into England of the Godolphin Arabian during the reign of George II., the Darley Arabian in the time of Queen Anne, or Place's White Turk during the Commonwealth.

The birth of chivalry witnessed the death of mediævalism, and organized society and constitutional government was the legacy it left to coming generations. Great were the enterprises undertaken by the knights, and the more daring and dangerous, the more attractive the encounter, the horse being their ever present companion and servant.

We know of no breed of horses at the present time able to carry such weight, maintain such flights of speed, nor that are capable of greater endurance than those in the days of chivalry; and we find the pages of history and literature filled with the glowing descriptions of such horses long before the Plantagenets wielded the scepter of power in England, or its people rendered more brutal and degraded in later times by the accession to the throne of the baser Tudors, or the degradations and butcheries during the Commonwealth.

As a fitting close, and to tell the story and quality and standing of the horse in the far-off days of chivalry — of his breeding, development, achievements and high appreciation — I shall choose one who lived and wrote more than four hundred years ago, one who carved his name high on the topmost cliffs of fame in the sanctuary reserved for the world's greatest poets, Torquato Tasso. Tasso lived soon after the last crusade was undertaken to rescue the Holy Land from the infidel and Saracen, and his inspired pen soars to the

loftiest heights of epic grandeur when depicting the achievements of the knights mounted upon their fiery chargers.

The army of the first crusade numbered some three hundred thousand men, under the leadership of the renowned Godfrey de Bouillon, who laid siege to and conquered Jerusalem, A. D. 1099.

With the legions of infantry passing in review before Godfrey, some of the mounted knights which our poet tells us took part in the imposing spectacle, were from one section of France:

A thousand these, completely fenced in mail,
Paced the green turf; a choice like troop succeeds,
In courage, discipline and massive scale
Of armor like the first, — on generous steeds
Borne to the battle from their northern meads,
Ten gallant hundreds.

And from another part of France, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, leads

Four hundred knights, the bravest of the land;
And thrice that number, armed, on prancing steeds.

And of the contingent from Greece he says:

Lean coursers have they, in the race renowned,
Proof to fatigue, of diet spare and slight;
Mounted on these they seem to wing the ground;
Nimble in onset and in flight.

Fair Rinaldo and brave Tancred of the Crusaders
and their horses he thus mentions:

So sweetly fierce that when his face is shown
You deem him love, but more when helmed and steeled
He mounts his fiery Barb and fulmines through the
field.

Then Tancred follows to the war, than whom,
Save young Rinaldo, there is no nobler knight.
Eight hundred horse have left beneath his sway
Campania's Paradise, a pomp of scene
The noblest sure that nature in her play
Of power e'er shaped.

And on the morning of their departure for the seat
of conflict the sun reflected from their shields and
armor with such refulgence that it seemed:

The broad air burns with glory, like a bright
And boundless conflagration; neighing shrill
From fierce steeds romping in their wild delight,
Mix with the sound of smitten steel, and fill
The deafening country round, hill answering loud
to hill.

And when the combatants meet in bloody encounter our
poet gives us many realistic pictures of the deadly
contest:

Still Dudon flushed with conquest gave the rein
To his curvetting horse, that with a bound
Bore down the fierce Tizranes; not in vain
The sharp sword struck; he headless fell to ground.

And wounded Tancred, hearing that his lady love was
also wounded in an engagement,

Climbs to his steed, the strange event to explore,
And following the footmarks freshly traced,
Glides like a shooting star across the moonbright waste.

In those far-off times personal encounter and prow-
ess frequently settled the conflict of contending armies,
and of these Tasso gives such vivid and realistic de-
scription as no other pen has ever depicted. With
these in this article I have nothing to do, but I tran-
scribe our poet's description of the mount of the Count

Toulouse when going forth to meet in deadly personal combat the fierce Argantes of the Saracens:

His eyes defiance flashed,
And ill could he endure the imputed shame:
His courage stigmatized, more fierce became,
Ground on the whetstone of his wrath; that, freed
From all prevention, a delay so tame
He breaks, and leaps to Aquilline, his steed,
Named from the northern wind, and like that wind
in speed.

Upon the banks of Tagus was he bred,
Where oft the mothers of those martial steeds,
When with her warmth-inspiring spring has fed
The eager heat which genial instinct breeds,
Mad o'er the mountain, o'er the spacious meads,
Run open-mouthed against the winds of May
And greedily receive their fruitful seeds;
Whence growing quick they (singular to say)
Give, when ripe time rolls around, their issue to the
day.

And to see Aquilline you say:
None but the sprightly wind could be his sire,
So instantly his feet cut short the way;
Swift to run forward, nimble to retire
And wheel to right and left in narrowest gyre,
Yet leaves no print upon the sands he trode,—
Playful, yet proud; though gentle, full of fire;
Such the Count's steed.

Against him in combat we are told that Argantes
"his coal-black steed he urged with all his might,"
and, as if to show the development and education of
the horse in those days, Tasso thus describes the en-
counter between them:

The pagan, weary of such futile play,
To gripe his foe, next tries each strong resource;

But he, lest the colossal bulk should weigh
To earth both steed and rider, shuns his force ;
Now strikes ; now yields ; and in his circling course,
As though endowed with viewless wings, maintains
The rotary war ; his matchless horse
Obeys each mandate of the fluttering reins ;
Nor one false footstep o'er his nimbleness restrains.

Raymond is wounded unlawfully and Godfrey urges
his knights to redress the wrong :

There were seen visors closing, war barbs bounding,
Tight bridles slacked and lances laid in rest,
So instantly both hosts to battle pressed,
Their course was finished as it seemed begun ;
Sands stamped to dust, the vanquished space con-
fessed

Which, whirled in breezy billows, dense and dun,
Soared to the steep of heaven, and veiled the shining sun.

And where shall we look for a better or more strik-
ing description of the fiery war-horse than in the com-
parison that our poet draws between him and the
fierce warrior Argillan :

As when a wild steed in the states of kings
Fed for the battle, from his manger breaks ;
O'er vales, o'er mountains, to his loves he springs,
Seeks the known meads, or to the river takes ;
His curled mane dances on his back ; he shakes
His haughty head aloft ; his broad hoofs sound
Like the black thunder ; while the bright fire flakes
Struck forth from his swift trampling, burn the ground,
And with his neighings shrill he fills the world around.

The charger of the page to the Soldan he thus de-
scribes :

His steed for whiteness matched the snows that drift
On the high Appenines ; the lights that glance
In Arctic skies are not more lithe and swift
Than he to run, to twine, to wheel, to prance.

And when Ismeno, in the guise of a stranger, persuades Solyman to desist from his contemplated flight into Egypt for succor, and to accompany him to a place of safety from the advancing Crusaders, he gives us this picture :

His magic car stood ready at command,
They mount; the stranger, shunning all delay,
Shook the rich reins, and with a master hand
Lashed the black steeds, that, romping, scoured
away
So swift that not the sands a trace betray
Of hoof or wheel; they vanish as they came,
Proudly precipitant, and snort and neigh,
Paw the parched soil, and, ardent for their home,
Champ their resplendent bits all white with fleecy
foam.

And where shall we find a better description of a sick horse :

Sickens the late fierce steed; untasted, loathed
Stands his once-relished, once-saluted corn;
The dancing mane and neck with thunder clothed,
Droops to the ground; the pride of laurels won
No more dilates his nostrils, swells his veins;
Glory his hatred; victory seems his scorn;
His rich caparisons, embroidered reins,
And sumptuous trophies, all as baubles he disdains.

The contingent of Bedouin Arabs in the army of the Saracens Tasso describes as mounted

Upon steeds so nimble sweep along
You'd say a whirlwind blew them past, if e'er
The wings of whirlwinds had a speed so strong.

Dull and sodden would he be who would not find his blood more swiftly coursing through his veins and his arm taking on renewed energy when reading Tasso's

inspiring description of a battle and the conduct of horses therein :

O! it was a grand and monstrous sight,
Ere front to front the marshalled hosts combined,
To mark how nobly in the ranks each knight
Burned to move on and for the signal pined!
How the loose flags flew billowing on the wind;
How on ten thousand heads the feathers danced;
How robes, impresses, gems and arms refined,
Of all rich colors, gold and steel advanced
Before the flouted sun, smiled, sparkled, flashed and
glanced.

Like a tall forest of dark pines depressed
Both armies strew, so thick the spears abound;
Drawn are the bows, the lances laid in rest,
Vibrate the darts, the glowing slings whirl round;
Each warring horse is on the wing to bound
Through the snuffed battle; to the greeting gales
Spreads his broad nostrils, paws the echoing ground,
His lord's fury whets and countervails,
Foams, prances, snorts and neighs, and fire and smoke
exhales.

And when the wars are ended and the horse returned
to pastoral life he forgets not war-time excitements
and fascinations :

As the fierce steed from busy war withdrawn,
A while to riot in voluptuous ease
'Midst his loved mares, loose wantons o'er the lawn,
If chance he hears once more upon the breeze
The spirit-stirring trumpet sound, or sees
The flash of armor, thither, far or near,
He bounds, he neighs, he prances on the leas,
Burning to hurl to war the charioteer,
Clash with the rattling car and snap the sparkling
spear.

—*The American Horse Breeder, March 9, 1897.*

TROTting RECORDS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR WHEN BREEDING FOR SPEED.

AT no time in the history of the world has the breeding and development of the horse received greater attention than now, and, as a necessary consequence, we have greater success and a higher type of horse than was hitherto known. Advance in the future, owing to the high plain already reached, will of necessity be slower than it was in the immediate past, and those engaged in the laudable effort to elevate this noble animal to greater perfection and achievement will have to unite the highest scientific attainments and keenest observation and deep study to succeed than have many of to-day who have achieved not only success but also worldly distinction and wealth. Haphazard and chance will have to give way to demonstrated methods founded in higher science backed by all the aid that observation, experience, enterprise and wealth can render. Every factor that enters into the *tout ensemble* of the American trotter, the highest type of horse development, must be duly weighed and considered, not only in its proximate but remote bearings, and assigned its proper place and importance in the category of scientific breeding; every nook and cranny must be explored and investigated, the grain of solid fact sifted from the bushel of chaff of empiricism, untenable theory and loose methods; and, lead whithersoever they will, legitimate de-

ductions and conclusions must be accepted even though they militate against pre-conceived conclusions and obstinate prejudices.

It is not entering upon the domain of prophecy to assert that those who conform their breeding ventures to the lines indicated will be the breeders most likely to breed the horse that will be the first to achieve the distinction of trotting or pacing a mile in two minutes, should such feat ever be performed.

These ideas may be called truisms that no one disputes, but they are called forth at this time by an article on page 838 of *The American Trotter* (issue of November 19, 1891), which begins with this statement: "Probably nothing can be more misleading to the young and inexperienced breeder than a superficial study of trotting records."

Without arguing this point now, which would take us entirely beyond the intent and scope of this article, and which after all might result in no good, the writer risks nothing by asserting that this very study and comparison of trotting records is the chief corner-stone upon which is built one of the wonders of the nineteenth century—the American trotting and pacing horse. He may be pardoned, and his contention accepted, if in confirmation of this assertion he may quote the breeding experience of Mr. C. W. Williams, the proprietor of this paper, and ask upon which he based his reason—whether upon the breeding or upon the trotting records—when he bred the celebrated horses, Allerton and Axtell? But, it may be urged, "One swallow does not make a summer." Be it so; then we ask why does Mr. Williams propose to breed ten fillies, as noted elsewhere in the same paper, to

Senator Stanford's Arion? Certainly he has now ample means at his disposal and he has had longer time in which to study the breeding problem. There are plenty of stallions of the same blood lines (breeding) more available to him and standing at but a tithe of Arion's service fee, but without Arion's trotting record. And, we will ask, has he, too, been misled by a study, superficial or otherwise, of Arion's speed record? And if with Arion's tabulated pedigree spread out before him he would breed a single filly to him if he had no track record or reputation as a sire of speed? It is too well known to need further elucidation now that the practice of the most advanced and successful breeders of speed throughout the whole extent of our country coincides with that of Mr. Williams. This practice is carried so far that mares will be sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific and vice versa at fabulous expense to be bred to stallions holding race track records. Their pedigree and family genealogy from earliest times may be published from end to end of the country, but the "misleading" trotting records fix their star in the firmament and draw the choicest matrons not only of "the young and inexperienced breeders," but also those of the older and more astute and successful, to their harems and adds the most dollars to their owner's bank account. So much by way of objection and protest to the flippant, thoughtless disparagement of trotting records.

Now, as previously stated, the breeder of the future must bring to bear upon the speed breeding problem great ability, keen discernment, optimistic enterprise above and beyond what has so well succeeded in the past if he hopes for greater success and desires to win

new laurels, and if "a careful study of the characteristics of a family be of great importance"—and who questions but what it is?—the inquiry at once forces itself, why does not The American Trotter take up the subject and treat it scientifically in its columns? It is well to remember that there are thousands to-day interested in all phases of the breeding problem who have not access, and never have had, to publications treating upon the subject; and some who have may not find time in this busy, hustling age to pore over tomes that would almost demand a life-time of genteel leisure to read through and digest. And who can better do this for them than the person, firm or corporation that they employ to do their thinking for them and to point the way in the columns of publications devoted to the subject at a stated price per annum?

What horse breeders of to-day want are concentrated facts—concise and terse, and couched in non-technical language—upon a basis of demonstrated accomplishment and no fanciful opinions or attempts to bolster up exploded traditions, fanciful theories, and obstinate cross-road prejudices. The publication that serves up such a menu to its readers will be as a beacon light to point the way and confer a lasting benefit upon the horse-breeding world. Lengthy correspondence, however gossipy and interesting, no matter how rounded the periods and smooth the diction, can never supply the place of the solid and lasting. Let us hope that the latest horse publication, The American Trotter, will be the first to enter this broad and largely uncultivated field and with its characteristic enterprise and dash give to the horse-breeding public and its readers what the article in question by

fair and logical inference clearly intimates that it has on tap in abundant supply—the origin of the leading families of race track horses, the different strains of blood that are united in the most speedy, their development and growth in speed, their leading traits and idiosyncracies, particularly in relation to heredity.—*The American Trotter, December 3, 1891.*

THE NEW ENGLAND FARM AND FARMER.

THE old saying, "The Lord helps those who help themselves," is as true and forceful to-day as on the day when it was first uttered. The converse is equally true and forceful. All know that God does not furnish loaves of bread ready baked because He demands and expects man's enterprise and co-operation. He gives the seed time and the harvest, and man, in obedience to His will and fiat, must do the rest. If he fails to do his share, it is hardly fair or becoming to throw the blame upon a benign and kindly Providence.

That farming in New England is not what it should be, either in variety, extent or results, goes without saying, and it is the part of wisdom to seek the reason and apply the remedy. It is well within the recollection of people now living when hundreds and thousands of ducks, geese, turkeys, lambs, veal calves, as well as horses, cows and oxen were raised in nearly

every farming community, and the farmer found a ready and profitable market for them when there were no means of transportation other than turnpike roads, nor the many good markets in the numerous and densely populated cities comparable with our day.

Large families, thrift, success, and contentment were then everywhere in evidence and a substantial increment rewarded the earnest and enterprising husbandman.

With rapidly increasing population and growing demand for every product of the farm, and improved agricultural implements and conditions, it may be well to ask why farmers generally are now so unsuccessful, impecunious, and discontented with their lot.

In the not remote past, but before railroads were built to outlying places in New England, enterprising farmers were not slow to raise flocks of lambs and turkeys that were driven over land on foot hundreds of miles to distant markets. The writer well remembers seeing such flocks of lambs and turkeys gathered together in the extreme northerly part of Vermont and beyond the boundary line in Canada, and driven on foot to Brighton, and farmers raised these flocks and farmers marketed these flocks—they allowed no middleman as a factor and profit sharer. With increased demand and improved facilities where are the farmers in New England to-day who are as enterprising and energetic? With lambs selling in the spring-time and early summer at fifty to sixty cents per pound, and turkeys at Thanksgiving at thirty cents and more, who will say that both cannot be profitably raised and marketed in New England? And that many of the abandoned farms might not be profitably devoted thereto?

It may also be well to recall the fact that at no distant day there were raised in New England breeding lambs that were sold for several thousand dollars each, and that became the foundation stock of many of the finest flocks of sheep in the world. What has become of this industry and this enterprise in New England — this rich reward for brains and effort? Had the children of these people kept pace with the development and value of the stock raised upon the farms of their parents and ancestors, would we now find them so generally members of the army of grumblers and fault finders?

Morgan horses had their origin and home in New England — a type of horse unexcelled and unequalled in its day — a type of horse that should have been fostered and preserved, and developed to greater perfection and higher attainments by the descendants of their more determined and enterprising ancestors. The vigor of the Morgans was never questioned, and their pre-potent blood to-day successfully blends in the pedigrees of the most noted horses of the world — the American trotters. It was my good fortune, as it was a delightful pleasure, to have for many years enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the late Archibald C. Harris, formerly superintendent of the extensive and successful stock farm of Denny and Bush in Bridport, Vt., during the palmy days of the great stallion, Daniel Lambert. Lest I may be suspected if not directly charged with exaggeration, I will not state the earnings of this horse in the stud, but the amount would annually approximate the net profits of more than a half hundred farms of the state. On the death of one of the owners the horse stock of

this farm was closed out at public auction in Boston and it was the largest sale of horses and by far the highest prices were paid that were ever realized hitherto at a public sale in New England. This firm was also successful breeders of fine merino sheep—some of their rams selling well up into the thousands.

Nor were the Morgan horses the only noted horses in New England. The farmers of Maine were sufficiently adventurous and enterprising to secure in earliest times a son of the renowned imported Messenger, who elevated the horse stock of the state to a higher level, and left his mark of superiority that is clearly in evidence to-day, although sadly lowered by indifference and neglect. Gen. Knox was another New England horse that also left his mark and made a fortune for his owner; the first horse in the country for which the then fabulous amount of \$25,000 was offered and refused. Since his time \$125,000 has been paid for a single horse by a resident of New England to a more enterprising farmer and breeder in a western state.

A few years back the sale catalogues of an auction firm announcing a sale of valuable blooded stock, contained a map showing Boston as a central point, and including the country within a radius of five hundred miles. From their many previous sales and tabulations they learned, and so published in this catalogue, that seventy-five per cent. of all the fine horses bought, and the long prices paid for them—the kind that sold for one, two, five, ten, and fifty thousand dollars and upwards—were bought and paid for by residents within the territory shown. And yet with this great market at their very doors it is unnecessary to ask how much of all this expenditure profited the New England far-

mer. And yet we are told by them that horses cannot be profitably raised in New England. Save the mark!

THE ORCHARDS OF NEW ENGLAND

also very generally set the seal upon the lack of ability and enterprise of the farmers. The old orchards were alike a credit and a source of profit to those who planned and planted them, but to-day, alas! in their neglected and overgrown condition they are neither a thing of beauty nor profit—they are now too often but as the decayed and decaying gravestones that mark the graves of their former proud owners. No better soil or climate exists in this country than in many parts of New England for the profitable cultivation of grapes, cherries, peaches, apples and pears—and yet do the farmers rise equal to their opportunities? In off fruit years they as with a single voice bemoan the uncertain and sad lot of the farmer, and in years of great abundance, instead of getting a hustle on—to use a modern and expressive colloquialism—and properly securing and marketing their crops, with re-iterated emphasis again bemoan their fate because there is such a superabundance that “they are not worth the pickin.”

I have often wondered if these farmers had to go to the Pacific Coast to find a market for such crops or to the poor house, at which place should we find them. And yet the farmer of the Occident not only successfully disputes the Eastern market with his more favored brothers, but he also crosses the ocean and markets his products in the British Isles and on the Continent of Europe, and is happy and grows wealthy by so doing.

The trouble with New England farming is not difficult to discover, and the farmers alone must apply the remedy. Who will take the initiative and point the way?—*The American Cultivator*, June 6, 1908.

A SOURCE OF INCOME.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE TROUT BROOK.

BETWEEN the upper and nether stones of governmental indifference and neglect on the one hand, and diminished and diminishing values on the other, the lot of the farmer is not one to be envied; and, judging the future by the past, if amelioration comes to him at all it will be because of his awakened enterprise, skill and perseverance, and by adapting himself to the new conditions imposed by an advanced and advancing civilization.

It behooves him to abandon antiquated, worthless ideas and methods, profitless labor, and unremunerative efforts which in other times and other circumstances may have been both wise and profitable, but which under present conditions are neither one nor the other. He must advance by long leaps and place himself abreast of the civilization of to-day and its demands if he would receive the recompense of the enterprising and deserving.

One of the ways in which this may be done, and which has proved highly successful and very profitable in some parts of our country, is the restocking of the trout brooks.

We have a country most beautifully diversified by hill and dale, sylvan grove and fertile field; and the rippling brook, ever sparkling in the sun, ever singing its tuneful melody as it winds its tortuous course

through the meadow, adds undying charms to the landscape. As we look upon the wealth of marsh marigolds which fringe its margin, tread upon the rich carpet of violets, and behold the nodding watercress in its pellucid depths, dull and sodden indeed must be the individual who does not find new inspiration rising within him, his mind and heart lifted up to higher things, his daily toil sweetened and the burdens of life materially lightened. But sentiment alone pays no interest upon the mortgage on the farm, and it neither makes good soup for the table nor fuel for the fire, but joined with sense it makes an invincible combination that is sure to triumph over every obstacle and win success.

In former times these brooks abounded in toothsome, gamy trout that rejoiced the heart of the angler when he stole an hour from the exhausting labor and drudgery of the farm and spent it in their capture no less than when the result furnished the family a highly prized and toothsome meal.

Many of the most valued recollections of men now bowed down under the weight of years, who have achieved highest distinction in the halls of legislation, on the bench, and in colossal manufacturing, mercantile and financial enterprises, are the days spent in boyhood beside the trout brooks when an indulgent parent granted them a holiday from the drudgery of their daily toil.

Owing largely to the cutting off of the woodlands and the exposure of the brooks to the burning sun, excessive drouth, and much fishing, the brooks are now well nigh depleted, and they furnish but little incentive, pleasure or reward to the most patient, persistent angler.

Many of our states, wisely realizing the importance of so doing, and the great economic advantages resulting therefrom, have established hatcheries for the artificial propagation of trout for the purpose of restocking the streams, and to make the work general, and so the least wealthy may have the benefit thereof, young (alevin) trout are furnished free of charge to all who apply for them, provided they have suitable waters in which to liberate them.

Strange as it may seem, statistics show that the farmers above all others who should be interested in this work have been least so, and philanthropists and the much despised sportsmen have done the bulk of the work of re-stocking the streams that has been accomplished.

Surely this must be owing to the fact that the attention of farmers has not been sufficiently called thereto, or that its importance is not fully realized.

The farmers cannot be indifferent in this matter to the gospel which they endeavor to embody in their everyday life — to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; to the greater attraction this would give to the farm in the eyes of the growing boy and make him contented to stay thereon instead of drifting to the distant city too often to be swallowed up in its temptations and snares; to the consciousness of having brought back to the waters of the brook on the old homestead one of its chief attractions for the grandfather whose dust has long since mingled with the mold in the churchyard; and to have placed within his reach one of the most palatable and valued food fishes.

Should the mercenary alone prompt, there is no other

part of the farm that will so well repay all necessary trouble and expense, as the laws of trespass come to his aid and protect him in his rights. He can sell for a good price daily permissions to fish, or lease the brook by the season and count a clean gain of many dollars without reference to a backward spring or untoward weather conditions at harvest time. Many farmers now make good money by taking summer boarders and what greater attraction to offer than a well-stocked trout brook? And who more ready to give up good dollars of the realm and in liberal quantity than the city sportsman in exchange for a well-filled creel? or what more pleasant and inexpensive entertainment for one's city friends and customers than a day spent under bluest skies beside the purling trout brook?

The fish hatcheries located in different states are now about to make their annual distribution without charge, but should more be demanded than the capacity of the different hatcheries can supply, many private parties engaged in the business in different parts of the country can furnish unlimited quantities at merely nominal prices, and there exists no good reason why the trout brooks of the land should not become more prolific than ever before and a source of pleasure and revenue to their owners. — *New England Farmer*, August 1, 1896.

HOW SABATTIS GOT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

**"The Great Spirit, the Creator, smiled upon his helpless
Children"**

**"THE daughter of Natanis will have fresh meat
for Christmas and be merry. Sabattis' bow
is strong and his arrow true. Sabattis
will go."**

The great logs in the crude stone fire-place burned fiercely, and the crackling flames gave warmth and added cheer and comfort to the little log cabin. Jerked moose meat of the last killing in the deep snows of winter time hung suspended from the rafters, bear skins and other peltry adorned the walls, and beds of elastic, fragrant spruce boughs built a few feet above the floor upon light, springing poles of hackmatack in the corners of the cabin opposite to the fireplace, together with some cooking utensils and crude articles of furniture, completed the furnishings and adornment of the cabin home of Sabattis and the daughter of Natanis, the chief of the tribe, now his squaw for a few years.

Humble as was this home it was a palace in convenience and comfort in comparison with the bark and skin wigwams of but a few years before, and which were the only habitations known to the Indians even in coldest winter weather before the advent of the

missionaries, Recollects and Jesuits, who thus impressed them with Christian influences, the sanctity of the family, the superiority of the sedentary as opposed to the nomadic life, and other Christian virtues.

“ But sposem bad Heengleshmans come ag'in from the land of the south-wind way off and shootem our black gown, burn our church, and kill your squaw and papooses, and all the peoples? Then there is no snow to get him the game,” remonstrated the wife and mother.

“ Natanis is strong. His braves have the heart of bears and the eyes of all the stars. If the Engleesh come they will find a grave-yard. The snow-maker made a big ring around the moon last night — he will give plenty of snow. Sabattis will go before the sun gets out of bed to-morrow and our fire will cook fresh meat to make us glad at Christmas.”

This conversation took place more than one hundred and fifty years ago at Naurantsouak, now Norridgewok, on the banks of the Kennebec river, in the language of the Conibas, later known as the Norridgewoks, an extensive tribe of the great Abenaki nation.

During the afternoon Sabattis visited some of the warm ravines between the jutting, craggy hillsides and gathered an armful of trailing arbutus — the great swelling pink buds needing only the blessing of warmth and moisture to blossom forth in all their wealth of color and fragrance as in early spring.

He fashioned three beautiful garlands which he placed in water in water-tight basins made from white birch bark, and as the little chapel bell sounded the Angelus he wended his way thither and placed one upon the main altar beneath the lamp of perpetual adoration, another upon the altar of Our Lady, and the

third upon the altar dedicated to the holy man, Saint Joseph.

Long before the break of day Sabattis started out alone upon his journey to secure good cheer for the Yuletide season in his humble cabin. Winter had not yet set in, there was but an apology for snow upon the ground, and but little ice had formed along the shores of the slack water.

His moccasins pointed towards the head waters of the Sebastacook where it takes its course from the foot hills and mountains beyond. Camp was made the first night many miles away in the wilderness towards the land of the setting sun. He had seen no game nor signs thereof, but when the snow would come all would be changed. The trail was resumed with earliest dawn and every nook and corner carefully, noiselessly scrutinized and explored—and yet no deer, caribou, or moose!

The day was leaden and lifeless; dense snow clouds banked the horizon; no sunshine broke through the tree-tops to tell him the hour or location. Snow in great broad flakes began to fall, and darkness following soon after, Sabattis made camp near the summit of the divide which separates the Androscoggin river from the Kennebec. The hooting of owls and the howling of hungry wolves were his only companionship during the night. The morning broke clear and intensely cold and plenty of dry, fluffy snow upon the ground made ideal conditions for successful still hunting.

Sabattis would now surely get fresh meat for Christmas. With brave heart he started out early following along the highlands which skirt the southern shore of

the principal tributary stream as it journeys along in its course to join with its fellows to swell the waters of the Kennebec.

He soon came to the tracks of a large buck which led up the sloping hillside towards the heavy growth of timber near its summit. These he stealthily followed for some time until he came to a place where a Loup Cervier, the Indian Devil of the wilderness, had pounced down from a tree upon the unsuspecting deer and dragging him to earth had killed him, tearing to pieces and destroying in his blind rage what he could not devour.

He was soon upon a new trail which he followed for miles only to find where a pack of wolves had taken it up and cut him out;—and so it was throughout the day—trail after trail taken up and followed only to end in disappointment.

The night of the third day found him making camp in a ravine which lies between the range of hills which divide the Wabaquasset, now the Sandy river, from the Sebasticook. He was tired. Every arrow was still in his quiver. But he was not dispirited. He was going to have fresh meat to furnish good cheer for the Christmas dinner.

Did not *la bonne sainte Vierge* tell him so when he placed the votive offering of *Arbutus* upon her altar? Did she not say "Sabattis will succeed!" "Sabattis will succeed!"

The night was intensely cold, but in a hastily constructed and comfortable lean-to before a roaring fire on the leeward side of a great boulder in the ravine, and wrapped in his blanket and caribou skin and fatigued with the exertions of the previous day, but

entirely confident of ultimate success, Sabattis was soon lost in deep and restful sleep.

With the earliest dawn he was again upon the trail when his keen eyes soon discovered a magnificent buck above him on the hillside within easy range. He had just arisen from the bed wherein he slept and was in the act of stretching himself as is their wont.

With the seeming speed and stillness of a flash of lightning sped the flint-tipped arrow of Sabattis and soon the snow was crimsoned with the spurting heart blood of the noble buck. A few wild bounds and to earth he fell never to rise again—a few convulsive twitchings of muscles and soon all was over.

“*La bonne sainte Vierge* tells true! *La bonne sainte Vierge* tells true!” rang out clear and joyous on the morning air. The act of dis-emboweling was soon performed, and cutting some small beech sapplings Sabattis returned to his camp-fire where he passed and re-passed them over the coals to extract the frost and render them pliant and tough, and finally twisted them into an endless rope withe of sufficient length to encircle the antlers and pass over his shoulders, and so harnessed to his quarry he turned his steps homeward.

Strengthened with the strength born of success and cheered by the anticipated welcome which he knew awaited him by the anxious ones at home, his burden slipped lightly over the snow and scarcely impeded his footsteps.

He journeyed on until he had crossed the last ridge of land which divides the Wabaquasset river from the Sebesticook, the shore of which he reached soon after mid-day. Here he made his camp-fire, broiled tid-bits

of venison, impaled upon a green forked sapling, over the burning coals, and ate his noon-day meal.

He tested the ice upon the river, and on the flat water at least it was safe and his heart was glad. He could now more easily and quickly travel two miles than he could one through the woods, and the log cabin and the loved ones were already several miles nearer.

He was now hurrying along upon the ice which was slightly covered with snow, and his burden was much lighter. Ah! But what sound is that? A tremor shook his sturdy frame. A deathly pallor spread over his bronzed face. He stood as if paralyzed. Again? Ah, yes! and nearer! The dreaded wolves are in full pursuit! It required but a moment to think, decide, and act!

He would leave the forequarters to satisfy the ravenous wolves while he escaped with the saddle. They were soon cut asunder and shouldering his burden Sabattis ran as Sabattis never ran before. Fear accelerated his steps and hope spurred him on.

Louder and more fierce grew the howling of the pack, and as he cast a backward look at a bend in the river a mile away, he saw the angry wolves fighting and tearing each other in their attempts to secure a morsel of the abandoned meat.

Lucky escape for which Sabattis was duly grateful, and he forgot not to offer a prayer to the holy Virgin in thanksgiving for her good offices in his behalf.

But would the wolves be content with their portion and slink back into the depth of the forest when they had devoured it? Or would they again take up his trail and follow in pursuit?

He well knew their cowardly nature when alone, but

what would they not do when gathered in a large pack and spurred on by hunger and the taste of blood?

Beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks, but with renewed energy he increased his pace and hurried on. The hideous howling of the wolves had died away in the distance and he took new courage.

He must now be miles away from them. Fatigue seemed to overpower him. Nature called a halt. He would rest for a few minutes.

He swung his load from his shoulders and sat down upon a rock beneath a towering pine tree upon the bank of the river, turning his face in the direction of the enemy.

He had scarcely sat down when, horror of horrors! — there in sneaking, noiseless and swift pursuit came the fleet-footed, blood-thirsty enemy, hot upon his trail! Scarcely had he time to climb the tree beyond their reach before it was surrounded, his saddle of venison torn to shreds and devoured—and the friendly pine tree was his only salvation from a similar fate!

Be the disappointment now what it may Sabattis was too well instructed by the Black gown to forget to offer up a fervent prayer for his merciful deliverance; and, although he could not see how, the good *Sainte Vierge* would yet make glad his Christmas!

It was a gloomy, murky afternoon. No ray of sunshine gave added light or warmth. There is no twilight in the woods in winter. Sabattis will have no comfortable lean-to to-night. Sabattis can build him no camp-fire to give him warmth and comfort. Sabattis must stay in the tree-top. How long? Until help comes? When will help come?

Meanwhile the air was violently assailed by the most hideous noises — the snarling, growling and fighting of the wolves over a bone or shred of meat which had escaped their fury.

If Sabbatis could only make them destroy one another! Sabattis will try. His bow was safely upon his back and his quiver had suffered the loss of but a single arrow since he left home upon his self-imposed task.

Placing one foot upon a projecting limb and twining the other leg around another a little higher up and nearly at a right angle with the first, he braced himself against the tree, took careful aim, and the twang of the string told the power and speed it gave to the arrow. An intense howl of pain, clearly heard above the general din, and spouting blood, told that the arrow had found its mark in the heart of the most ferocious dog wolf of the pack.

At the smell of blood he was pounced upon and torn limb from limb by the others. In their blind frenzy they attacked one another and the woods echoed and re-echoed with the unearthly noise.

The arrows of Sabattis flew thick and unerring until to his surprise and regret he discovered that but one remained in his quiver!

The ground was strewn with dead and dying wolves and still the carnage went on. The unusual excitement and terror of the scene occupied all his thoughts, but now as night descended and the cold increased he found himself nearly freezing. He ascended to the thickest branches near the tree top for greater protection, wrapped himself in his caribou skin and bound himself to the trunk of the tree by his blanket lest he

be overcome by sleep and fall from his lofty perch among the devouring wolves.

When the moon arose it revealed dead and dying wolves in all directions. Some of the badly wounded were slowly dragging themselves to the cover of the woods, while from the few remaining came feeble whines and moans as if overcome by the dreadful carnage, satiety, and wounds.

Exhausted by fatigue and hunger Sabattis passed a troubled night, and in his dreams he lived over again the adventures, excitements, and dangers of the day. Again and again he had met with success; again and again did his squaw and his papooses run forth to meet him, laden with the spoils of the chase; again and again did the earth rise up beneath his feet and all became dark and noisome!

Day at last dawned and arousing himself from his troubled slumbers he discovered that the last wolf had taken its departure—only the sickening sight of the blood stained snow and of dead wolves torn asunder and scattered about, remained to tell of his peril and the deadly encounter.

Carefully scrutinizing every possible place that still might screen a lurking enemy Sabattis slowly descended from the tree. It was the day before Christmas. He must be home that night. He could not turn back. He had but a single arrow in his quiver. He had no fresh meat. Would *la bonne sainte Vierge* disappoint?—oh, no! no! no! Did she not say “Sabattis will succeed!” “Sabattis will succeed!”

He would get his fresh meat, his heart would be glad, his cabin would have good cheer, his Christmas would be merry.

He hunted around amid the scene of conflict to find some of his arrows, but, alas! not a sound one did he find—only the broken shafts of some, the flint arrow heads gone from others, the feathers to ensure accuracy of flight stripped and torn away from others.

With a heart less buoyant than at any time since he left home he crossed the river to the opposite side from which the straggling wolves had taken their departure and hastened on with all speed until he journeyed several miles away knowing that it was useless to look for any game nearer to the scene of the conflict and uproar of the previous afternoon and night.

With advancing day he became more wary and cautious. His stealthy step fell noiseless upon the fleecy snow, his keen eye sought out and investigated every likely spot and possible lurking place where the quarry he sought might be concealed. All the knowledge and skill of the wily Indian were working at their best.

But no game came in range—and not even an old track was found in the snow to give encouragement. Every hour brought him nearer to the settlement and his chances were rapidly growing less and less, but the Virgin's promise still buoyed him up, and the goddess Hope still spurred him on.

He needed no sun in the heavens to tell him it was past mid-day and that night would soon be at hand. He worked back toward the top of the divide where he hoped he might find some game yarded. He followed the crest of the hill with all the patience and skill of the most ardent still hunter—every sense keen, alert, tense. But no pleasing sight of game rewarded his efforts. His heart sank within him.

Must he go home empty-handed? The afternoon was well spent and he had now but a few miles to go.

But what a Christmas eve for the proud Sabattis! Fate as cruel as stern had deprived him of his fresh meat and Christmas good cheer. The day was spent and night was at hand. There was no use to hunt longer. He would go home.

The relation of his adventure will at least tell the tale of his success, and his fortunate escape will break the force and dull the edge of the cruel, crushing disappointment. With tired footsteps and a heavy heart Sabattis slowly descended the sloping hillside and in the early twilight he was again upon the ice of the Sebasticook. The ice along the shore was safe but occasional reaches of open water were discernible where the current was swift.

He hastened on — but was it the haste of despair? Sabattis would have said no! He will yet succeed, he cannot see how—but somewhere—somehow. “Sabattis will succeed!” “Sabattis will succeed!” kept ringing in his ears — and to him the promise was as real as life itself.

The twilight of early evening deepened into the darkness of night and he hurried on.

The great full moon rose resplendent in the east, and the outlying cabins of the village came into view. Already the windows of the little chapel are aglow with light, as loving hands of old and young make it more beautiful with a wealth of fragrant evergreen as a fitting decoration for the midnight Mass which is soon to usher in the feast of the Nativity.

The open channel in the river swept in close to the shore.

But hark! what music is that in the air? The honking, honking of a flock of wild geese on their way to their winter home in southern waters falls like sweetest music upon the ears of Sabattis. He crouched low in the bushes. Down pitched the flock into the open water for the night within easy range.

They had scarcely alighted when the sharp twang of his bow string is heard on the still night air, and there tumbling and floundering about are two fat geese pinioned together by an arrow which passed through the neck of one and was safely anchored in the body of the other.

He cut a long sapling with which he brought them within his reach and soon there was joy in the cabin of Sabattis, and fresh meat and good cheer for the Christmas dinner. — *Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1901.*

FERNCLIFFE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

A GAIN the great Christian festival of the Nativity was at hand, and Ferncliffe, the home of the Aldgers for many generations, welcomed back from one of the leading female colleges of the country, its young mistress, the only daughter of the household, accompanied by two of her classmates of the senior year, to spend the Christmas holidays.

The Aldgers proudly traced their genealogy away

back for centuries — long years before the landing of the Mayflower — and a crest and coat-of-arms carved in oak, now black with age, that adorned the library, was a prized heirloom from the distant past, which proclaimed their family distinction under many of the Catholic kings of England before Puritanism was known in the world, and generations before the brutal crimes of the debauchee, King Henry VIII., gave birth to modern Protestantism and brought lasting disgrace upon the throne. But during the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century they, with many others, were robbed of their ancient birthright, and had ever since remained without the household of the faith.

Ferncliffe was built in early Colonial days upon a gently sloping eminence on the outskirts of the town, with ample grounds surrounding it, and it was the proud boast of its owner that it had never passed out of the family ownership.

The newly cleared land when first prepared for settlement, was soon overgrown with a riotous profusion of ferns, from which it took its name. These had long since given place to a wealth of foreign trees, shrubs, and rare exotics; but the original name was proudly retained, and Ferncliffe was now widely known. For many years the extensive Colonial mansion stood like a solitary sentinel upon the acclivity, but, keeping pace with the growth of the country, the town burst its bounds and swelled into a populous city, and it was now surrounded on all sides by modern residences, giving it the appearance of a rare antique in a renaissance setting.

For several generations the Aldgers had been noted as inventors, manufacturers, and successful busi-

ness men, and their skill, business ability, and enterprise brought them fame and wealth which had been multiplied manifold by their extensive real estate holdings from early times, which had grown immensely in value, and now they were classed with the oldest, most distinguished and wealthy families of the land. The ancestors of the present family came to this country in early Puritan times, and they and their descendants were ever devotedly loyal to Puritanic traditions, prejudices, and practices. In no one particular were they more so than in their blind and unreasoning hate of the religion which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, came down to earth in human form to establish — of everything savoring of Catholic belief and practice.

Even with the growth of toleration and a more liberal spirit around them — despite the public school wherein it is boasted all touch elbows and learn mutual toleration and respect — despite the good lives and deeds of their Catholic neighbors — despite the many opportunities offered by sermons, lectures, books and periodical publications for correct information and knowledge — they still fondly clung to their early prejudices as a priceless heritage and refused to unlearn the false lessons of the past. The Aldgers were in this but a type of many of their neighbors and others of the descendants of the early settlers.

When the cruelly maligned and despised Roman Catholics first settled in the town they were violently opposed, denounced, and ostracized by their Puritan and Pilgrim neighbors in flagrant opposition to the teaching of the Golden Rule, the highest test of Christianity, and to which, while given free rein to their blind prejudice and unchristian hate, they volubly and

persistently proclaimed that they were devotedly loyal.

Such was the home, and such the environment of the favored daughter of Ferncliffe, now in the early flush of womanhood—and yet with all her untoward religious training and surroundings, possessed of every lovable feminine quality, among which unselfishness and loyalty to principle were most prominent.

The early Catholic settlers brought with them their love for the festivals of the church, and to none were they more devoted than that commemorating the birth of the Saviour;—but the proper observance of Christmas during many generations was vehemently opposed and condemned by Pilgrim and Puritan and their descendants as savoring too much of “popery.”

The leaven thus introduced by the early Catholic settlers has leavened the whole, and now the most narrow and bigoted of former times enter with zest into the spirit of this joyful season.

Following the good old and beautiful custom of the early Christian Church, which is now so generally practiced, of bestowing love tokens upon friends and alms upon the poor at this season, and so manifesting Christian fellowship and bringing a ray of sunshine into many desolate homes, the young ladies had been very busy for several days planning and providing for many agreeable surprises to the homes of the poor and needy throughout the city.

The day before Christmas was an ideal winter's day, clear and crisp, with ample snow to make excellent sleighing. Early in the day the family team, a beautiful pair of dapple grey prancing cobs, richly caparisoned in massive silver-mounted harness, and elegant strings of bells extending around their bodies,

attached to a Russian sleigh of ample proportions, well laden with gifts, and its fair occupants well wrapped in furs, took its departure from Ferncliffe upon its hallowed mission, and, with a short interval for lunch at noontime, the day was none too long to make the numerous calls which had been planned, to bestow the generous gifts of food and clothing, and to speak words of comfort and good cheer so much needed and so highly appreciated in the desolate homes where they called.

The day had passed and Christmas eve was well advanced before the last visit had been made, the last benefaction bestowed, and the last kind words spoken. Then homeward turned the fatigued but happy ministering angels, delighted with the success of their endeavors and their many and varied pleasant experiences.

Their nearest route home took them through the principal business street of the city, which was now aglow with electric lights, and the streets and sidewalks were filled with teams, and people on foot laden with bundles, whose words of hearty salutation and good wishes were filled with the joyful spirit of the season. The surging masses before the background of the extensive and attractive displays in the large plate glass windows of the stores seemed like a bright picture of fairy land.

But, hark! what piercing cry of pain is that now heard above all else?

The wailing and sobbing of a small boy in charge of a policeman, on their way to the police station, is as a discordant note, where all else is harmony.

The hearts of the ladies are touched, and the young mistress requests the coachman to turn about and fol-

low them to their destination, where all arrive simultaneously. The little fellow was so thinly clad that he was benumbed, and so exhausted by the cold and grief that for a time he was wholly unable to give any explanation or account of himself. Restoratives having been administered, and being made warm and comfortable, he recovered sufficiently to tell them, in answer to their questions, where he lived with his mother before she died—that his father was killed in a railway accident before he was old enough to remember him—that he had no relatives—that his mother worked very hard and was sick a long time before she died—that she often took him with her to Saint Anthony's shrine to ask for blessings—that she told him before she died to go to the shrine and ask Saint Anthony to find a home for him—that he was on his way for this purpose, but seeing so many people, and attracted by the sights in the store windows, he lost his way and began to cry, when the policeman came along and took charge of him.

Momentarily soothed by the restoratives and the unusual kindly sympathy and assurances of those surrounding him, his whole being seemed changed, as though he had entered a new and better world; but, anon, tears again welled up and piteous sobs escaped his lips, as if on second thought a picture of the past flashed before his mind and that he read therein a forecast of the future.

Being again comforted and reassured, his tears were wiped away, and a smile passed over his wan face, plainly telling the thanks which his tongue could not speak.

A consultation was held when it was decided, pend-

ing judicial investigation and disposition of his case, to send the little fellow to the orphanage in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, which was located within their convent grounds not far distant, and Miss Aldger kindly volunteered to take him there in her comfortable sleigh. Of course she well knew the location of the convent and orphanage, but nothing of the Sisters or of their work save only what she had learned from the lips of bigotry and prejudice, which had taught her that convents and their inmates were to be abhorred and shunned;—but now yielding to the promptings of humanity she was about to cross a convent threshold for the first time.

Carefully bundling up the little fellow in some spare wraps and covering him with the fur robes with which the sleigh was amply provided, they were soon within sight of the convent, which the little fellow gladly recognized, as here it was he came with his mother to seek the intercession of Saint Anthony whose shrine was within the enclosure.

Passing within the outer gate he pointed out the shrine on the left and besought his fair attendant and protector to go with him and pray for a home at the feet of the Saint. This appeal, coming like an unexpected flash from a clear sky, was too much for Miss Frances and she drew back. She could join heartily with others in philanthropic work, but now to kneel before a Catholic shrine!

Pulling her by the hand and urging her in a child-like way to come and kneel where his mother often did with him, she could not longer resist the pleadings of his heart so clearly and eloquently told in words and sweetly mirrored in his upturned, pleading face.

They approached and knelt in the shrine, when a thrill ran through her frame and she quickly rose to her feet as if startled by an electric shock.

What had happened? Who can tell?

Was it only the strange experience of going upon her knees in a Catholic shrine? — or was it an angelic visitation that startled her?

The orphan's petition having been made, and smiling with joy he again took the hand of his benefactress and turned toward the convent door. Looking up into her face he inquired if she had prayed for a home, too.

Being answered in the negative, he insisted that she return with him to the shrine and pray for a home also. She hesitated, she gently remonstrated, but the lad was importunate, doubtless thinking that she was homeless like himself. He told her that Saint Anthony was going to find a home for him and he knew he would find one for her if she would only ask him.

Whether to please the child, or for a higher motive, she returned to the shrine where she remained upon her knees for some time, and then both returned to the convent.

Gently ringing the bell the door was opened by a Sister to receive them. A few words of explanation and they were invited into the reception room, where they were informed that the Reverend Mother would soon attend them. It was at the hour of the evening devotions of the Sisters, and as they passed the open door leading to the chapel on their way to the reception room the Sister genuflected, and her example was followed by the others. The altar, ablaze with light, and decorated with a wealth of evergreens, flowers, and costly laces, the fragrant incense, the devoutness

of the Sisters, the stillness broken only by the tinkling of the bell at the moment of benediction—all conspired to make such a picture of devotion and adoration as she never dreamed had existence, and which touched her profoundly and stirred into life a chord which had never before been touched. A revelation had come to her, and already a mountain of prejudice had been removed.

A little later she met the Reverend Mother in the reception room and explained the nature of her call and the attendant circumstances.

Being assured that her charge would be well cared for she took her departure and was soon at home where the evening was spent in narrating the experiences and adventures of the day. None was more thrilling and to none was more attention given than to the story of the orphan boy and the observations and impressions of Miss Frances at the shrine of Saint Anthony and in the convent.

No relative of the orphan boy was discovered and he was given by the Court into the charge of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, to whose attention the case had been called, and thus was he saved from a sentence to one of the institutions of the State. He was returned to the convent orphanage to be cared for and reared in accordance with true Christian principles. He was bright and quick to learn and his unselfish, winning ways soon made him a great favorite.

Before resuming her studies at the end of the holiday season, Miss Frances manifested her continued interest in the boy by calling several times at the convent to see him, and this interest she continued by correspondence after her return to her college home.

Commencement day at last arrived and the vast concourse of relatives and friends of the graduating class were as a unit in saying that no previous valedictorian had ever achieved greater success or won higher distinction than did Frances Aldger on this occasion, and she was overwhelmed with congratulations and praise.

The daily round of duties — the hopes, anxieties and ambitions of years — had culminated in happy fruition — the interchange of class mementoes had been made — old friendships had been plighted anew — the last farewells had been spoken — the class broke into the units of which it was composed — and all returned to their homes to enter upon some of the broad avenues of life through the college door which now closed behind them.

The return of Miss Aldger to Ferncliffe was the occasion of great festivities in her honor, and her accomplishments, beauty, and lovable qualities, joined with the many advantages which wealth and social distinction give, made her a popular favorite and brought her admirers and suitors from some of the most prominent and distinguished families of the country.

She made frequent visits to the convent to inquire after the welfare of the little fellow whom she, in a measure, regarded as her ward. She was much interested in the Sisters and all she saw of their daily life. Their simplicity, their happiness, their daily round of duties so cheerfully undertaken and performed without ostentation or display, and particularly their philanthropy, made a deep and lasting impression upon her, and the false lessons so industriously taught her in earlier years and the prejudices so thoroughly instilled

melted rapidly away. The light of faith dawned, conviction followed, and soon after she announced to her parents her conversion to the one true faith — the religion of her ancestors.

They met her avowal with violent, frenzied opposition, and with greater vehemence than ever denounced the doctrines and practices of the church of which they knew nothing save the caricatures which a morbid puritanism had invented and propagated. These proved unavailing and an extended trip abroad was as fruitlessly proposed; her position in society and the greater triumphs and distinction which would surely be hers were urged without effect; the dishonor she would bring upon the family name, which had been so proudly borne for generations, had no influence or weight; and finally the threat that she would be disowned and disinherited weakened not her decision.

Her sensitive nature recoiled from the contemplation of the pain which she knew her loyalty to the dictates of her conscience would cause her parents, and with every resource that she could command she sought to reason with them; to prove the divine institution of the Church to which all were commanded to listen, or be considered as the heathen and the publican; its holiness, unity, beauty, and unbroken continuity since the days of its Founder upon earth; but to all they turned a deaf ear and refused to listen.

She was received into the Church on the second anniversary of her first call at the convent, when she and her orphan ward received their first communion together.

Her entrance into the one true fold stirred society to its very depths; she was sent as an outcast from the

parental roof and disinherited. After mature deliberation and prayerful consideration she entered the novitiate, and in due time renounced the world and all its allurements, was professed, and assumed the black habit of a Sister of Mercy.

Neither time, the great alleviator, nor her countless appeals to the throne of grace brought balm to Ferncliffe. Years had come and gone since the beautiful and brilliant daughter had exchanged the luxuries and attractions of the world for a secluded convent home and the austerities of a religious life. On her departure from the home of her birth, childhood, and youth, everything suggestive of her presence there had been removed, and for years her name had not been spoken within its walls. Disowned and disinherited, she was no more to her parents than if she had never been—a sacrifice to their cruel bigotry and unreasoning hate and a striking exemplification of their practice of the Golden Rule.

Meanwhile the lad had reached the years of early boyhood when a distinguished and very wealthy business man from a neighboring state, accompanied by his wife, while on their summer vacation, made a transient visit at the convent. They were much interested in parochial schools and they were invited in to inspect the orphans' school, where they were entertained by an exhibition of the ability of the children and a short programme of literary exercises and music.

Because of his attainments and manliness, and because he recalled their only child of about the same age, whom the grim reaper had claimed a few years before, they became much interested in the orphan boy of whom we write.

Soon after their return to their home they made application to adopt him, and being in every way worthy and able to give him every advantage he was surrendered into their charge and legally adopted. In his new home he was given every opportunity for advancement which he improved. After completing his college course and winning highest honors he entered the seminary and has since become a distinguished priest.

Mindful of his own early years he has founded and maintains an orphanage with funds bountifully supplied by his foster-parents, where homeless orphans and wandering waifs find a good home, and where they are fitted and adequately equipped to take their place and do successful warfare in the battle of life.

Years had come and gone and now the master and mistress of Ferncliffe were nearing the evening of life. Taking their accustomed sleigh-ride one delightful winter's day, the eighteenth anniversary of the distribution of the gifts by the young ladies, the spirited horses took fright and dashed madly away. They were soon beyond the control of the coachman, and suddenly turning a corner in their wild flight, the sleigh was overturned and the occupants thrown violently against the curb-stone and dragged some distance before becoming released from the robes and sleigh.

Willing hands came quickly to their rescue and tenderly carried their seemingly lifeless forms into the nearest house. Ambulances were summoned and a hasty run was made to the hospital, which was reached before they regained consciousness. Being among the most distinguished families and well known they were

recognized and everything possible was done to restore consciousness and relieve their sufferings.

After receiving medical and surgical treatment they were placed in private apartments, their wounds and physical condition not permitting their removal to their home.

The Sisters of Mercy were in attendance at the hospital and where the case was most urgent and their services most needed, there they were unremitting in their kindly ministrations. Being summoned to the bedside of the latest arrivals, where the victims lay hovering between life and death, we leave the reader to imagine the meeting between the daughter and her unconscious father whom she had not seen before for so many years.

She was so nearly overcome, and her embarrassment was so apparent, that she was removed from his presence when she communicated her discovery to the physicians and her companions. She was informed that her mother was in an adjoining room, and although not so severely injured as was her father, she was positively refused admission to her presence lest the excitement of the meeting should prove injurious. The anguish of the enforced separation of ministering daughter from her suffering mother can be more easily imagined than described.

Their injuries proved more serious than at first supposed, and, being somewhat advanced in years, their recovery was very slow. The sisters were in constant attendance, but none was more untiring and devoted than the hitherto much-despised one—the disowned and outcast one of their own flesh and blood.

Such unselfish, kindly ministrations appealed more

strongly to them than sermons or volumes of learned disquisition and argument. Mountains of prejudice and hate were removed during their convalescence, and admiration and love took their place.

The first call that they made after returning to Ferncliffe from the hospital was at the convent, where they found their daughter contented and happy, doing the work of Him who said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Soon after, when duly instructed, they had the great happiness to be received into the Church on the anniversary of their daughter's reception into the Order of Mercy, and their last days were filled with that peace and happiness which surpasseth understanding and which are known in their fullness only by those of the household of the true faith.

As an act of thanksgiving and reparation they bequeathed their home and extensive grounds for a site for a convent and an orphans' home and an industrial school and liberally endowed all. The convent they desired should be known as St. Francis' Convent of Mercy to commemorate the name of their daughter.

The extensive and well-equipped orphans' home and industrial school are happily fulfilling the mission planned for them—providing a good home for orphans, giving them a Christian education, teaching them a useful trade, and so saving unnumbered thousands to God and country.

The home and school justly bear the name of him who, actuated by highest Christian charity and philanthropy, so munificently endowed them, and thus they will transmit to coming generations the story of Fern-

cliffe and the name of its founder and subsequent owners.

And so were answered the prayers of the orphan and his fair protege to Saint Anthony, through whose intercession doubtless a home was not only found for them but also for countless others. — *Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1902.*

A PILGRIMAGE TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES AT NAZARETH IN LEICESTER.

THE seasons come and go, and Time is ever beside the death-bed of the past and at the birth of the present. In the natural order bleak and barren winter gives way to the new awakening and seed time of Spring with bud and blossom and springing blade — when the landscape is adorned with a wealth of flowers and fragrance — that touching token of the Creator's bounty —

“for the flower
Is a pure growth of heavenly love, a thing
Unblamed by Him who made it.”

Seed-time hastens on and mid-summer, the summit of the year, crowns the work of the husbandman with richest fruitage.

As the supernatural includes the natural, as the greater includes the lesser, it requires no deep erudition to discover the striking analogy which exists

between them. The dark and unproductive ante-Christian winter of might and hate, when was exacted "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," gave way before the fructifying warmth and sunshine of the Redeemer, and make fruitful the sterile soil of the passions and wickedness of men, and who, His earthly mission ended, ascended to the throne of His Father in the fullness of the harvest.

The church which He founded, and with which He remains to guide and direct, wisely sets apart stated times and seasons throughout the year to commemorate the transcendent work of man's redemption and to stimulate anew his gratitude and praise.

The Catholic church, unlike the sects, exalts and honors the heroes and heroines whom God exalts and honors — those holy ones who found favor in His sight and were the chosen instruments of His will. To none is greater dignity and honor accorded than to her who was found worthy to be saluted by the heavenly messenger with "Hail! full of grace," and who was so closely linked with her Divine Son in the work of His earthly mission.

Bone of her bone — flesh of her flesh — mother and son — mother and her Creator — mother and her God — so associated on earth it is fitting to share the pious belief, which has come down to us from the earliest ages of Christianity, that they are again united in the highest heavens. The union of her body after death with her soul in heaven is known to those of the household of faith as the Assumption.

This feast is celebrated on August 15th — the summit of the fruitage season in the natural order — and it may very properly be called the summit and comple-

tion of the work of Redemption of mankind in the supernatural order.

From the earliest days of Christianity, particularly during the ages of faith, the feast of the Assumption was celebrated with all the grandeur and ceremonial of the Roman ritual, a beautiful custom which still survives in Catholic countries. But in this new country, as it were of yesterday, where the church has encountered so many obstacles, and where the spirit of commercialism dominates, this and other feasts of the church have been shorn of much of their splendor, significance and value.

For the first time in the history of this city, the last anniversary of the feast, August 15, 1902, was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Nazareth Convent of Mercy in the adjoining town of Leicester, where the day was fittingly if not as gloriously spent as in more favored places.

From early morning until 9 o'clock, the hour fixed for assembling, pilgrims gathered from all parts of the city and surrounding country at the junction of Manville and Main streets near St. Joseph's church in Leicester, when careful estimates placed their number at three thousand. They came from every walk and condition in life, old and young, male and female, teacher and pupil, employer and workman, cultivated and unlettered — and all thoughtful and earnest.

The day was most propitious, a balmy sun and a cloudless sky contributing to the success of the pilgrimage and pleasures of the pilgrims. The route of the procession was through Manville street to the Home, thence over newly mown grass-land to the shrine in the grotto.

Banners, bannerettes, wreaths of laurel, and other appropriate decorations along the route, added to the picturesqueness and effectiveness of the scene.

The pilgrimage was duly formed under the supervision and management of men of experience of Saint Paul's parish, and at 9:15 o'clock it moved in the following order:

Cross bearer, clergy from several parishes and from the College of the Holy Cross, delegates from the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Providence, the Rosary Society, Sacred Heart Sodality, Children of Mary, fifteen girls dressed to represent the fifteen mysteries of the holy rosary, nine girls to represent the nine choirs of angels, all of St. Paul's parish, followed by the unattached pilgrims in military file.

When the pilgrimage started for its destination, Rev. William H. Goggin, pastor of St. Paul's church, began the recitation of the rosary, that wonderful epitome of the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of the God-man, from the Annunciation to the Ascension — His entire life and life-work upon earth — recalling and meditating upon its joys, its sorrows, and its glories.

The volume of devotional response which welled up and was poured forth upon the morning air from three thousand voices seemed like the melody of a powerful organ in a vast cathedral, or as the swelling notes of the oncoming sea as the billowy waves surge and die away.

“And to hear the grateful song
Of the gentle pilgrim throng,—
The old angelic greeting given
To the Virgin Queen of Heaven,”

was soul-stirring and uplifting, and it made a lasting impression upon all whose good fortune it was to participate in the exercises.

Arrived at the grotto, a beautiful sight greeted the vision. Here Nature in her play of power has fashioned such a dell as painters dream of, and as poets and romancists tell us are fitting abodes for the shrines of the just—the holy ones of God. Nature's handicraft has been supplemented and beautified by human aid, and now, embowered in trees and overgrown with ivy, a rustic stone arch shelters the statue of our Lady of Lourdes, with Bernadette kneeling before her, and feathered songsters carol in the overhanging branches and wild flowers adorn the landscape at her feet.

"This statue and niche are the gift of one who has implicit confidence in our Lady's powerful intercession," but who conceals his name, only allowing the gift to be known by the above words, which are inscribed on a brass plate at our Lady's feet.

The altar was erected directly in front of the niche, and it was embowered in the dense foliage and massive branches of overhanging trees—and cut flowers, potted plants, and flickering tapers gave an added charm to the grandeur and solemnity of the scene.

Here the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered, the clean oblation to the Most High, and this together with the reception of the Blessed Sacrament by a number of communicants, and the recollection and devotion of the thousands of worshipping pilgrims, was most impressive and edifying.

The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Jeremiah J. Prendergast, S. J., of the College of the Holy Cross, assisted by Rev. William H. Goggin, Rector of St. Paul's

church, and Rev. John F. Redican, Rector of St. Joseph's church, and John Cooney and Joseph Sweeney of the latter church were the Acolytes.

Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, Rector of the church of the Sacred Heart, preached a touching sermon, taking as his dominant thought the glories of Mary, crowned by her Assumption, and the lesson of the pilgrimage and its joys.

The music of the Mass was rendered by the choir of St. Paul's church under the direction of Mr. Daniel Downey, assisted by Mr. Joseph Rogers of Rochdale, upon the violin. In addition to the music of the Mass, "Ave Maria" was sung at the offertory by Mrs. Daniel Downey and Mrs. Mary E. O'Hara; "On This Day, O Beautiful Mother" and "Mother Dear, O Pray For Me," by the full choir, with organ and violin accompaniment by Mr. E. F. Howe, organist of St. Paul's church, and Mr. Rogers; and at the communion "L'Adagio" was rendered by Mr. Rogers on the violin, accompanied by Mr. Howe upon the organ.

Father Prendergast officiated at the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which followed the celebration of the Mass, when "O Salutaris" was sung by Mrs. Rupert H. Murray, and the "Tantum Ergo" by the full choir, accompanied by organ and violin, with Mrs. O'Hara as soloist. After the benediction the procession was again formed and with befitting solemnity the Blessed Sacrament was borne under a rich canopy to the chapel in the Home and deposited in the tabernacle, the choir singing "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

Thus came to a close the formal devotional exercises of the pilgrimage, but many who came supplied with a

basket lunch spent the balance of the day about the spacious grounds in social reunion and quiet pleasure—in renewed visits to the shrine and chapel—well content with the day so happily and profitably spent, and rejoicing that it was their good fortune to participate in and share the blessings of the first pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes at Nazareth.—*Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, June, 1903.*

THE PRINTED WORD.

“GO TEACH.” No command of the God-man is more lucid or emphatic. He, the eternal Wisdom clothed in human form, came down to earth to teach lessons of profoundest wisdom. He sanctified to this use all the then known means for imparting information that would increase knowledge and lead up to highest wisdom.

He taught by miracles, by example, by precept, by parables, by deeds. When about to return to His throne in the highest heavens, He, in the plenitude of his divinity and power, elevated His apostles and their successors to the greatest dignity upon earth, and clothed them with the infallibility of the God-head:—“The Father and I are one”—“All power is given Me”—“As the Father hath sent Me I also send

you"—"Go teach whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

No limitations here as to the plentitude of power, no restrictions as to time or place or the means to be employed to fulfill the Divine command.

During the years of the God-man on earth, and for centuries thereafter, the oral was practically the only method, aside from miracles, for propagating His gospel and teachings; but in the fullness of time, and in obedience to the command God gave to man at the time of his creation to go forth into the world and subdue it, as recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, the printing press was born—that mighty engine of education and civilization—that subtle influence that transmutes and disseminates to the ends of the earth—that irresistible power that has uprooted and overthrown kingdoms and dynasties—that angel of good or demon of evil.

While the perpetuity of God's kingdom on earth is assured by God himself, He desires—nay commands—the co-operation of human agencies to aid in its extension and transmission to coming ages, and for the faithful performance of this, as of other commands, He will exact a strict accounting.

The printing press and the printed word as we now have them, were unknown in the time of the Master, and therefore not sanctified by His express endorsement and use, but who shall say that the printed word of a later time is not equally sanctioned with the oral of an earlier age? and that both are not equally blessed and made effectual to regenerate, to uplift, to extend and transmit the blessings of christianity and civiliza-

tion throughout the highways and byways of life, to the most enlightened as well as to nations buried in the darkness of idolatry and paganism?

Without doing violence to any it may be said that all mankind are divided into two classes — those of the household of the faith and those without — yet all are the children of a common Father, and all are created for the same eternal destiny.

Those within the fold hear the voice of the Shepherd, but who brings the glad tidings and breaks the bread of life to those without? And yet the Shepherd of souls commanded the seeking out and recovery of the straying and lost sheep, and told of the joy in heaven over the sinner who repents. May we not then with propriety say that a wise and merciful God has ordained and blessed both the oral and written word — the one to quicken the faith and arouse the zeal of those within the fold who hear the voice of the Shepherd, and the other that goes into the desert places of life to bring the knowledge of God and the blessings of His Gospel to untold millions of erring and straying ones who would never seek either within the sheep-fold?

It is painfully evident that the Gates of Hell — the powers of darkness — are fully awake to their opportunity, and oh! with what sad and terrible results! In the hands of the enemy the printing press is made to continue unceasing, unrelenting warfare upon the light set upon the mountain — the sheep-fold of Christ—and too often, alas! too often has he succeeded in dimming the light, in making serious inroads into the sheep-fold and working terrible havoc therein — in making broad the pathway that leads to destruction and everlasting

death — while plunging the pagan world into darker night.

God in the flesh foretold the oversowing of the wheat field with cockle while the servants slept, of the false teachers and false preachers that the latter days would bring forth, of their ability and subtlety; but we search the scriptures in vain to find where He commended the slothful, neglectful servants for falling asleep and permitting the sowing of the cockle, or their indifference in His service which furnished an easy opening for the onslaught of the false teachers and false preachers of the enemy with whom he forbade toleration or truce. Gird on the armor and fight the good fight, choose and use the most effective weapons, be not weary in well-doing, these and the like are the commands of Him who commands.

With the printing press what human agency is comparable to efficiency and power? And what means have the cockle sowers — the powers of darkness — made use of with greater success to poison and destroy? And will His slothful servants sleep on and yield up without contest or remonstrance this mighty engine of unmeasured power to the enemy to make successful warfare upon the doctrines of the Redeemer of mankind?

The printed word! What a potency for good! What a tireless and deathless missionary! Wafted onward, ever onward, its mission, unlike the uttered word, never halts, never ends!

The printed word is the soul field of opinion, and opinion sways the world. Ah! but the care needed in the sowing that the harvest be the palladium of Heaven!

The printed word blessed from on high is a white-winged evangel of light that illumines the pathway of the erring ones stranded in the darksome fens of ignorance and sin, and guides them to the gates of the one great Christ-ordained sheep-fold, an apostolic missionary that leaves the ninety and nine safely within the fold and seeks out and recovers the lost or straying one to return him to his true heritage with the One shepherd.

The printed word in the sinful ways of life! — the printed word falling athwart the path of the hardened sinner — the one who would not seek the safety of the sheep-fold, the instructions and exhortations of the shepherd, nor the society of the righteous — pricks the conscience and becomes the little leaven that leaveneth the whole!

But should the citadel of the heart refuse admission to the first onslaught of the printed word that may seek admission, its multiplication and continued assault will, in the Providence of God, overcome the most obstinate resistance, will break down the strongest barriers — even as the gentle zephyrs unite to form the tornado that breaks down and sweeps everything before it — even as the tiny dew-drops that glisten in the morning sun unite to make the mighty ocean that carries the commerce of the world upon its bosom and which is irresistible in its might — even as the gently falling snow-flakes that, united, form the mighty avalanche that sweeps down the mountain-side and crushes into nothingness the mightiest works of men — even as the grains of sand infiltrate the crevices of mighty mountains and eventually wrench them asunder as if made of cockle shells.

The church—God's church—the church organized and commissioned by the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father at the Last Supper to teach, has had many sturdy heroes and heroines who successfully used all available means to meet and overthrow the errors and wickedness of their times — individuals, yea, giants of holiness to combat and overthrow the agents of the powers of darkness and their works, the Heresiarchs and Heresies of the ages of the past — sainted men and women — vessels of election to smite the evil-doers and destroy their pernicious works and doctrines — men and women of intellect, of will, of zeal, and fire to do the work of the Master, and win His “Well done, good and faithful servant,” and the encomiums and veneration of their descendants and successors.

At no time in the history of the world have greater efforts been put forth than the present to sow the cockle of untruth, to besmirch the church of the living God, to weaken faith and emancipate mankind from the “Thus saith the Lord,” to malign and belittle His servants, to misrepresent His doctrines and teachings, to weaken and overthrow faith, and to propagate indifference, agnosticism and other errors — and the printed word is the most powerful and effectual weapon in the arsenal of the enemy.

Must it be always thus? Must this mighty agent for good be forever prostituted to the bad? Must the work of the Evil One be not destroyed? And by whom if not by the Children of Light? Will not those divinely commissioned to teach come to the rescue and give victorious battle? Or must we wait until greater mischief is wrought, greater devastation spread

throughout the world, a greater harvest of souls gathered to an eternity of misery with the damned?

Speed the day when the printed word will serve the right rather than the wrong, will build up and strengthen rather than weaken and destroy. Speed the day when the printed word will, like the gentle zephyrs, unite in a tornado of blessings and grace that will uproot and overthrow wickedness and error, like the gently falling snow-flakes gather in volume and intensity to form an avalanche to crush and overthrow the Enemy of souls, like the glistening dew drops form a mighty ocean to carry the message of the gospel to the furthestmost ends of the earth with irresistible might, like the grains of sand unite and wrest asunder the mighty mountains of error for the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The harvest is ripe. The means is at hand. When will it be sanctified to the highest and holiest use? When will the "other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also must I bring" of the Master be fully realized?

When will His disciples use the Apostolate of the press with all the fiery zeal and success that characterized the early Christians? Or must we wait the coming of another hero to sanctify this means to holier ends, and add another name to the Calendar of Saints? —*Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1905.*

PILGRIMAGES.

PILGRIMAGES date back to the earliest ages. In the beginning they were made to some spot or place memorable in the history of a nation or people—to commemorate some great achievement, or to honor the hero or heroes by whose instrumentality the deed was wrought, to stimulate inspiration, to arouse enthusiasm, and to consecrate anew the devotion and loyalty of the participants.

Christianity in this, as in many other things, did not condemn or forbid this ancient practice, but adapted it to more worthy ends and higher ideals, and made it of service to christianity. It was but natural for the Apostles, Disciples and followers of the crucified Lord to meet at stated times and places in and about Jerusalem to commemorate important events in the life of the Master, and in a body visit the places sanctified and made memorable by His presence and miracles, to find comfort and consolation in the society of each other, added strength by combined prayer, to thus publicly avow their faith and loyalty, and to consecrate themselves anew to the spread of His gospel. These gatherings and movements from place to place were the first Christian pilgrimages.

The fervor of the early Christians knew no bounds, and with the spread of christianity pilgrimages were maintained to Jerusalem from distant parts. In those far-off days all civilized nations vied with each other in promoting the growth and spread of christianity by

encouraging pilgrimages, and none of these was more in evidence in this good work than Saxon England down to and even beyond the Middle Ages.

During the early centuries of christianity the Pilgrims wore a peculiar garb with hood and cape, a low crowned hat, a staff in hand, scrip and water bottle,—and many wore a special badge to differentiate them from others.

With the spread of christianity to more distant parts of the world pilgrimages could not be made to Jerusalem without great inconvenience and danger. Pilgrimages were singularly blessed in that they rendered valuable aid in the building up and spread of christianity, and, during the third century, in order to benefit the faithful and increase their usefulness, instead of going to Jerusalem as formerly, pilgrimages were made to the tombs of Martyrs and Confessors—God's chosen heroes—nearer home where indulgences and other spiritual advantages might be obtained. This practice rapidly extended and made those strong in the faith stronger, the weak strong, the indifferent earnest—and as results large harvests of souls. The zeal of the early Christians knew no bounds, and their ardor for their religion made its public avowal by means of pilgrimages so popular, general and dominant that the restraining hands of the Fathers of the Church—Saint Chrysostom, Saint Augustine, Saint Gregory, and others, were necessary to limit them and keep them within proper bounds.

The rebellion of the intellect against God—the “I will not serve” of the world—has done much to curtail and modify many of the early and helpful practices of the Church—pilgrimages among their number. Where

the dollar reigns the ideal languishes. Where mammon is worshipped the things of God are no longer rendered unto him as openly or so generally or generously as in the days of the pilgrimages of the past.

Who with proper sentiments welling up within him can fail to be benefitted and uplifted, strengthened and made better, by a visit to the stable of the Nativity, to Calvary, to the Holy Sepulchre, to the tombs of Martyrs, Confessors and Saints?—and who would not be touched and thrilled by the sight, fervor and devotion of many associates and companions upon a similar mission?

Our church in this country is shorn of many of its beautiful and edifying practices, but let us indulge the hope that the Annual Pilgrimage to the House of Nazareth in Leicester may continually grow in volume and fervor to rival the best in the olden time, and that every participating Pilgrim may receive great spiritual benefit and other blessings, and live long to give thanks that an opportunity has been given to make a pilgrimage in this new land of the Western world.—*Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, June, 1908.*

WHEAT AND COCKLE.

FROM the time when the Omnipotent Jehovah made man and gave him dominion over all created things, the world has been a field in which the wheat—the right, good and praiseworthy—has been oversown with cockle—the wrong, base and vicious. The garden of Eden where man's presence was first known and felt on earth, the sacred spot where the Creator deigned to commune and converse with the creature, was no exception. There the sower of cockle came, and the fair field of Eden, Paradise, was befouled and defiled.

The sad story of Cain and Abel confirms and accentuates the persistence and success of the debasing and degrading cockle sower. The fair field of wheat in Noah's time had been well nigh overrun and blotted out. The cockle had so multiplied and become so intolerant and offensive that the Creator—the great God of might, wisdom and love—said: "I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, from man even to beasts, from the creeping things even to the fowls of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made them."—Genesis vi. 7.

To vindicate His sovereignty and power He sent the flood of Noah, which destroyed nearly all created things—the work of His love. And yet these severe and drastic dispensations and measures of the olden time have not wholly destroyed the cockle sowers nor saved mankind from the results of their pernicious and per-

sistent endeavors. Their blackened trail is easily discerned throughout all history, sacred and profane, further justifying and giving added emphasis to the words of Solomon: "What is it that hath been? the same thing that shall be. What is it that hath been done? the same that shall be done."—Ecclesiastes i. 9.

At the dawn of the New Dispensation when the Redeemer was born in Bethlehem, the slaughter of the Innocents was sad and painful evidence of the survival and success of the cockle sower—the old-time enemy of mankind.

Why in the dispensation of a God of wisdom and love the evil machinations of the cockle sower are permitted we may never fully know nor understand, but that it will be until the end is clearly evident from the teaching and command of the Master, when He, without explanation, forbade His disciples to pluck up and destroy the cockle, saying: "Let both grow until the time of the harvest: and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn; but gather the wheat into my barn."—Mathew xiii. 30.

That cockle sowers—evil doers—will always abound and ply their nefarious business has added emphasis and significance by His teaching upon another occasion when he said: "It is impossible that scandals shall not come; but woe to him through whom they come."—St. Luke xvii. 1.

In our own day the work of the cockle sower is in prominent and painful evidence throughout the field of the whole world. Obedient to the teaching and commands of the Redeemer of mankind, the church

which He established and with which He abides has made unceasing and successful warfare upon the sowers of cockle. Heavenly giants, valiant warriors, heroic souls—God's heroes all—have not failed to give battle and with their hearts' blood to win many a victory for truth and right—have protected God's fair wheat field from the sowers of repulsive and injurious cockle.

Their names are legion and they are emblazoned upon the records of the recording Angel and enshrined in the hearts of the loving and grateful posterity who are now waging the same wars in the years of the world of to-day in which they so successfully strove, and now is theirs the well earned reward of "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joys of the Lord."

In this day of ours unnumbered cockle sowers are conducting an active campaign throughout the world. The intense life of the 20th century, the throb and thrill and energy of existence, the leviathans of the deep, the smoke belching forth from innumerable chimneys that pierce the clouds, herculean undertakings in the marts of business, the hum and rumble of tireless machinery, and the frenzy and whirl of the financial world, all bear testimony to the unprecedented worldliness of the present time—to the graft and grab of the age.

Can any combination of circumstances combine to offer greater opportunity to the sowers of cockle?

If the outlook over the vast field of the world reveals a super-abundance of cockle and inducement for the nefarious work of cockle sowers, the sowers of wheat must not be cast down nor become disheartened. They

are not to expect billows of God's goodness that will overwhelm and overthrow at once, as did the Red Sea; they are not to expect an earthquake that will utterly destroy the cockle; they are not to expect a rain that will fall upon the just and not upon the unjust.

All betterment at first comes, under God, through individual initiative. There is no hurry, no frenzy, with that Power outside ourselves which is all Powerful. It is but for the individual to do quietly in his or her own small way the best that is in him or her, leaving the result to the Master, who uttered the parable of the mustard seed and promised reward to the giver of a cup of cold water in His name.

"In union there is strength," and we may add, when in a good cause, helpfulness and edification. In God's good time these individual atoms of goodness will unite, as do the glistening drops of dew upon the mountain top, into rivulets and mighty rivers, to vivify and rejuvenate all below—to check the work of the sowers of cockle and to purify the spiritual atmosphere of the world.

Is not the annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Nazareth in Leicester one of the visible manifestations of such growing union in the good cause? And is it not an expression of faith, hope, and desire on the part of the growing numbers who take part therein to defeat or limit the work of the sowers of cockle and to give greater honor and glory to God and His Immaculate Mother?—*Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1909.*

RICHES IN POVERTY.

WHEN the words Riches and Poverty are used in a worldly sense, the way in which they are generally used, they are antithetical and mutually destructive; but in a higher sense, the sense in which they are now used, and in which it is highest wisdom to use them, they are in sweetest accord, reassuring and comforting. Riches, as too generally understood, is material wealth, wordly wealth—money, property, human attainment for human ends—will-o'-the-wisps that ever attract and fascinate only to deceive and disappoint.

The frenzy for accumulating money and what it represents, the fierce and unholy strife to attain to a pedestal in the limelight of public life or social distinction, the unremitting toil of the student and savant who burn the midnight oil to attract the attention and command, if possible, the admiration of their fellow men, now so generally dominant throughout the world—to the indifference and neglect of the higher, nobler and more enduring—have blinded the eyes of their devotees and blunted the finer sensibilities to the true significance, appreciation and importance of the higher and better meaning of the words riches and poverty.

Men in every worldly walk of life, men whom the world blindly calls great—from the men who have attained to the topmost round in the ladder of things worldly, down to the feeble imitators in the humbler walks of life—all burn incense before the shrine of

worldly wealth and attainment and blindly pursue the deceptive and misleading goddess during all the days of their earthly pilgrimage; and they measure their achievements by their financial success and material gain, only to find that all inexorably end and become as ashes to them after a few short years of earthly existence.

Myriads of such have burdened themselves with the anxieties and cares of the world, have sacrificed their lives to selfish ends and the accumulation of worldly wealth or distinction, have lived their allotted time—a merest lightning flash as compared with the years of eternity—and left everything, everything behind—even the names of the vast majority of them are accorded no place in the calendar of the names of those who once lived upon the earth.

They lived for the world and now the world forgets or spurns them; they toiled for fame but now their names and deeds are buried with them; and who shall say that the Recording Angel has written their names in the Book of Life? The sad fate of such misguided ones is fittingly and forcefully told in the words of the poet:

“the loudest blast
That ever filled Renown’s obstreperous trump
Fades in the lapse of ages,”

and

“they sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man.”

It requires no silver-tongued homilist to proclaim nor learned exegetist to persuade that true riches abide only with wisdom—the wisdom that chooseth the better part and heeds the teaching of the Master, the wis-

dom that opposes the maxims of the world and spurns its allurements, the wisdom that weighs every act and ever reminds those in the world that "man hath not here his abiding place."

This highest wisdom—this priceless wealth, the wealth that endures forever—now, as in the days when the Redeemer was upon the earth in human form to bestow it as light, guidance and strength to all who would receive it, abounds more generally among the meek and humble, the lowly and obscure—the worldly poor, unknown and unappreciated.

In saner times in the not long ago the toilers of the world were less infatuated than now with the things of the world and more closely followed in the footsteps of the great Exemplar, and they trod the wine press of their daily toil in greater humility, resignation and hopefulness and thereby conformed their lives to highest wisdom, and in worldly poverty laid up stores of wealth that end not with life but which endure forever. The harvest of the husbandman might fail yet he did not repine, the work of the mechanic might not prosper yet he did not murmur, death might steal away the bread winner of the household yet the mother in her bereavement was reconciled. The fatherhood of God was paramount in every humble walk of life, and whether the day brought sunshine or shadow, sickness or health, joy or sadness, success or failure in a worldly sense, God so ordained, and to His holy name be honor, glory, and praise, and to His will in humility, filial submission and christian resignation.

To these and such as these, battling as soldiers faithfully striving to do the will of the Master, and

patiently accepting and sanctifying the so-called vicissitudes of their untoward conditions, their confidence in the goodness and mercy of God, and in the fulfillment of His promises, sweetened their toil, mitigated their afflictions, lightened their burdens, reconciled them uncomplainingly to His will, and earned for them in their poverty the reward of priceless treasure that will ever comfort and ever endure.

Others, meek and humble in mind and pure of heart, are called to higher station—to become sowers of heavenly wisdom and dispensers of imperishable wealth. These lowly and unknown brotherhoods and sisterhoods, like their Master whom they so loyally and devotedly strive to serve, are much misunderstood, maligned, and despised by the world, but having chosen the better part they grow not weary in well doing, nor will the allurements of the world cloud their wisdom or lessen their ardor to foster it for their own good and to bestow it upon the less fortunate and bring them within its saving influence.

In this twentieth century age the desire for worldly gain and achievement—wealth, station, dignity, honor, and the like—is the loadstone of the world—the riches and glory of Time after which poor misguided humanity ever strives, but which too often spell failure and poverty in the presence of the Lord. Of the world, worldly, they too often bear down and retard; of the world, worldly, they too often despoil and defeat; of the world, worldly, they substitute the shadow for the substance, the perishable for the imperishable.

The priceless value of souls is bartered upon the transient bargain counter of life, and too often, alas! these priceless treasures that are to endure through-

out eternity are exchanged for the evanescent things of Time.

The man of the world should have at least sufficient worldly wisdom and be actuated by at least worldly sense, if not by higher motives, to take a frequent stock account of his daily life, make honest footings as becomes an honest man, and then rigidly scrutinize every act and note its influence upon his daily life and the tendency and impetus that they impart, and, after an exhaustive and honest audit, set about with a determined will to be honest with himself, honorable to the light given him, honorable to his opportunities, and then to turn from the alluring, deceiving and temporizing and seek only after the valuable and eternal. Then will be learned the science of right living and the wisdom that commands an alert and approving conscience in this world—the greatest treasure of life—and wealth that neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, treasure that the world cannot confiscate, treasure that its fortunate possessors will take with them into the great hereafter, where it secures for them the greatest of all attainments, the greatest of all blessings—the enrollment of their names by the Recording Angel in the Book of Life with God's heroes, and unending bliss with the elect.—*Annals of St. Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1910.*

A TRUCE IN THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending; we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours."

THE battle of life grows fiercer and fiercer; the fever of frenzied ambition and strife is growing more and more acute and rapidly extending; the world is speedily and sadly drifting from older and safer moorings; treading the wine press of duty daily becomes more exacting and exhausting. Brave and intrepid warriors are still upon the battlefield waging valiant and vigorous combat for God, the home and country; waging uncompromising warfare against the "I will not believe" and the "I will not serve" of the world and the offspring thereof—monism, pragmatism, agnosticism, infirm philosophies—the loss of probity and honor in all the walks of life, the great crime against the sanctity of the home, the stifling of conscience, the personal irresponsibility of the individual, the exaltation of the erratic enactments of men above the eternal laws of God—all these and many others that may well be grouped together and labelled Modernism.

"But thou, O man of God, fly these things: and pursue piety, faith, charity, justice, meekness."—I Timothy vi:2. The struggle is enervating and exhausting,

human nature has its physical limitations, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Join with me, fellow pilgrim and warrior, during a truce in the conflict, and let us away to the peaceful, elevating and recuperative solitudes far from the haunts and contentions of men; there to rest and read the hieroglyphics of the firmament, mountains, woods, and waters, startling in their impressiveness and suggestiveness, and where no discordant note is heard to disturb the harmony; there to meditate and contemplate; there to forcefully and effectually realize the omnipotence and merciful kindness of their Creator; there to rest and recuperate exhausted energies so that we may return with greater ardor to wage more aggressive and successful warfare in the battle of life. "For you shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall sing praises before you, and all the trees of the country shall clap their hands."—Isais iv:12.

As weary pilgrims but not as deserters we withdraw from the battlefield; as worn and battle-scarred warriors we arrive in the restful solitudes where grandeur greets the vision, enchantment chains the mind and tranquility gives welcome; where peace and benediction reign; where the mind is unfettered, untrammelled and free to contemplate itself and its manifold duties, responsibilities and opportunities.

With noon-day clearness we see a mental picture of the Saviour of mankind and His disciples and followers turning away from the Modernists of His time and the trials and contentions of life and we more fully realize why He journeyed with them to a mountain apart (Mathew v) where He spoke as man never spoke,

where He teaches and reassures His hearers and all mankind, where He proclaimed the joys and consolations of the Eight Beatitudes.

But at last we have arrived in the promised land of the solitudes far from the burning sands of the battlefield, the fevered atmosphere of life's warfare and the multiplied pitfalls of the world; arrived where the immensity of space, the order of the firmament, the splendor of the heavens, the majesty and grandeur of towering mountains and the beauty and purity of their snow-covered summits, the music of the rippling brooks and the roar of cataracts, the sighing of the evening breeze and the crooning of trees in the pathless woods all join in singing an unending *Te Deum* to the great Jehovah, the Creator and Lord of all; and the toil worn warriors humbly bow down in adoration and praise to their Lord and Master and in sincere humility make renewed acts of faith, hope, charity, obedience and service.

"Let all the earth adore thee, and sing to thee; let it sing a psalm to thy name."—Psalms lxxv:4.

The golden sunshine lends an added beauty to the mountain tops and suggests the bounty of Divine blessings vouchsafed to all who give them welcome; their towering summits the mid-day manhood in the vigor of life reposing in the friendship of the Maker; when assailed by violent storms of lightning and thunder, unmindful and unmoved, they typify holy souls ineffectually assailed by the onslaughts of a sinful world; again in the twilight, like the mercy of the great Jehovah, they appear as mighty sentinels and bulwarks presiding over and protecting all during the darkness of night; and yet again as abiding monuments and

testimonies to God's presence and benediction in the unbroken silence during the sunshine of day as well as under the starry heavens or darkness of night; and yet once again when the rosy tints of morning kiss their summits with the light of dawn and proclaim the end of the inactivities of night they suggest and typify the call of the Master anew to the duties and responsibilities of the new-born day.

The beauty of the placid lake in the quiet places suggests and typifies nature's great baptismal font; in its soothing and restful calm, the peace and happiness of the shriven soul; when lashed into fury by the howling storm, a soul violently assailed by the powers of darkness; now servant now master of men like the triumph of grace or the conquest of evil.

Gushing mountain springs speak to us of the outpouring plenitude and life-giving quality of God's mercy, and that their refreshing and sustaining waters like His mercy, are free to all who seek and partake.

The flowing stream, ever joyously singing its unending symphony, kissing every glistening pebble on its bottom, and nourishing the wild flowers and vegetation upon its banks as it journeys along to renew and sustain the waters of the lake, eloquently and forcefully tell us of the ever-flowing stream of the Creator's love and grace that ever flow on to renew and sustain His forgetful and erring children whom He invites to return from the error of their ways and lave in its purifying waters.

In the towering forest trees we see typified the human giants who have asserted themselves in the affairs of the world for the glory of God and the uplift of their fellow men; in the gnarled oak, alone upon

the rugged cliff, the fearless man of principle, strong of mind and conscious of his strength—the independent man of deeds who respects not the frailties or foibles of men, and who imperishably writes his name high above his fellows in the annals of Time; in the group of spruce, fir and pine trees whose wholesome balsamic odor as incense purifies and imparts fragrance to the surrounding atmosphere, tell us of the human brotherhoods of men and women who live in groups apart from the world, and whose holy lives and the incense of whose holy deeds purify, sweeten and elevate all who come within their saving influence; in the humble and beautiful wild flowers we see a picture of pure souls in the hidden places of life, blooming and giving forth perfume to their Maker and sending up the fragrance of holy lives and holy deeds to the great white throne on high; the loathsome fen and miasmatic bog tell us of the reeking filth, baseness and wrong of the world and we more clearly realize that an omnipotent God permits the bad to exist with the good in order to test the faithfulness and valor of His creatures, to the victorious of whom He has promised a reward of eternal bliss with himself in the highest heavens.

But the days of the furlough have altogether too rapidly run their course, the truce is ended, the bugle sounds the call to duty upon the battlefield, we must again buckle on the armor. We have tarried under beautiful skies, we have beheld and enjoyed the grandeur and sublimity of the mountains, we have breathed the perfume of the forest, we have roamed and rested beside still waters, vistas of beauty have gladdened our vision, the music of singing birds has

been sweetest melody to our ears, and the majesty and silence of the woods have given us peace and vigor.

We return to the warfare of life refreshed in mind, invigorated in body, strengthened in will, and with renewed ardor and determination to do a warrior's part in the conflict; but we shall cherish the hope that it may be our good fortune again to tarry in the solitudes to recuperate exhausted energies in the sanatorium canopied by the heavens and to offer up adoration and praise in sanctuaries not made by human hands.—*Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1911.*

THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

THE Oldest Book in the world antedates the coming of man upon this planet. Its pages gladdened the vision and hearts of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, and comforted them in their sorrow. The hieroglyphics in which it is written have been read and understood by all the human family in every age, in every clime, and of every condition in life—before as well as after the confusion of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babel, and the dispersion of the people to distant lands—before as well as after the preaching of the Apostles in a single tongue, but which was understood by their hearers “out of every nation under heaven.”—Acts 11:5. This book has ever commanded the attention and admira-

tion of men, and awakened their appreciation and gratitude; the ethical and uplifting sentiments contained therein have found human expression in countless gems of thought, clothed in captivating diction but little below that of the heavenly inspired writers, and which have been held in highest admiration and esteem by all lovers of exalted and elevating sentiment and sublime expression that touches and enthrals the heart of man.

This oldest book of the world is the Book of Nature, and God is its author—its pages are the expression and illustration of His power and love.

It is recorded in Genesis that on the third day of creation God clothed the earth in a mantle of beauty—with verdure that lent value and charm to His handiwork and benevolence, with lovely shrubs and towering forest trees, with untold varieties of foliage, fruits and flowers, for the needs, delectation and uplift of man whom He will create and give appreciation of them and dominion over them.

It were an unworthy and too limited conception of the wisdom and goodness of God to conclude that His works upon the third day of creation were intended solely to serve the transient and limited physical needs of mankind. The thoughtful, discerning and reflective of all nations and peoples throughout the world since the beginning of time have ever wisely recognized and taught that man hath a dual existence—transient and eternal—that he hath here only a temporary abiding place, and that his true home is with his Creator in unending bliss. Long before books, as we know them, were written or printed by man, the hieroglyphics of God's handiwork, read in the Book of

Nature by His creatures everywhere, gave mute but positive testimony of His omnipotence, mercy and man's dependence. What more consonant with the wisdom, plan and scope of the great Jehovah—the uncreated intelligence—and man's reason, filial respect and obedience, than to believe that all the works of His hands had also a dual purpose—not only to minister to the temporal wants of His creatures but also as aids in the revelation of Himself to them—to instruct and uplift them to His knowledge and worship by His works as well as by His words, to minister to the wants of the soul no less than to the wants of the body. Sacred and profane literature furnish eloquent, emphatic and abundant concurring testimony, but for lack of space we shall confine our evidence to a very few brief quotations from some of the inspired writers in the sacred scriptures :

“Generation and generation shall praise Thy works.”—Psalms clxiv:4. “Let all thy works, O Lord, praise Thee.”—Psalms cxliv:10. “The Lord is just in all His ways and holy in all His works.”—Psalms clxiv:17. “I remembered the days of old; I meditated; I meditated on all Thy works; I meditated on the works of Thy hands.”—Psalms clxii:5. “In the works of Thy hands I shall rejoice.”—Psalms xci:5. “The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.”—Psalms xxxiii:1.

Who shall say that the Book of Nature is unworthy of its author; and that His handiwork is not a never ending wordless appeal to the observant, thoughtful and contemplative to awaken anew, to uplift, to ennoble and to sanctify—that His work upon the third day was to serve only the purposes of time?

It is sad to consider and sadder still to realize how

many there are who forget and ignore God in all His works save that of man ; forgetting and ignoring the fact that the same omnipotence and love are as abundantly and forcefully manifested outwardly in the creation of the inanimate as well as in the animate, and that the creation of both found lodgment in Omnipotence ere time began—and that both were created to evidence His power and love. “But now ask the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the birds of the air and they shall tell thee; and the fishes of the sea shall tell thee. Who is ignorant that the hand of the Lord hath made all these things.”—Job xii:7-8-9.

All the works of creation proclaim and reveal the Creator, some to a greater and some to a lesser degree; and to different individuals more or less as they are more or less worthy. And again many of His works specially typify and illustrate some of the many virtues and obligations commended and commanded by God for the observance of man in all his relations with his fellow man which he cannot ignore and from which he cannot absolve himself without transgressing the laws ordained for his observance by his Creator.

The firmament, unmeasured and unmeasurable, unknown and unknowable, above and beyond the comprehension of man—type of God, of omnipotence, of the Creator, of eternity; the sun in the heavens—type of the glories of heaven, the light and warmth of God’s love and mercy, the mid-day light of conscience to illumine the straight and narrow path of duty ordained for man to follow ; the moon and stars glistening in space, witnesses of the great Jehovah, of worlds unknown—type of the angelic host throughout unend-

ing space and witnesses of the eternal God and diadems in His crown of Glory; the ever swelling and surging billows of the ocean—type of the unending warfare of life, their ebb and flow the onslaught, repulse, and perturbations upon the battlefield of the world.

Ecstatics, Mystics, and other holy ones have ever found pleasure, benefit and strength in the pursuit of holiness when contemplating these and similar exalted and uplifting works of His hands. The great masses of mankind, now as in the past, must ever be content to walk in more humble paths, but even here they may find more ample food to ponder and aid them to a fuller realization and appreciation of the goodness and bounty of the Godhead. No impossible opportunity nor transcendent genius is imperative or even necessary for the observation or contemplation of the more commonplace things of Nature. Let us then, Viator, take courage and journey into the neighboring woods about and upon yon gentle acclivity and ponder the lesson that some of its varied commonplaces teach to those who have eyes that see and ears that hear.

Ah! this once cultivated field tells the story of human ambition and herculean endeavor to subdue the forest and make its broad acres subservient to the sustenance of man, but now abandoned to pasturage and undergrowth it tells in forcible language that what one man or generation esteemeth wisdom another esteemeth folly, what one generation buildeth up another teareth down. But here we are again beside the rippling brook ever joyfully fulfilling its allotted task and telling us never to grow weary in well doing;

its sparkling cascades beneath the umbrageous trees make beautiful pictures as does the man who performs his allotted task in patience without murmuring and repining; its sibilant music falls pleasantly and soothingly upon the ear as does the tale of good deeds done in the darkened places of life. But as we journey to higher levels upon the hillside beyond we must for the present defer the further consideration of the many other manifest, beautiful and valuable lessons that the meandering brook in the woods teaches and accentuates. But now we are in the denser growth and nearing the summit where after our exertion a towering elm invites us to halt our footsteps and enjoy agreeable repose beneath its protecting shade. Looking upwards, we discover that its robust spreading branches sustain an extensive and luxuriant grapevine. We observe more closely and discover that the tendrils of the weakling vine have laid firm hold upon the body and limbs of the giant oak and ambitiously climbed above the topmost branches to expose its large clusters of luscious grapes to the clearer air and the ripening rays of the autumnal sun. Without mental effort it dawns upon us that we are all vines and oaks in turns; we forcibly realize that if our places in life be that of the vine—in the lowly and dependent places of life spiritually and temporally—we must not be content to stay down—we must not be content with unfruitful low levels. The pathway of life abounds in towering elms in the spiritual order, and that, like the fruitful vine, we must seek out and lay hold of, nor rest content until we at least reach fructifying heights and obtain fruitful results in abundance—like the vine we must not be content to remain indifferent and inactive upon the

ground—the lower walks of life—to be trampled upon and prevented from doing well our allotted task in the world for our own credit and benefit, the greater welfare of our fellow man, and our eternal salvation. We observe how the seeming helpless vine put forth enterprise to seek out and energy to seize upon its opportunity and lay hold upon the towering oak and make use of its kindly offices to attain to a higher plane than did its supporting benefactor where it fully attained the purpose of its existence.

It also stands out in our minds as boldly and clearly as the noonday that the robust, gnarled oak—towering, sturdy, a king among the trees and seemingly conscious of its own strength, dignity and importance in the forest—did not spurn the advances of the weak and lowly nor withhold its aid in bearing the burdens of the hopeless, helpless vine. Herein we read the goodness and mercy of God who commanded the strong to be merciful to the weak and assist them to bear their burdens. In early times God commanded Moses to associate with himself seventy of the ancients, saying: “I will take of the spirit, and will give to them, that they may bear with the burden of the people, and thou may not be burthened alone.” Numbers xi:17. In the New Testament we read in the inspired words of St. Paul when instructing and exhorting the people of Galatia: “Bear ye one another’s burdens,” Galatians vi:2. This highest doctrine of sympathy and aid is but another form of the command of the Master “That ye love one another,” and “The greatest of these is Charity.” Again the elm typifies the grace and mercy of God ever a tower of strength and love to sustain the burdens of all—grace and mercy more abundant and

available to erring and weakly ones than are sturdy oaks to weakling vines. The powerful man—the man conscious of his strength and importance may also learn a valuable lesson in humility, right living, and helpfulness to his fellow man by meditating upon the lesson taught by the lordly elm to the helpless.

But the sun has gone down beyond the western hills and the gathering gloom now prevents further perusal of the oldest book in the world, but the valuable lessons learned will long remain a cherished memory and be a great incentive to the more faithful performance of duty. “The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands,” Psalms xviii:1. “All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever.” Daniel iii:5-7.—*Annals of St. Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass., June, 1912.*

MOOSE AND MOOSE HUNTING HINTS FOR BUDDING NIMRODS.

THE American sportsman who owes allegiance to the stars and stripes finds much to regret and much to deplore when he compares and contrasts the opening and closing years of the nineteenth century. One hundred years ago vast game regions stretched their seemingly endless extent in all directions and game so abounded in forest and on prairie that its capture had

not reached the dignity of sport. Nearing the close of the century the immense flocks of wild pigeons, that in their flight obscured the sun as a cloud, and the mighty herds of buffalo that roamed upon the western plains in countless thousands have been blotted out forever. Keeping pace therewith the areas in which other big game abounded have been so encroached upon and destroyed that but little now remains that is accessible to the masses to reward the enterprise, skill and perserverance of the most ardent sportsman or to reward his knowledge and best efforts.

Aside from the very few who visit the distant Rockies for an interview with old Ephraim, the mountain lion, or the hardy and elusive cliff-climbing sheep in their craggy homes, a shot at some member of the genus *Cervidae* is about all most sportsmen who seek big game hope for; and fortunate indeed is he who has to grace his den a handsome set of antlers of the noble elk, the erratic caribou, the majestic buck, or—grandest of all—the monarch of the forest, the lordly moose killed in honorable combat. As might be expected, this, the greatest of the deer family, is the largest and rarest of all, and as such his pursuit and capture awakens the earnestness and stimulates the enthusiasm of the sportsman to a pitch far away and beyond that of all others. Many who have stalked and killed the lesser deer hesitate to go in pursuit of moose, doubtless prevented in many cases by the over-painted pictures and exaggerated tales of the difficulties, dangers and disappointments attendant thereon. Thrilling hair-breadth escapes from the charging infuriated animals, so boastingly and persistently told in print and orally, have their principal foundation in an abnormal lively

imagination and a love for drawing the long bow rather than in any experience likely to befall the sportsman during all the hunting years that measure the span of a long life.

While difficulties, dangers, accidents and disappointments are met with in every walk of life they are not more in evidence in moose hunting than in other analogous pursuits, and with ordinary foresight and prudence they may be reduced to a minimum. Perhaps an exception should be made of one difficulty which many who would like to pass a season in the wilderness in pursuit of moose will find a great if not an impassible barrier to surmount—to provide the requisite funds to pay the expenses, as moose hunting is quite an expensive luxury. For the rest, no serious apprehension need deter the experienced hunter of lesser game, or even the novice, from undertaking the adventure and passing a season of rare enjoyment in the woods in the deep snows and cold of winter far from the habitations of man in pursuit of the game which it is his fondest ambition to pursue and capture. Whatever of difficulty and inconvenience formerly existed has now been largely overcome by modern conditions and methods. Palatial steamboats and sumptuous railway trains now luxuriously and rapidly transport the sportsman and his impediments quite near to his destination where a competent factotum and guide is in waiting to pilot him to a rough but comfortable camp in the wilderness which is as well supplied with all the necessaries and luxuries of modern civilization as his patron may desire or his pocket-book afford.

Moose are still found in northern latitudes, Maine,

Canada and the Maritime Provinces, and hither go sportsmen in pursuit. Conditions in these different places are substantially alike, and substantially the same methods are adopted in their pursuit and capture. It is true that in outlying localities, and in places not sufficiently looked after by those entrusted with the enforcement of the game laws and the protection of game, large numbers of moose and other of the deer family are shamefully slaughtered in the deep snows and disabling ice crusts of winter; but as the sportsman worthy of the name would scorn to resort to illegal and cruel methods to capture game it is only mentioned here to be condemned. Companionship, however much prized elsewhere, is doubly valued and appreciated in the woods and in the camp, but too much care and circumspection cannot be exercised in selecting camping companions. Friendships extending over many years in centres of population have been rudely sundered when put to the test of a few weeks' life in closest relationship in camp, the pleasures of the trip marred or wholly destroyed, and after years embittered. Campers of long experience have often been declared selfish and even churlish when refusing to admit new members to their hunting party, but such decision and practice is based upon experience and its wisdom is to be commended.

The tenderfoot when planning for his moose hunting trip can easily obtain desired information as to locality, game laws, game prospects, expense, local customs and conditions, and the like, from hand-books of travel from some of the many sportsmen of experience in his city or town, from some of the various sportsmen's publications, bureaus of information,

and other sources. He is also to decide which method of hunting he proposes to adopt,—whether by calling or still hunting—as this is governed by the season. Let us hope that his time is at his own disposal and that he wisely decides upon the ideal method of manly still hunting to vindicate his prowess and to secure his coveted trophy. For successful still hunting the ground should be covered with a sufficient depth of dry, fluffy or soft snow to thoroughly deaden the foot fall and render travelling noiseless. It is next to impossible to successfully still hunt moose upon the bare ground because of the noise made in travelling, by the rustling of disturbed leaves, breaking sticks, or upon crusted snow for a like reason. The best season for still hunting moose varies in different latitudes and in different localities. An abundance of snow will be found in northern Canada weeks in advance of Maine and the Maritime Provinces. Should the former country be decided upon the trip may be made soon after the open season begins, but if it is decided to go to Maine or the Provinces to the eastward it had better be deferred until the middle or latter part of the open season to ensure the most favorable weather conditions and the best prospects for getting the game sought. In most cases blankets, food, cooking utensils, dishes, lamps, lanterns, axe, saw and other camp necessities will be furnished by the camp owner and guide—or they will be if he is so notified in advance—thus saving his patron expense and annoyance, and being “to the manner born” he knows best what is needed and is not likely to omit anything that may be required.

Still hunting is decided on, camp selected, guide

engaged, date of departure fixed, now what will the novice require for his personal outfit? Of course in this, as in other matters, individual tastes vary much and this must be reckoned with, but right here let me say that the greater the experience of sportsmen in the woods the less they take with them, and yet have all that is needed for their comfort. Perhaps the most comprehensive word of advice to give the novice at the outset is contained in the suggestive and expressive word—don't. Don't consult the latest fashion plate and then procure the sportsman's garb therein delineated; don't carry a dress suit, collars, cuffs, neckties, and perfumery; don't carry a packing case filled with foot wear—hip gum boots, short gum boots, and the various kinds and qualities of sportsmen's leather boots; don't carry sleeping bags, mackintoshes, umbrellas or dressing slippers; don't—don't—.

Remember that the camp is in an out-of-the-way place where there will be no operas, social gatherings, formal dinners, receptions, or other city functions, and where if the improbable should happen and the latch string of the camp be pulled by strangers they will expect to find all clothed like themselves in the toggery of the woods. Aside from this, the transportation of what should be taken into the distant camp in the wilderness will be found a sufficient burden and every ounce of dispensable outfit should be left behind.

A single woods suit of strong clothing is ample and it should be made of cloth manufactured from hard spun wool which will be the most comfortable and best withstand the rough and tumble life of the forest

and prove best to resist the storms of snow or rain that may be encountered. The coat should be made Spencer style and furnished with belt and plenty of inside and outside pockets—the outside pockets to be provided with deep lapels to resist the entrance of broken twigs, snow and the like. The pants should be very roomy in the body part to permit of stooping, climbing over fallen trees, and other unusual postures. They should have an opening at the bottom of the legs on the outside and extending upward nearly to the knees and secured by spring buttons. This permits them to be closely wrapped about the ankles and legs without wrinkling when the outside over-stockings are drawn on and thus adding comfort and protection to the wearer. Coat, pants and vest should be sewed with very strong linen thread and all buttons thoroughly attached. For the head a soft felt hat with a fairly wide brim will prove more satisfactory than a cap or other head covering. The felt hat is light, easy upon the head, protects the eyes, sheds snow or rain, prevents the snow that is frequently dislodged from overhanging trees from falling down the neck, and in case of camping out upon the trail it makes a very satisfactory night cap. For the hands, home-made woolen mittens that may be obtained at a nominal price in nearly all frontier stores, having a single finger for the index finger, will be found the warmest and the most practical and satisfactory. For footwear nothing is superior to the moccasins and pacs of primitive times for still hunting in winter. Should the snow be so deep as to require snow shoes, they are indispensable. They are made from leather, generally tanned locally for this purpose, and they

may be purchased at a very nominal price in most places where moose are hunted and their purchase may well be deferred until arrival. They should be sufficiently large to permit the use of two pairs of heavy woolen socks besides the heavy outside over stockings which come up to or above the knees outside the pants where they are fastened by straps. Feet thus protected will be dry and warm, and no handicap of weight will be imposed upon the wearer as is the case with other footwear. Should the feet of the wearer be unduly tender and sensitive to the uneven footing, additional protection is easily supplied by putting an inner-sole of heavy leather, or, in an emergency, of flexible white birch bark, in the bottom of the moccasin. This footwear will seem a great innovation at first and for a few days particular care will be required in placing the foot to prevent slipping. Having no heels, an unusual strain will be put upon the flexor muscles and tendons, causing stiffness and some pain, but this will wear away in a few days. An abundance of handkerchiefs, stockings, and a couple of suits of underwear will be all the other clothing needed. A compass, water tight match box and matches, a stout leather belt, a strong pocket-knife, and a hunting knife and sheath completes the outfit with the exception of the weapon and ammunition. In recent years much has been said and written for and against small bore rifles, and very often contention has waxed exceedingly hot. Summed up into a single sentence, it seems a case of many men and many minds. An individual makes a fortunate shot — it may be by skill and it may be by chance — and forthwith he goes into ecstasies over his phenomenal weapon to which he

accords highest appreciation and superlative praise. Others have tried and discarded the small bore and in disgust have returned to their first love and resumed the weapon of larger caliber and said nothing about it — and thus is fame and blame sustained and propagated.

It is true that in former times manufacturers insisted and persisted in putting useless metal into the larger bore rifles which made them unwieldy, cumbersome and a tiresome load to carry. This was protested against by users, but the protest was unheeded. The time was ripe for improvement — the small bore rifle appeared and at once jumped into popular favor. The nitro-powder cartridge was also a step in the same direction and it also quickly became a popular favorite. Heavy rifles were rapidly discarded and the popular refrain in behalf of the small bore and nitro ammunition grew in volume and intensity. The manufacturers of heavy rifles awoke from their lethargy and indifference and made great efforts to meet the popular rival by reducing the unnecessary weight of their weapons and supplying nitro ammunition for their use. On the score of weight and ammunition there is now but little choice — it is largely caliber versus caliber between the admirers of each, with no likelihood of an *ex-cathedra* decision ever being reached.

For long distance shooting the initial velocity of the small bore bullet is in its favor, but as few shots are ever obtained, when still hunting moose, at greater distance than one hundred yards this advantage is more theoretical and academical than real and practical. Bullets for all calibers can be had that will

mushroom by impact so there is no advantage on this score for the swifter speeding small caliber bullet. The impact or blow from the larger and heavier bullet must be more destructive and overpowering than the smaller and lighter bullet and its increased killing zone should commend it to the sportsman who desires to make a clean kill in preference to inflicting a wound that will result in a lingering death after the game has gone beyond his reach. The man who drives home a railway spike does not use a tack hammer, nor does the man who drives a carpet tack use a sledge hammer—each uses an implement in proportion to the work performed.

A favorite weapon with many experienced sportsmen and guides, and one which many have again resumed after giving small bore rifles extended trial on big game, is a modified form of the old time 45-70—round barrel, twenty-four to twenty-six inches long, half-magazine, shot gun butt, Lyman ivory bead front and adjustable peep rear sight, and weighing about seven pounds. Nitro or black powder cartridges may be used if preferred, and with solid, soft nose, hollow or split pointed bullets it is a formidable weapon at short range. It is light and easily carried, the barrel being short it is handy in the woods, not nearly so liable to get the muzzle full of snow when carrying it with extended arm or when ascending hills or mountain sides. Properly aimed and held it will not disappoint when put to the test and the successful sportsman will gladly accord it the place of honor upon the handsome antlers in his den that it secured for their proud owner.

PARADOXES AND SPORT.

HAD it been so ordained that our pathway through life would be marked by an unwinding ball of thread, what devious pathway would be revealed on attaining the summit of life, and how difficult the task of retracing our footsteps!

And could we scan the tortuous unwinding of our mental footsteps, would we not be confronted with many inconsistencies and paradoxes that highest philosophy could not explain nor harmonize?

The toddling boy on his way to school pelts the frogs with pebbles, and therein finds superlative joy; his older brother climbs a tree and robs the helpless mother of her callow brood, and finds pleasure in exhibiting his booty to his envious and admiring companions; and the beardless youth about to exchange the pulpy adolescence of immaturity for the less mobile material of manhood finds keenest diversion in setting miles of snares to capture the unsuspecting grouse.

Childhood, boyhood and youth vanish with the fleeting years, and pebbles and snares give place to rod and gun—engines of greater destruction, and more relentless. Waters are vexed and forests overrun, and satiety is still beyond the horizon; the highest peak is no barrier, and the ice fields of the frigid north do not repel; man armed with the implements of death

ever continues the work of destruction during all his active years.

The boy who pelted the frogs has now ascended the steps to the heights of opulence, and purchased the fishing rights at a fabulous price in some famous salmon stream, and now with all the ardor of exalted manhood he contemplates with disdain and launches unkind epithets and vehement anathemas upon all who must be content with lesser sport; the older brother has long since exchanged his hundreds—perhaps his thousands—of dollars for a membership in some millionaire ducking club, and now learnedly discourses upon the ethics of sportsmanship and the higher branches thereof, and he has only contemptuous sneers and severest denunciations for those with a smaller bank account, and who per force must be content with more humble sport, while he and his companions wage merciless warfare upon the sea-fowl when on their migration to their breeding grounds in the distant north in the early spring. The beardless youth in after years has forgotten all about his grouse snares of earlier years, and he is now foremost in the endeavor to secure legislation against their use, and glows with enthusiasm when relating his adventure in the distant wilds, where in the still evening of autumn time he sent the cruel leaden messengers of death through the heart of the unsuspecting lordly bull moose, lured into his presence by the seductive music of the birch-bark horn in the hands of his skillful Indian guide!

He would resent with righteous indignation and scorn the suggestion that such slaughter savored of butchery, and he doubtless would be heard above the

others who sit in judgment and condemnation of jack-ing deer, and with emphatic vociferation loudly extol the one while roundly denouncing the other.

How oft, alas! do the words of the poet come unbidden, and with what force and emphasis do they apply:

“When such occasions are,
No plea must serve; ’tis cruelty to spare.”

And where is he who will cast the first stone? Where is he who will call a halt? Where is he who will fix metes and bounds? And must all find shelter and protection under the generous ægis of the ethics of sportsmanship?

The boundary line is but too often an indistinct blazed trail, leading through many a devious pathway, and across which many thoughtlessly wander; and a generous chivalry founded upon consistency should prompt a becoming modesty to withhold words of censure and condemnation when they may apply with greater force to him who utters them than to the person for whom intended.

We should not be unmindful of the words of Alexander Pope, written more than two hundred years ago:

“Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.”

—*Forest and Stream*, New York, N. Y., March 26, 1898.

MASSACHUSETTS IN A. D. 1900.

DIVERGING PATHS.

WELL, it is just this way. You know Massachusetts has the only "blarney stone" in America. It got its reputation some centuries back by the landing thereabout, thereat or thereon of a most wonderful people who brought with them all the virtues of all the ages, and also rare and valuable curios and heirlooms from England and the factory villages of Holland, where they worked in the woolen mills—sufficient at this distant day to make several ship loads.

But this story is a different tale. What I want to say is that Massachusetts has been peopled nigh on to 300 years and has now a population of over 3,000,000 upon her 7,800 square miles of territory. Men of hasty judgment might therefore conclude, in view of this long period of settlement, limited area and dense population, that the sportsman could find but little enjoyment with bird dog, gun and rod, but little to tempt his effort or reward his skill—but here again syllogistic reasoning would be at fault and such conclusions far from the truth.

It is true that large game is no longer found within her boundaries, nor is the lordly salmon taken in the waters of the State; but the smaller varieties of game—fur, fin and feather—still abound in large variety and fairly generous in quantity throughout the State.

More fox pelts are taken annually than any but the initiated would believe. Coons furnish keenest zest for another large contingent. Hares, rabbits and gray squirrels allure many. Others pursue the mink, muskrat and sable, and occasionally an otter gives up his valuable coat of fur to a more fortunate hunter, who becomes an envied one in the guild of sportsmen.

For ruffed grouse, the king of game birds, no State in the Union furnishes better coverts, and as for food no succession of varied mast or more generous in quantity exists elsewhere.

Birch, apple, poplar and other buds for midwinter food, partridge berries, bunch berries, blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, wild grapes, apples, thorn apples, chestnuts, acorns and other food in abundance throughout the year. Water there is also in the numerous rivers, brooks, ponds and reservoirs, and dense growths of scrub oak, chestnut, pine and other deciduous and coniferous trees and shrubs for isolation and protection, furnish an ideal environment in which they rapidly propagate and multiply, and where, despite the great slaughter wrought by the pot-hunter and the snares of the grangers' sons, they are yet found in large numbers.

Then there are the upland plover, woodcock, quail, snipe and all the tribe of marsh and shore birds, besides the migrating sea-fowl, to lend variety and charm and to well reward an outing with dog and gun.

But I set out to tell of a day with rod and creel, but a short time ago, which, with a couple of friends, I spent beside a babbling trout brook not far distant from the Heart of the Commonwealth in the good Old

Bay State, and here I am again straying off in another diverging path.

Well, these varied paths are alluring, but time will not permit us to journey further in them now, so let us get back upon the trail which leads to the active little brook whither I must take you, and let the joyous music of its liquid melody regale your ears, as it hurries along in its winding course in the meadow.

The snow banks of March had disappeared, and they took their chilling winds with them. The breath of spring is in the land. There is a hollow resonance in the air and scudding clouds, driven by a gentle south wind, suggest refreshing showers.

The catkins upon the willows have burst from their restraining bonds, and their aments clothe the slender branches with a wealth of pleasing green. The maples make sharp contrast and glory in a dress of fiery red. Robins hop about in a social way and make love in the pastures. The red-wing blackbird flits about in the white birches, now laden with a wealth of plumelets and waving plumes. Purple grackle sing their raucous songs in the towering elms, and lazy crows preen their plumage on the distant pine. The early flowers of spring carpet the earth beneath our feet, but in our haste we heed them not.

The convalescent member of the party is directed to a spot midway in the length of the brook, where the rapids terminate in a deep whirlpool, and where former efforts have been rewarded with many trout of more than average size.

He is told to make his best effort and content himself thereat while the other members of the party essay their skill on the balance of the brook, and that they

would return to him at noon time for lunch, it then being 9 o'clock. The brook was industriously whipped, and not without success, until the nooning hour. A goodly showing of the superlatively beautiful trout were displayed upon the grass when all gathered at the pool, to which our convalescent friend contributed a generous number as his reward for three hours' patient fishing.

Being somewhat tired after my tramp and effort, I sat down upon the opposite bank, and more to while away the time and to appear social than with any expectation of capturing a prize, I cast into the pool, and soon landed a trout which measured fourteen inches and weighed one pound and two ounces. After eating our lunch and spending a half hour in recounting the pleasures and adventures of the day, I again essayed the pool, and to my surprise and delight soon landed my record trout for the brooks of Massachusetts. He measured eighteen inches in length and weighed two pounds ten ounces seven hours after his capture.

Receiving hearty congratulations from my companions, well satisfied with our outing and success, we turned our steps homeward, proud to know that at the dawn of the twentieth century hillside and dale, covert and marsh, upland and sea shore, were still the home of such variety and quantity of fur and feathered game, and that little trout brooks which the fisherman may readily stand astride of in the old and densely populated State of Massachusetts still contain such trout to attract and reward the patient and persistent angler who knows their haunts.—*Forest and Stream*, June 2, 1900.

BIG GAME HUNTING.

ECHOES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

SINCE returning with my moose from New Brunswick last season my mail has brought me many inquiries from widely different parts of our country in relation to the Province and other subjects, which form the sub-title of this article—inquiries about the country, its people, game laws, game, routes, conveyances, expense, prospects for getting big game, and many other things about which information would likely be sought by amateurs and sportsmen of experience in the wilderness after big game who might be contemplating a trip to a strange country, together with running comments thereon.

To answer all has taken much time, but all have had answer, as will any others which may follow; but thinking that the subject might be of interest, and possibly suggestive and helpful to many more who desire similar information, but who might not feel at liberty to ask for it, it has seemed to me best to state generally in the columns of the Sportsmen's publication likely to reach the greatest number, the gist of the inquiries, objections and comments made and the replies thereto.

To most sportsmen in the United States New Brunswick is a geographical entity only—a small spot upon

the map of the Continent, easily covered by the thumb—and what can such a dot contain that would attract or interest them?

The old adage has it “Nothing is great save by comparison;” and what is such an insignificant area in comparison to the seeming endless expansion of territory to the west and southwest?

Some who have written to me complainingly say that while it ought to be of us and with us, it is not—that it flies and seems loyal to a foreign flag that was lowered to the Stars and Stripes on American soil more than a hundred years ago, and that they have no more love for it to-day and what it symbolizes than did their stout-hearted forbears in '76, and while they would like to sample its fish and game, these convictions and sentiments are difficult to overcome or suppress, and their constant out-cropping would make them ill at ease in such environment.

And others again, writing from a distance, inquire if the Province is not too far away, the game too difficult of access, and if the Government does not maintain too great surveillance over visiting sportsmen, and if it has not too much inquisition, inspection, overhauling of baggage, collecting of customs, too high a license fee for hunting big game, too stringent game laws, and if the guides are not prompted by Government officials and prominent sportsmen to extort outrageous fees for very poor service and the most primitive and indifferent accommodations?

And many have come to think—and have so expressed themselves—that they seem to hear “You must! You must!” echoed and re-echoed by every passing breeze; and when you tell a son of Uncle Sam

"You must!"—well, there is an excellent chance for an argument, and at best a disagreement.

And others express themselves as expecting to see if they ever arrive in New Brunswick £. s. d. emblazoned upon every leaf and impressed upon every snowflake, and a stand-and-deliver command from every person whose services might be required.

And again others admit that they are incredulous—doubting Thomases, so to speak—who believe the claims of the Province put forth to attract sportsmen, are but the old glad-hand-song-and-dance act put forth to inveigle them out of their money, and which are so much in evidence elsewhere.

These stated generally, and some of them verbatim, are among the more prominent complaints and objections as they have come to me, and asking for my personal experience in relation thereto, especially in so far as it would tend to their confirmation, modification, explanation or denial.

A surprising fact in relation to these inquiries impressed me with singular force—not one was received from a man who hunted moose by calling, or who defended the practice. On the contrary, several denounced this method as heartless, cold-blooded butchery, unsportsmanlike, and which should not have official sanction in any civilized country at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Grouping and condensing my answers, they were given substantially as subjoined.

There is no place in the Western Hemisphere of equal or even much larger area, and probably not in the world, especially so near centers of population and ease of access, so abounding in extensive forests

(about ten millions of acres of wilderness, the natural home of moose and caribou), that will at all compare with New Brunswick, nor which can truthfully boast of as much big game to the square mile.

Deer are not yet much in evidence, although men of observation and experience, and who are in the best position to judge, aver that they are rapidly increasing in numbers.

For deer alone New Brunswick does not compare favorably with Maine; for caribou only Newfoundland is far superior; but for the lordly moose, the object of the Eastern sportsmen's highest ambition, and caribou, neither alone nor both together are so sure to reward the effort as a trip to the wilderness and barrens of New Brunswick.

The subject not being now under consideration, we will not allude to the number and quality of her famous trout streams or her many salmon rivers of world-wide fame.

To the objection of distance and difficulty of access answer was made that many sportsmen in the United States do not find a trip to the land of perpetual winter within the arctic circle, to the glaciers of Alaska, to the summit of the Himalayas, or to the jungles of India, too far away, as presenting too many obstacles to surmount, or an outlay of time and money that is prohibitive; nor the presence of an alien flag or different laws and customs an intolerant or repelling obstacle.

Certainly such, and individuals with the right stuff in them, will not find a trip to any of the maritime provinces other than a school-boy experience in comparison.

Then again, the real sportsman, the sportsman de-

serving the name, is a gentleman, respecting and respected, tolerant and tolerated. Being keen of observation, having a well-informed and well-balanced mind, and positive convictions, if you will—he knows and respects the rights and feelings of others, and his good breeding and manly training prompt him to carefully avoid all mooted questions of religion, country, politics and the like, as becomes a gentleman and cosmopolite; and to such a sportsman will be extended a warm welcome and the right hand of fellowship whenever he visits New Brunswick.

But there are sportsmen and sportsmen. Sportsmanship is a very loose term, and it is so indefinite and elastic as to permit many, very many, to masquerade under its guise who are no credit to, and who should be refused fellowship in, the guild. This is nowhere better known and appreciated than in New Brunswick.

This element her people do not want, and they are not timid or backward in saying so; and if her laws and customs prevent their coming, then are her laws and customs very satisfactory to themselves.

I was informed by several of the leading citizens in government station, prominent people and guides, that this was one of the ends aimed at in the enactment of her fish and game laws—the other being the propagation, development, protection and conservation of their fish and game.

The people generally in station high or humble are frank in their avowal that they do not propose to have their country overrun, and their fish and game destroyed and possibly exterminated, as they have been in many places in our own country by such an army as is attracted to other places by managers of railroads, pro-

prietors of hotels, camp owners and guides, and whose shameful and unlimited killing is invited, applauded and advertised to swell its ever and rapidly growing numbers.

The fish and game of New Brunswick belong to her people, and who will question their right to name the conditions under which they may be taken by residents and non-residents?

If such conditions as are imposed are not satisfactory to non-residents they may stay at home or go elsewhere, and no one will complain. If, on the other hand, a wise foresight protects, develops and perpetuates this big game, prized trout and lordly salmon, will any one with the head and heart of a man not approve? And if her laws and customs exclude this army of destruction, then are not her laws and customs to be commended and continued in the interest of higher and better sportsmanship and the conservation of her fish and game?

The question of a high license fee may be regarded as involved in and sufficiently answered by the foregoing; but should it seem unjustified to some, I have asked if when two weeks' time are taken for a trip to the woods in midwinter after the big game, and possibly the only two weeks for recreation and recuperation available during the twelve months of the year, when traveling expenses, supplies, guides and the many other little necessities have been paid for, is it not better to pay the added expense of a license and be reasonably sure of getting what you go for, than to go elsewhere and save this expense and be reasonably certain of not getting what you go for?

And this, it seems to me, is a correct sizing up of the

situation, and a full justification of the license fee charge.

In the moose country of New Brunswick, with almost any apology for a guide to show you the lay of the land, and how best to get to and from your camp and hunting grounds only one IF, and it had better be spelled with capitals, intervenes between you and your moose, providing you know your business and no accident befalls.

Your success or failure will almost certainly depend upon the weather conditions—if the ground is not too dry, so that the leaves rustle; if it don't rain great guns; if it don't sleet; if the snow don't thaw and then freeze and form a crust; in fine, should you be favored with good weather and especially with a dry, fluffy snow—and doubly fortunate will you be should a good stiff wind accompany the latter and make the trees creak and groan and the limbs rattle—then the big moose you sought for without avail elsewhere for so many years is at your mercy, and steady nerves and careful aim will certainly make him yours.

In New Brunswick you will not find the tidy camps, good service and skilled guides of the Adirondacks, Maine, and other leading sportsmen's resorts, and this will serve to remind and impress upon you the truth and force of the old French saying, "Chaque pays a sa guise." Certain it is every country and every people have their peculiar ways and customs, and New Brunswick is no exception.

The tidy peeled spruce log cabins, cooking stoves, furniture, comfortable beds and other features of civilization met with elsewhere, here give way to the canvas tent, the bark lean-to, bough beds upon the earth, and cooking before and over the open outdoors fire.

What the guides lack in skill and efficiency is compensated for in a measure by faithful service cheerfully and promptly rendered. And what if the sportsman is introduced to a new and more robust and adventurous experience?—thrown a little more upon his own resources? Has it not its advantages?

The examination of baggage, payment of customs dues and other formalities, are no more onerous or burdensome when going to the maritime provinces than when going to any other foreign country; and the sportsman from the United States must not forget that his own country may be the most strict and exacting in this regard.

I have many, very many times crossed the border, and temporarily sojourned in the Dominion of Canada, and I bear most willing testimony to the uniform courtesy and forbearance of railway and Government officials, and their efforts to discharge their duties in the most formal and least objectionable manner possible.

If, when you are making your toilet, you see the reflection of a gentleman in the looking-glass, rest assured you will meet in your travels many as clearly entitled to that designation, not only in public station, but also in the many other walks of life, and your reasonable expectations are not likely to suffer disappointment.

I have no special interest in any steamship line, railway, hotel, camp-owner or guide, and so may be excused from following the too frequent custom of paying remitted bills and favors received by cheap advertising. The usual folders, hand-books of travel, sportsman's journals and other sources of information are easily available to all who may contemplate a trip

to this attractive country; but should more extended or specific information be desired a letter of inquiry addressed to the Crown Lands department, Fredericton, N. B., or to the Chief Game Commissioner, St. John, N. B., will probably bring all needed information.—*Forest and Stream*, January 27, 1900.

PROSPECTING FOR WOODCOCK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN upland game bird shooting, the golden plover—the earliest migrant—the erratic Wilson snipe, the swift flying quail, and the wary ruffed grouse have each their admirers who have not been slow to sing the praise of their favorite; but it goes without saying that for all that goes to give fascination and charm to a day a-field no bird of them all is such a general favorite as this lover of bog and brake and fern lands, of birch and alder growths beside running brooks and in the marge and ooze of swampy places—the American woodcock, the *Philohela Minor* of naturalists.

To the nations of the world Greece is not so well known by her triumphs in literature and art—by the inspiration of Homer and the genius of Phidias and the galaxy of unnumbered lesser lights whose achievements have adorned the civilization of the world and been the wonder and admiration of sages and scholars

for centuries—as by the long-billed favorite of sportsmen and gourmet, upon whom she bestowed the ornithological and Attic name *Philohela*. *Philos*-loving, *helos*-bog; to which has been added the Latin word *Minor*, smaller or lesser, to distinguish him from his European brother *P. Major*, larger or greater, and his numerous cousins of the order *Limicolæ*, the snipe family.

But another year has grown apace and the tempered sun tells that summer is on the wane. Sportsman and bird-dog anxiously await the opening day of the gunning season with the coming of September, but a vigorous manhood and love for shooting on the wing and attendant pleasures make the day seem long distant and prompts an observation run to old and familiar haunts to note the prospects for a successful opening day.

An old friend of many adventures in upland and sea-fowl shooting, and after big game in Maine and the Maritime Provinces, a man of rare erudition and a delightful boon companion, dropped into my sanctum to while away a reminiscent evening and to plan for the future. A day was soon settled on when we were to take a run into the country for this purpose, to the foot hills of old Wachusett some dozen or more miles away—the highest elevation in Massachusetts east of the Connecticut river and dignified by the name of mountain. Here bubbling springs and their offspring, purling brooks, and attendant conditions make an ideal place for woodcock breeding and as a resting place for them during the flight time, and here many a time and oft have sportsmen put in many of their most delightful and successful days with dog and gun.

As an entertainer and purveyor of valuable information, which is such a delightful concomitant of a trip, my companion has an enviable reputation. During the morning's drive he became eloquently reminiscent historically and ethically, a brief summary of which follows.

Since the day that the Mayflower—which was outfitted and the colonists, motly and otherwise, destined for what was afterwards known as "Plimoth Plantation," grub-staked by Merchant Adventurers (now called promoters) of England to go forth to America on a seven years' contract in pursuit of the fabled wealth of the country, the increment to be equally divided between the Adventurers and Colonists at the end of the contract period—landed in the harbor of Cape Cod, down through the years that these much vaunted Christians (?) found malicious pleasure in burning holes through the tongues and cutting off the ears of those among them whose opinions on religious matters differed from theirs, while claiming that they came to this country to escape religious persecution, through the years that their morbid imaginations saw the incarnation of the Evil One in their fellow citizens whom in their persecuting spirit they sent to their final account from the end of a halter as witches, through the darkened years of English misrule and oppression that preceded the dawn of liberty that immortalized Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, down through all the years since that have witnessed the building up of a broader, more tolerant, better and more genuine christianity upon the ruins of the blindness, bigotry, and unseemly prejudices of the past—Massachusetts has ever commanded, for bet-

ter or worse, her full share of attention from her sister states of the Union in her struggle for nobler and better things.

These waves of advancement and retrogression, of elevation and depression, these uplifts to the pure air of the sunlit hills and anon the backward swing of the pendulum to the noisome bogs and fens of the intolerant, turbulent, oppressive and repellant, well typify the broken, rolling, unharmonious topography of the state. Here is the intolerant and repulsive marsh—the slough of despond in the landscape—that refuses entrance to human footsteps; there, its antithesis, the clear and placid lake that truthfully mirrors the passing cloud as well as the clear blue sky above as if to testify that “truth crushed to earth will rise again”—and beyond lies the obstinate, stony and sterile soil that can be subdued and rendered fairly fruitful only by seemingly endless patience, sacrifice and perseverance.

Again, here is the abandoned farm that mutely tells the tale of other times and other days, of unrewarded endeavor, of deprivations and hardships too great to be endured, and, possibly, to the want of christian charity, kindly sympathy, and neighborly kindness—there, the gently sloping hillside shorn of its beauty by the intolerant axe of the greedy lumberman—and beyond, is the mountain in calm repose and indifference, seeming to look down in disgust as if to say to all below “I am holier than thou.”

But the sportsman, like the poet and philosopher and the people who by keeping abreast of the times have left behind the narrowness and injustice of early days, “Finds books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

In his outings he finds near the summit of the barren hill-top the birthplace of sparkling springs and purling brooks; the delicate yet vibrant and far carrying whistle of the swift and high flying golden plover sends a thrill through his system as he draws a deadly bead and pulls the trigger of his old and favorite hammerless; the drumming of the lordly grouse and the dual notes of cheery Bob White in the second growth saplings and shrubbery on the sloping hill-side fall as pleasantly on his ear as notes of sweetest music; he sees the home of the frisky grey squirrel and cunning raccoon in the old and gnarled chestnut trees in the older growths that have been spared as well as those upon almost inaccessible rocky cliffs; and the birch and alder runs and swampy places, which are scattered about in great abundance throughout the state, he knows as the breeding grounds and home of the sportsman's favorite, the gamy and erratic woodcock, and their stopping place in flight time when approaching winter prompts them to seek a home in the sunny south.

And so the social and ethical side of our state, the ups and downs and ins and outs of our people, find a not inapt parallel in the topographical and material side which—but the team was now in the dooryard of our farmer friend and his cheery “Good morning and welcome” put a stop to further comparison and comment. Being told the object of our mission and asked how the birds had wintered and what the prospect was for the opening of the season, he said: “Wa'al, there be no quails left. That ar last snow in March fixed 'em. Seems as if 'em fellers as buys quails to put out has more money than brains. P'raps they

think quails roost in trees and live on buds same as partridge does, but they don't, an' one good snow that lasts a week cleans 'em all out ev'ry time. But partridges been boomin' lots aroun' here all summer, 'an by Goll, I never see so many timber-doodles about here afore in forty year, since I moved on this place. Bro't yer old dorg with yer, eh? I never seed a dorg as knows so much, hanged if I did."

Being told that his report on the birds was most reassuring, and that his remarks on stocking the coverts with quail had a good deal of horse sense to recommend them, my red Irish setter dog was asked to speak his thanks for the farmer's words of appreciation and praise, which he promptly did by loud barking.

The horse was now safely housed in the barn and we took our departure down the lane and across the pasture to the sag, so called, a hollow depression of an acre or more on a sunny hillside not far from a birch and alder run with occasional small pines, fir balsam, and other coniferous and deciduous trees. This extensive basin, or sag, as it is called, is doubtless a vast spring hole as a trickling stream meanders therefrom through the sandy soil of the pasture and unites with a brook a little lower down. The wash from the surface of the hill for unnumbered centuries has enriched the soil and given it vast fertility. White birch saplings grow high into the air until a grape vine or wild clematis reach out and embrace them and pull them over in graceful ellipse to the earth or until their tops find lodgment in the tops of other shrubbery. Rank growing ferns, rhododendrons, laurel, and other herbaceous plants, grow in riotous profusion

and make an ideal breeding place for Mr. and Mrs. Philohela Minor. Skirting along the upper side and for a distance beyond, a stone wall separates the pasture from a large field of corn, now well tasselled out and completely shading the ground. Approaching the sag from the pasture side, my friend climbed to the top of an immense boulder, some six or seven feet high, near the edge of the undergrowth, and which commanded a view over nearly its whole extent. Keeping Rex in close, I pushed my way through five or six feet of dense undergrowth when he turned suddenly toward my friend and made a staunch point within a yard of where I stood. Going as noiselessly as I might it was impossible for me to hear the querulous twitter of the mother bird when she rose, but my friend's voice broke the silence with the command to stand perfectly still. This was followed by another to back out by the very tracks by which I had entered, not deviating a foot to the right or left, and to bring Rex with me. Accomplishing this as best I could, as Rex persisted in holding his point, we were soon again in the opening.

"There," said he, "I have seen woodcock do many strange things in my day but this is the most erratic of all. You see the black alder bush with the red berries, beside which you stood. Well, the instant you stepped beside it a great big woodcock jumped up, sputtering all the protest he or she could command, and just clearing the top of the same bush dropped down again on this side within a yard, I should think, of where it got up." And this was within a rod of where we then stood. Calling out to Rex to "go on" he advanced, when up went five woodcock uttering their

peculiar querulous whistle in protest at being disturbed. They made only a short flight and dropped down on the other side of the sag or in the edge of the corn field, it being impossible to tell which from our location. Ordering Rex to heel and going very quietly around to the opposite side to avoid the dense and tangled undergrowth, and crossing the stone wall, we carefully scrutinized the ground at the edge of the growing corn and were soon rewarded with a striking and beautiful sight. A full grown and well fed woodcock came strutting out to the edge of the corn, head up and tail feathers spread out like a fan and almost touching the back of his head, he was a picture of pride and independence which seemed to say that he was monarch of all he surveyed. His right we then did not dispute but woe betide him should he again afford us such an opportunity a little later.

We quietly retraced our steps and took our departure to Woodcock Rock, a mile or more away. Here is another and larger "sag" with woodcock conditions accentuated. Here such riotous undergrowth abounds that it is impossible to get a shot when following the dog, but a kindly providence has located a huge boulder near the center, ascending to the top of which a fine view is afforded which overlooks the surrounding shrubbery and overhanging grapevines. Standing upon this rock during the last season, with a friend to beat the cover with a dog and to give notice when he pointed, it was my good fortune with three shots to kill four woodcock as they rose above the top of the bushes—the only time in my somewhat lengthened shooting career that I ever killed two woodcock at one shot.

Here we put a small bell on Rex's neck and sent him into the cover at random. In a few moments the tinkle of the bell ceased and again we knew that Woodcock Rock was true to its tradition. Promising to again revisit it on opening day we retraced our steps to the farm house where we had agreed to sample some of our friend's cider, whipped up with fresh eggs upon which a little nutmeg was to be grated—funny-guzzle water he called it—with our mid-day lunch. Here an after dinner hour was spent in living over old experiences and telling the tales of other days.

Being asked if he had ever seen woodcock carrying their young he answered affirmatively in the most positive manner.

"Why," said he, "it was only las' spring when me an' the boys was plantin' corn we seed 'em do it. Ol' Tige got a woodchuck in the wall and he made such a tarnation fuss about it, yelpin' an' barkin' an' diggin' that I s'pose the ol' mother got afraid to stay thar. 'T any rate John seed her fust and sung out to the rest of us to look an' we all seed ol' mother woodcock claspin' her young un to her bosom like any mother would, flyin' off down to the big sag, woodcock rock you call it."

And in relation to the homing instinct of birds he was not less prompt and positive.

"Well, yes, you know ol' cripple Jack I tole you on las' year. Wa'al, he's here again this year, he is. And I don't believe he's such a fool as to try and stay in these parts all winter, I swan I don't. If he'd tried it he'd been a dead woodcock sure."

Old cripple Jack is a woodcock with one eye destroyed and a broken leg that it would take a pile of

evidence bigger than Wachusett Mountain to make our farmer friend believe is not the same identical woodcock that he has now seen two years in succession, and that after his winter's sojourn in the sunny south he returned to his old mountain home in New England.

The sun was now aslant in the heavens, and after a day pleasantly passed amid old scenes and old haunts that cheer the heart of the sportsman, we took our departure for a leisurely drive homeward, with a compact made and entered into with all the binding force of signed, sealed and delivered, to be again on the sloping hillsides and foot-hills of old Wachusett in the early dawn of September first, with dog and gun.
—*Field and Stream.*

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES—I.

THE New England sportsman, when planning for a day out with gun and dog in the stubble for the swift-flying quail, or along the wooded hillsides for the peer of American game birds, the lordly grouse, or along the sluggish brook, that winds its sinuous course through alder runs for the erratic woodcock, makes an elastic programme, having learned in the school of experience that it is the unexpected that often happens.

An unlooked-for experience frequently overturns his plans, a difficult or peculiar shot may surprise him in its result, and when a certainty seemed inevitable a humiliating failure is often his only reward. What is planned as a pleasant adventure may end in disappointment, and that of an untoward beginning may have a very pleasant ending.

These ins-and-outs, these ups-and-downs, for the want of a more expressive phrase, I call zigzag experiences.

Under this caption I will briefly relate, from time to time, some of my personal experiences, and those of others to which I was a party. Some of these were pathetic, some marvelous and some ludicrous. With one of the latter I begin the narration.

It occurred some few years since in the town of Charlton, one of the three towns of Worcester county that Hallock, some twenty years ago, thought of sufficient importance to be pointed out to sportsmen, in his "Sportsman's Gazetteer," as "a good place for quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock, etc."

Time, in his zigzag flight, has made many changes here as elsewhere. A growing army of shooters have made sad havoc with the birds, many of the best covers of former times have been destroyed by the woodsman's axe, and to others the "No Trespass" signs forbid an entrance.

Being invited to spend a few days in November at the Holmes farm at Dresser Hill of Revolutionary and subsequent fame and a good place for birds, a trio sauntered forth in the clear, crisp and bracing frosty morning air—Erford, Charley and the writer—hold! a quintet, for Shot and Dock, two as good setters as ever pointed a bird, were also of the party.

We journeyed to the north and west and covered quite an extent of country, making some nice clean kills and some scandalous misses.

We added to our game bags in the McIntyre cover, and after working it out, started for another cover nearly a mile away. To get there we had to pass a very promising wooded growth of considerable extent, which was posted with an abundance of no trespass signs.

The highway runs along one side of this beautiful chestnut woods, and on the other side of the road is a sloping hillside overgrown with scrub oak and an occasional dwarf pine. Turning a bend in the highway we saw, at a considerable distance, the old farmer who owned the posted land coming toward us with a yoke of oxen and a wagon. He was described to me as a cantankerous old man, who found no pleasure in life, or, if qualified pleasure he found at all, it was in trying to make others as unhappy as he could.

Charley said I had better keep along in the road, and while the hillside, which belonged to another farm and was not posted, was rather an unpromising place for birds, that he and Erford would take the dogs along and work it out, and that if they started any birds which they failed to get, I might get a shot as they crossed the road to the woods which were adorned with the no trespass signs.

Soon after they left me I met the farmer and accosted him with: "A pleasant afternoon, sir!"

"Wa-al, pleasant or not pleasant, I don't want you huntin' on my land. See them signs?"

"Why, my dear sir, you have a most excellent piece of woods there and I would not think of harming it

by walking through it," was my reply as I walked along.

Some little distance beyond, the timber growth terminated in an open pasture, and turning round to see what had become of the farmer and his team, I saw them turning into the woods. As I turned about to pursue my way, I noticed an apple tree in the pasture not far from the woods, and instantly a partridge took flight from underneath it. As quick as thought I covered him and fired in the line of his flight; but seeing no bird fall, nor a single feather fluttering down the wind, I concluded that I had scored a clean miss.

Breaking open my gun to replace the shell fired, judge of my surprise to see four more take wing and plunge into the cover before I could complete the act. Not an unusual experience to be sure, but mighty exasperating.

Soon my companions were at my side inquiring what I had shot at. Being told the story, Erford volunteered to go back and importune the farmer to let them and their guest put in a few hours in his woods. In the meantime, Charley and I were to try and get some of the birds while negotiations were pending, even if driven off later, which it was thought we certainly should be.

We had not been long in cover before Charley's dog pointed, and a plump bird fell to his gun, and but a short time thereafter I added another to my score.

We soon encountered Erford and the farmer who finally gave his consent, much to their surprise, as they said later. Night came and we returned to Dresser Hill after a day of rare enjoyment and success.

The following Christmas our farmer friend and his wife were importuned to visit a married daughter in a city some little distance away, and the young people of the household took advantage of their absence to have a Christmas party of the young people of the town at the old homestead. After the Virginia Reel, Money Musk, and other old-time dances—and apples, cider, pumpkin pies, doughnuts and cheese had been served—stories, good natured banter and other frolics were the order during intermission.

“Well, Charley,” said the farmer’s son,” who is your friend from Worcester shooting partridges for now?”

“What do you mean?” said Charley.

“Why, don’t you remember the day that Erford got father to let you fellows shoot up in the chestnut woods? Well, just before Erford got up to father, your friend shot a partridge that came tumbling down through the treetop and fell at his feet. He picked it up and put it in his pocket and as he thought he might get another he let you fellows go on and hunt.
—*Forest and Stream.*”

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES—II.

A PHANTOM WOODCOCK.

RISING high above its fellows, Mount Wachusett overlooks central and eastern Massachusetts, and nothing intervenes to break the vision to the Atlantic Ocean, which may be seen of a clear day more than fifty miles away.

Radiating from its sides like so many pulsating arteries instinct with life and running to all points of the compass, are several purling trout brooks that reward the knowledge and skill of the angler with many a goodly creel of gamy trout.

Those flowing to the south and east, seeking light of the rising sun, join their forces and swell in volume, making the rivers known as the Quinapoxet river and Stillriver, the confluence of which at Oakdale is the birthplace of the gentle Nashua river. Along these brooks and adjacent hillsides are many excellent woodcock runs and coverts for ruffed grouse.

Mast grows in abundance—blackberries, blueberries, partridge berries, grapes, chestnuts—and few sportsmen in the crisp days of autumn have better opportunities for enjoyment with gun and dog than those whose good fortune it is to know the coverts and to pursue the wary game birds in these favorite haunts.

Boston is not a prohibition city, and yet singular as it may seem, she is seeking for more water. Already her scientific men and engineers are at work binding the waters of the Nashua near its source by a mighty dam, which is bound to take its place among the triumphs of engineering, and which is destined to be one of the wonders of the world.

Already our favorite woodcock ground at Sawyer's Mills is a thing of the past; but blotted out as it is, it will live long in memory as one of the best woodcock runs in which I ever fired a gun. Here the river recedes from a sloping hillside on the north and west and makes an interval of some fifty or seventy-five acres in extent, which is overgrown with a dense growth of black alders and white birches.

The soil is a moist, black, light sandy marl that *Philohela minor* loves, and having natural protection from the vicissitudes of New England weather and the advantage of the sun's warmest rays in early spring, no better breeding grounds can be found.

Here it was in the callow days of youth that I shot and killed my first woodcock—the first bird that I ever fired a shot at on the wing. It was an unexpected but most successful shot and one that I will always remember with pleasure.

But that is another story.

It is of another occasion and another experience that I am to write. On this same ground, some years after, I had a very singular experience bordering on the marvelous.

In company with two friends we drove to a nearby farmhouse and put our team in the barn.

We were soon in our favorite haunt, which was now

so dense in many places that to work it out thoroughly our progress was necessarily very slow. Many times the dogs could not be seen twenty feet away, and often it was impossible to shoot when the bird was flushed.

We had made several snap shots and were surprised, under such circumstances, to score some very creditable kills. My dog came to a staunch point but a few feet away, and, trying to get into a position where I could shoot with a fair prospect of success, the bird flushed, and, without being able to get my gun to my shoulder, I fired. Judge of my surprise to see feathers falling gently among the limbs, and working my way to the spot I found a wing as completely cut from the body as if severed with a butcher's cleaver.

My dog trailed the bird a little distance and pointed where he had secreted himself under some dead brush and roots. Drawing him forth I found a wing gone, but not another shot had touched him.

My companions joining me soon after, we smoothed his plumage and admired his beauty. One of them suggested putting him out of misery at once in a humane manner, and taking from his utility box a large, chisel-pointed sewing machine needle, he forced it into the base of the skull and then gave it a rotary motion. A few spasms, ending in gentle tremors, resulted, when he became limp in apparent death.

Depositing him in my game pocket, we separated and resumed the quest. Meeting again after the lapse of a couple of hours, we sat down for a little rest, when I felt a fluttering in my game pocket. Taking out one, two, three birds, stone dead, the fourth, my wingless bird, was as active as if he had not lost a

wing and the needle of my companion had never made an exploring expedition to the base of his brain. Companion No. 2 now had his innings.

"If you are going to kill a bird," said he, "there is but one sure way to do it, and that is this way"—taking the bird and crushing its skull between his teeth. More spasms, tremors and twitchings resulted, and all again was quiet. Again we parted to meet at the barn at 12 o'clock to eat our lunch and take a little mid-day rest.

I shot another brace and arriving at the barn before my friends I noticed more evidence of life in my pocket, and thinking it must be one of the last lot of birds shot proceeded to investigate. Judge of my surprise when I found that it proceeded from my wingless friend. There, thought I, you may talk of the humane method and the sure method, I will kill the poor fellow as I have seen fanciers kill chickens, who make certain work of it by wringing their necks.

Grasping him firmly by his bill, I proceeded to whirl him round and round until it seemed that there was not left an unbroken cervical vertebræ in his neck—and so I gave him another quietus. Returning all to pocket, I told my companions on arrival of my experience, whereat they marvelled much, and said he must have borne a charmed life, and he has since been known as the phantom woodcock.

We spent the afternoon in other covers, and added to our store; but more and more was I surprised on my return home to find evidence of life in that self-same bird, nor did it cease until his beauty for the table was destroyed by decapitation.—*Forest and Stream.*

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES.—III.

SHOOTING RUFFED GROUSE WITH A GUN WAD.

THE dog-star is no longer doing business at the old stand, and the breath of Boreas has already painted hillside and dale in all the gorgeous colors of autumn. The crisp frosts have purified the air and made it more exhilarating than the choicest vintage of champagne—its stillness broken only by the tread of the sportsman and the tinkle of the bell on his well-trained setter or pointer, as they seek well-known coverts.

In addition to the good which comes from a day spent in wooded copse and alder runs, and the many fascinations and varied experiences which remain as prized remembrances, a thorough knowledge of the region and of the habits of the game birds of our country, together with a keen eye, quick hand and well-trained dog, will reward the effort with many a goodly bag. Even in this, the old Bay State, one of the oldest and most densely populated in the Union, the most optimistic would doubt, and even credulity itself would be taxed, if told the number of game birds annually killed within its borders.

But it is not my purpose now to tell of the benefit, pleasure or success that comes to him who goes afield, but to relate another of the many unexpected and peculiar experiences which befall the devotee of dog and gun.

We had spent the crisp, frosty night in the hospitable Holmes homestead, on Dresser Hill, in the old town of Charlton, and early in the morning a trio, consisting of the two sons, Erford and Charley, and the writer, accompanied by Shot and Dock—two as good setters as ever pointed or retrieved a bird—started southward toward the covers in Dudley—the land of the Nipmucks and the birthplace of Nessmuk—the land of grapevine and chestnut—the home of many a prized woodcock and lordly ruffed grouse.

We beat not the covers in vain, and the birds, with smoothed plumage and laid in a row, won encomiums from the farmer who kindly brought us a pitcher of new cider to add zest to our lunch at the nooning hour.

Swinging around to the westward to take in new ground on our return, we encountered a hill of considerable proportions, the sloping sides of which and adjacent territory were covered with a dense growth which made good cover, while the summit had been cleared and was now open pasture land.

My companions, who were entirely familiar with the locality, informed me that the cover was very dense around the base of the hill, and so thoroughly overgrown with grapevines and wild clematis that it was very difficult to get through it, and to make a successful shot therein was next to impossible; and they kindly advised me to take a position on the top, where I would get an open shot at every bird that they might start and not kill, as they were certain to dart up over the summit to cover on the opposite side.

I am not boasting that I am as young or light on foot as once I was, nor am I denying that I was some-

what fatigued by the lengthened miles and unusual exercise of the day; but whether it was that my companions noticed this and desired to spare me, or because of that innate chivalry and sense of decency so characteristic of good breeding that prompted them to accord me the place of greatest advantage, I may never know. But all the same, I was only too glad to comply and soon I was in my place on the summit.

The tinkle, tinkle of the bells, and now and then a word of admonition or caution to the dogs, apprised me of their location, and an occasional bang, or bang—bang! proclaimed the death knell and that no bird would then confront me on the summit.

Soon, however, a covey was flushed, when both guns did good execution, but a "Mark! Mark!" apprised me to be on the alert, and instantly an old cock bird broke cover and wheeled into an open cow-path and came directly toward me, closely hugging the ground. I need not tell old sportsmen of the thunder of his pinions or of his lightning speed.

Hastily throwing my gun to my shoulder, I pressed the trigger and instantly received a fearful blow upon my feet. There, limp in death, lay my noble bird. I lost no time in replacing the empty shell with a fresh cartridge, when after a lapse of several minutes my dead bird began to show signs of life.

At this juncture I heard the single monosyllable "point!" and so placed one foot upon an extended wing as a precaution against any contingency and gave heed to the timely note of warning.

Soon another noble bird came my way, and discovering my presence he soared upward to pass over my head, when I scored a nice, clean kill. Meanwhile my

first bird, in his endeavors to secure his liberty, fluttered and thrashed the ground with all the animation and vigor of a mature bird that had never been injured. My companions soon joined me, when we put him out of his misery by passing the small blade of a penknife through the spinal column at the base of the skull.

Subsequently, when the bird was dressed, the closest examination failed to reveal the presence of a single shot or shot mark.

Square on the breast, where the neck joined the body, was a circular black mark that was very black and about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar. The shot had been scattered to the winds, and a gun wad had brought the quarry to earth.—*Forest and Stream, October 15, 1898.*

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES—IV.

A LUDICROUS MEADOW LARK.

Tempo—The sea fowl shooting season of a few years ago.

Dramatis Personæ—Two Massachusetts sportsmen of which the writer was one.

Scene—The shooting box of Captain Andrews situated on the coast of Virginia, south of Cape Henry, amid the vast regions of sand and water and marsh adjacent to the Atlantic Coast, where human habitations are few and far between, and where myriads of sea-fowl make their winter home.

THE stress of weather prevailing during the early morning hours sent many visitors to our decoys at Shell Point and many a prized canvas-back and goodly redhead were added to our score before the furious gale subsided, and the morning flight was over.

Soon thereafter my companion proposed that we return to headquarters and exchange our heavy guns for lighter arms and seek the scaiping, scaiping snipe in many of the swales and marshy patches with which this coast abounds.

Accompanied by our boatmen and gunners, we divided into two parties, and journeyed northward toward one of the life saving stations some four miles away.

This proved to be one of the days when I was at my best, and I killed almost everything I shot at, and made several long distance and difficult kills that won the admiration and praise of my boatman—especially a meadow lark that fell to my gun soon after starting out.

Meeting by appointment at the life saving station, my companion's game bag proved to be empty, although his ammunition pockets had been materially lightened during the journey.

Candor compels me to admit that this was a very unusual experience with him, but he offered as an explanation his impaired vision resulting from the seething, cutting sand with which the air is filled, and which produces sand ophthalmia, a very prevalent disease in these parts.

But sand or no sand, he was made the butt of much jesting and good-natured chafing, for wasting so much good ammunition and failing to score. This was persisted in until he became somewhat touchy and said that I had better opportunity to kill than he had, and that he could beat me at the game if I would exchange routes with him on our return trip. This was finally agreed to, each to follow the tracks left in the sand by the other, when I assured him that if a life saving boat was to take wing he couldn't hit it!

I had not proceeded far on the return before the drifting sand had so filled his tracks that the trail was as hard to find as the place on his now bald head, where he used to part his hair. We finally struck a bee line for Little Island, the home of Captain Andrews showing but indistinctly in the hazy distance.

I added several more of the cork-screwing birds we

sought to my score, and arrived at our destination a little in advance of my opponent.

The Captain being a jolly man, enjoyed the story of my companion's discomfiture, and said he must touch him up a little. On his arrival the Captain complimented him upon the large bag of birds which I told him he had killed.

Not having killed a single bird on his return, this proved the last straw, and he broke in just when I had taken the meadow lark, which I had shot several hours before, from my pocket. "There," said he, grasping the bird, "the Doctor may tell big stories, and think he is a great shooter, but I will bet a bottle of Extra Dry that he can't hit this dead bird when I throw it up into the air."

Now a bottle of Extra Dry just about this time would be most acceptable, and the bouquet would be much more choice if the sparkling nectar was drank at my companion's expense, so I said, "It is a bet! Let her go!"

He tossed the bird up, when it immediately took wing and struck a lightning gait, going toward North Carolina. I threw my gun to my shoulder, sighted as well I thought as I ever sighted a bird in my life, and bang! — — bang!! — — but so far as I know that bird is going yet!

Then on whom was the laugh? And who paid for the wine?—*Forest and Stream, February 25, 1899.*

ZIGZAG EXPERIENCES—V.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER WITH FIBER ZIBETHICUS.

YOUTH and early manhood have long since left our schoolboy days in the distant past, but the lapse of years only tends to renew and confirm the lessons learned in the little old weather-beaten school house beside the country road.

We turn a retrospective glance and behold the plain, everyday, common-sense system and methods of the past have been blotted out by the transmuting evolution of the present with its lengthening curriculum of frills and flounces—with its “swing of Pleiades,” isms, psychology and other irridescent bubbles.

New investigations, new light and deeper study may have overturned some of the old teachings, but our early lessons were so thoroughly inculcated, so thoroughly mastered, and so thoroughly assimilated, that we find it difficult to dethrone the old and to fall down and worship the new—and in unguarded moments the mind reverts to the accepted teachings of early years.

“You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

From our old leather-bound and well-thumbed textbook on natural history we learned that our interesting American friend, the muskrat, with whom we oftentimes sought closer acquaintance beside the

brooks and rivers in early spring with shotgun in hand, is in the matter of diet exclusively a vegetarian, and so cleanly in his habits that he thoroughly washes the roots of the water plants, fruits and vegetables upon which he feeds before eating them.

Spending a sunny winter's day not long since upon a pond fishing through the ice for pickerel, judge of my astonishment and chagrin when answering the summons of the red flag at the masthead of a tilt to find a whole menagerie, including the clown, on the end of my line!—astonishment when I landed a quadruped with fur instead of a fish with scales, and chagrin because of the rude sundering of the ties which bound me to the teachings of the past!

Shades of Izaak Walton and all his disciples! didn't he cavort around, pull, and do all the trapeze and acrobatic acts of the circus man! For a time it seemed as if I had the whole Chinese Empire on my line and every Mongolian was doing his utmost to remain in his own country. But being securely hooked all remonstrance was in vain, landing was effected, and he was my—muskrat!

My first impulse was to conclude that, since his appearance in the Devonian age in the Paleozoic era he had been ascending in the scale by evolution from a vegetarian to the higher forms of feeders upon a mixed diet, and so furnishing new matter for speculative thought and making a revision of text-books necessary.

But a little reflection convinced me that such conclusion was based upon insufficient data. While not questioning the changes wrought by evolution, or that the present experience might be a demonstration

thereof, there are many other possible explanations which should be given due consideration.

Was it a case of mistaken identity? Did he mistake the minnow for a floating piece of yellow lily root or a piece of parsnip from a neighboring scullery? Was it an accident? Was Mr. Muskrat out on a love adventure, and so thoroughly absorbed in prospective pleasure as to thoughtlessly run foul of the minnow, and snapping at it to cast it out of his pathway become accidentally impaled upon the hook?

Aha! And suppose the minnow was the attacking party. What then? Suppose the minnow was imbued with the ambition of *Æsop's* frog, and that he thought himself big enough and powerful enough to subdue everything in the pond? Ah! who will tell?—*Forest and Stream*, May 26, 1900.

THANKSGIVING IN THE WOODS.

“**S**NOWING, come.”

Our Winter hunt for 1893 had been planned many months previously and all preparations had been made for a hasty departure when our guides should summon us, and now in the latter part of November came over the wire the short but welcome message which appears above. Next morning our party made up of Boston and New York friends and the scribe, together with generous supplies



MENI

- SOUP -

OX-TAIL - TOMATO - C

- FISH -

FRIED DACE DRAWN

- ENTREE -

CARIBOU STEW A LA NASH - LOIN OF VENISON WITH CIGAR JELLY - LARDED GROUSE
JUGGED HARE A LA JAMES O'GRAY - DEER'S LIVER AND BACON - DEER'S FRIES BREADED
PORK AND BEANS - DEVILLED HAM

- BOILED -

SUGAR CURED HAM MARTINI SAUCE
CARIBOU AND DEER TONGUES



- ROASTS -

SADDLE OF VENISON - RIB OF CARIBOU
PARTRIDGE STUFFED - DEER'S HEART.

- VEGETABLES -

POTATOES A LA NATURAL - LYONNAISE - FRIED
- BOILED ONIONS - CORN -
HUNGY-GUNGY A LA HASTINGS

- RELISHES -

MIXED PICKLES - PICALILLY WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE - SHREWSBURY KETCHUP



- DESSERT -

HOT-DISCUIT WITH CREAMERY BUTTER - CORN FRITTERS WITH
MAPLE SYRUP - FLAP JACKS AND MELASSES - DOUGHNUTS
GINGER BREAD APRICOT SAUCE - STEWED PRUNES
FROZEN APPLE SAUCE - JOHNNY CAKE - PUMPKIN -
MINCE, APPLE AND PRUNE, PIE - RAISINS AND NUTS



- TEA -

- COFFEE -



MARYLAND CLUB RYE - OLD TOM GIN - VERMOUTH
- MARTINI and MANHATTAN COCKTAILS -
- OLD MEDFORD RUM -

- CIGARS -

- CIGARETTES -



DR GEORGE McALEER
HARRY S SEELEY
DR MEBA BISHOP
JACK BOYLE
WEE LATTY
HERBERT L MEAL



for such an adventure, were being hastily transported toward the mountain fastness of northwestern Maine, where the beaver builds his dam and the lordly moose has still his home.

For hours we had journeyed away from civilization, and late in the afternoon we arrived at the terminus of the standard gauge railroad where transfer is made to the diminutive narrow gauge road, its rails being but two feet apart, and room for but a single passenger in each seat of its cars.

Seated in these diminutive cars we follow the devious pathway of winding stream, climb over mountain spurs, and finally alight at the little station of Dead River, in the forest, where but a single house is the only habitation. And yet our journey is not ended; nor will it be until we have gone into the denser forest some fifty miles beyond, where the shriek of the locomotive is not heard and the dilettanti do not come. Here teams are taken for an eighteen-mile drive over a primitive road to our destination for the night.

Before the sun appeared above Mount Bigelow the next morning a buckboard with our party and supplies on board took its departure over the unequalled blue-ribbon corduroy, boulder and bog road of Maine for the camps of the Megantic Club on the Chain of Ponds in the Dead River region some twenty miles away.

We had planned to reach these camps soon after mid-day and our permanent camp beyond Mount Pisgah, in the Moose River Valley, the same night.

But the weather grew sunny and warm with advancing day, and the melting snow and previous rains had so filled the bogs and worked such sad havoc with much

of the corduroy that our progress was slow indeed. It was so late in the afternoon when we reached Shaw's isolated farmhouse, some seven or eight miles distant from the Megantic Club camps, and as far as it was possible for the buckboard to go, that we decided to stay there over night and push on to our destination the next day. Shaw's farm is simply a clearing in the wilderness on which to grow hay to feed the horses and oxen used in lumbering operations during the Winter season. It would be a very expensive luxury to transport it in from the settlements.

As frequently happens in this northern country at this season, when the sun went down it grew intensely cold and next morning the ground was white with snow and a sheet of ice covered the ponds.

Our guides looked crestfallen. The ice was not thick enough to be safe, and to go around the shore to the other side of the pond to the trail was entirely out of the question, because of the dense water brush, boulders, over-turned trees around the shore, and trap-rock in places rising sheer fifty feet and over out of the water. And besides, such crust had formed upon the snow that the most careful, stealthy footsteps could be heard a hundred yards away, making successful still-hunting of big game absolutely impossible.

A lodge of deliberation was opened in due form when the guides suggested that the trip be abandoned or postponed to a more favorable season. It was announced to them that we were out for big game, that we had proceeded too far to back out, that the weather bureau probably had some more snow to distribute, that we would await its arrival with becoming complacency, and that the problem now pressing for immedi-

ate solution was how best to get an early view of Camp Taylor over in the valley beyond the mountain.

Our guide of endless resource, Herb Heal, child of the forest, lithe and sinewy, as willing as strong and whose burden never tires—skilled with rifle and rod, grand master of paddle and frying pan, clear of eye and steady of nerve, whose footprints in the pathless forest make a bee-line to destination—proposed that he and Jack Boyle, a fellow guide well schooled in woodcraft, make an opening in the ice for a canoe, and then proceed to chop or break a canal through the ice, and for the rest of the party to follow after the lapse of a couple of hours when they would probably have a thoroughfare opened to the opposite shore. This plan, being the only feasible way out of the dilemma, was adopted and at once put into execution. We returned to the warm farm house and whiled away a generous two hours and then embarked in frail canoes and followed in their wake.

The ice was so thick it could not be broken with a pole, and with an axe only a narrow channel could be cut, so that our heavily laden canoes had to be paddled with the utmost caution to prevent the sharp, jutting corners of ice from penetrating their thin sides and giving us an icy bath, and possibly sending us to the bottom.

Going around a bend about a mile from the place of departure we saw the ice choppers still at work and a very considerable part of the task yet to be accomplished. We overtook them and were chilled to the bones before we reached the shore an hour and a half later. Packs were shouldered and the trail taken along Clear Water stream for Camp Taylor some ten

miles beyond. Ascending the stream to its source, we reached the summit of the Boundary Mountains between Maine and the Province of Quebec, overlooking Spider and Megantic lakes in Canada and many miles of beautiful mountain scenery in Maine.

Our trail followed the crest of the mountains for several miles and furnished such wealth of panoramic splendor as might well enlist the pencil of artists and the pen of poets. But to human mind and human skill it is not given to adequately portray such beauty and loveliness, and fortunate indeed is he whose privilege it is to gaze upon and enjoy such fascinating scenes.

To some the journey may seem long and rough, that the difficulties and hardships to contend with and surmount would deaden, if not extinguish, all pleasurable anticipations, and that fatigue would dull the edge of romance, but he whose ear is attuned to nature's symphonies and whose eye appreciates the beautiful and grand, and who has within him the heart and instincts of a sportsman, has a thousand compensations and the trip ends all too soon.

Going over a ravine we encountered an enormous track of a bear around which we gathered and noted that it must belong to an animal of huge proportions—and all resolved to go in hot pursuit the next day. The shadows are lengthening and we hurry on. Fatigue says tarry, but enthusiasm prevails, and soon we are on the downward slope toward Moose River.

Another mile and a half and we are crossing the beaver dam now in possession of a colony of these interesting quadrupeds, a few rods beyond which is Camp Taylor, our haven of rest and abode for the

next few weeks, hidden away in the forest and unknown to all save its very few owners and some trusty guides.

A roaring fire is soon giving needed warmth, and a cup of bullion paves the way for a well earned and bountiful supper. Far away as it is from sources of supply, Camp Taylor is not without most of the necessities and many of the luxuries of civilized life, and the spring mattresses and soft woolen blankets were not among the least highly prized.

The fatigue resulting from the unusual experience of the past few days was so great that an adjournment was made from the supper table to bed, nor was any practical joker inclined to indulge in levity. Political ambition, financial depression, professional obligations or business cares troubled not the dreams of the sleepers. The weather had moderated during the afternoon and night and with the break of day the camp resounded with the enthusiasm that greeted the announcement that six inches of snow had fallen during the night and that it was still snowing. This prevented following Bruin's trail, for which, no doubt, he was thankful, but all started out in pursuit of moose, caribou and deer—the three members of the party, each with a guide, taking different directions.

As the day advanced the snow fell thicker and faster, until the great soft snow flakes so filled the air as to limit the vision in the mountain defiles to a few yards, and at mid-day it seemed as if night was at hand.

It was a slavish day to be out and all made an early return to camp, three deer having been seen but none were killed. The storm grew in volume during the night, and next morning it was snowing in such abundance as to shut out the view of a neighboring moun-

tain peak not a mile away. It seemed as if a large snowball might be made by simply clasping the hands together in the air.

But venison was wanted for the camp and all sallied forth in quest of the coveted game.

Well, perhaps it is not best to tell all the happenings of that day. Some things are too sacred to tell and should be kept as family secrets, and so I believe my readers will pardon me if I respect this custom that boasts a venerable antiquity, and give but a mere outline of this day's doings.

Accompanied by my guide I had tramped up and down the mountain side, and wallowed and floundered about in soft snow, two feet deep and over, until after mid-day, and was thoroughly fatigued with the exertion and wet with sweat and the vast quantity of snow dislodged from the spruce and fir trees, now bending under its weight and looking like huge ghostly pyramids, without getting a shot or seeing anything to shoot at, so I informed Jack that I was going to give it up and go back to camp.

Now, if there is any one thing that Jack likes to do better than another, after pleasing his employer, it is to enable his man to bring in his share of game to camp. Admiring his ambition and desire in this, and telling him that I could certainly follow my tracks back to camp, we parted, Jack carrying the compass and I without one.

For a time everything went well with me, but I observed that the tracks were rapidly growing indistinct, the snow was falling so fast, and so dense was the snow cloud that no familiar peak or mountain top was discernible to aid in locating myself.

Hurrying along as fast as my weary legs would carry me, I soon arrived at a place where other tracks intersected, and making a close examination I was puzzled to know which were mine, all being well filled with snow.

Discovering what seemed to me satisfactory evidence, I again took the trail and hurried on. Feeling entirely confident I journeyed on and on until I encountered a bluff and a great windfall around which the trail deflected, when it dawned upon me that I had not been that way before, and that I was upon the wrong trail, and that when I returned to the place where I took it all tracks would be so obliterated that it would be impossible to tell one track from another.

Like a flash it passed through my mind that I would probably have to pass the night upon the trail, and I felt in every pocket for matches. Not being a user of tobacco and never dreaming of such a contingency when I started out, I found none.

Thinking that whoever made the trail which I was following might still be within hearing distance, I fired the signal shots agreed upon for "help wanted"—but got no answer.

Gathering myself together I started back. Hurrying along with anything but pleasant or re-assuring thoughts passing through my mind I had covered about three-fourths of the distance when I saw the welcome form of Jack coming along the trail. He had heard my signal shots and answered them, but the wind being unfavorable for me and his rifle of smaller calibre than mine, I did not hear them. Jack understands human nature too well and is too astute a diplomat to always say what he thinks, and so his innocent inquiry now was: "What did you shoot at?"

Rather an awkward question to be sure, but well calculated to let me down easily.

We hurried back and when nearing the intersection of the trails we met Herb who hurriedly asked, "Have you seen the Doctor?"

Well, perhaps the rest hadn't better be told here, but after a time we got together and struck a bee-line to camp by compass, where we brought up at nightfall without any desire for more exercise that day.

We were much surprised not to find Harry and his guide in, and knowing our experience I proposed to fire the signal shots. In this I was overruled on the ground that Latty was at home on every foot of this territory, and that he couldn't be lost. Darkness soon setting in and knowing Harry would not stay out until that hour whether successful or not, if everything was all right, I stepped out and fired the signal shots. No answer was returned. After the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes Herb fired another volley and was answered from afar off. Later another signal brought an answer from near by and soon two forms, nearly resembling animated piles of snow, came tumbling into camp the very personification of despondency and fatigue.

Latty was very taciturn and reticent, but after much good natured grilling and chafing he was asked where he had been all day anyway to keep him out so late at night, he reluctantly and curtly replied, "Oh, just up there in the edge of the woods."

This answer was so transparent and evasive that it became a standing jest during the remainder of the trip, and it found a place on our Thanksgiving bill of fare by way of embellishment.

Tending to mitigate the misadventure of the day Harry made the best shot of the trip. Locating a deer far up on the mountain side looking directly at him he took hasty aim and planted his bullet exactly in the median line where the neck joins the body. The bullet passed directly through the heart and out under the tail, the deer falling dead in its tracks. They attempted to bring the quarry to camp but had to abandon it because of the severity of the storm.

Herb and Latty went out next morning and brought it in, Latty finding that Moose river was not Moose river because it was turned around and running the wrong way "up in the edge of the woods!"

It was still snowing but with abated fury, and the hunters were content to spend the morning hours in camp enjoying a much needed rest; but two more deer fell to different rifles before night.

The succeeding day broke clear and cold, the curling smoke from our cozy camp was soon lost to view, the bark on the trees snapped with the keen frost, the forest seemed dressed as a bride in costliest laces, which the rising sun decked out with gorgeous, sparkling gems, and all were enraptured with the beauty, stillness and grandeur of the scene.

Much as summer camps may be enjoyed and praised, he has missed much novel and pleasant experience who has never had the pleasure of a sojourn in the wilderness when the snows of winter still the footfall and nature sleeps.

As the day wore on one hunter and a guide, then another pair, took their departure, and lastly the writer and Jack sallied forth.

Going but a short distance from camp, following the course of a mountain brook down to a beaver pond, we came upon a birch tree nine inches through and some sixty-five feet long, that had been cut down the night before by the beaver. We had encountered many of their cuttings almost every day but had never before seen any tree so large as this felled by these intelligent rodents. Human skill could not better plan to fall the tree, nor to fall it just where it was wanted. The principal gash had been cut more than half way through the trunk upon the side on which it was to fall, and upon the opposite side a smaller gash was cut higher up, felling the tree directly between two other large trees, into one of which it must have lodged had it varied but a few feet either way in its descent.

After duly admiring for some time the patience and skill manifested here, Jack at my suggestion returned to camp, procured the saw and sawed out a section showing the cutting, and it has now a conspicuous place in my valued collection of trophies of the trip.

The others of the party returned to camp with two magnificent bucks and a splendid bull caribou, when hilarity and good cheer reigned supreme.

Thanksgiving was drawing near and our *chef* was instructed to do the occasion honor and to tax to his utmost the resources of the camp. Whether or not he succeeded we will leave our readers to decide when they have read the *Menu*, which was emblazoned upon white birch bark and suspended above the table and which is reproduced here.

With but a single exception, every dish and article thereon was served, and all received due attention.

But why recount here in detail all the fun and frolic of the trip? Every incident had an individuality and pleasure all its own, but to enumerate them here would extend this article to undue length and overtax the patience of my readers.

To sum up briefly our two weeks of camp life in the deep snows and cold of Winter was made up of fun, frolic and incident which grew with the days and rounded out into a prized remembrance the most pleasant time we ever spent in camp.

Our unconventional life and unusual exercise soon gave energy to nerve and strength to muscle, and made easy the task which at first would seem impossible. The fascinations of our environment, the absolute whiteness of the snow, the deathly stillness of the woods, the delicate tracery of the evergreens and towering forest trees, lent an added charm and made a beautiful picture of the woods in Winter.

Our killing comprised two does, five bucks and a bull caribou. Slaughter being the lesser object sought, our killing was much less than it might have been. We endeavored to spare all females and those killed would not have been shot had their sex been known.

Our ambition was to secure the lordly bull moose, but while we were in their country of "at home," and saw their tracks several times, the continued snow blotted out at night the trail picked up and followed during the day and so we got none. But this will be an impelling incentive to another trip and will give added zest to anticipation.

Cheery Bob Phillips, superintendent of the Megantic preserves, did us the honor of accepting the hospitality of Camp Taylor during the last few days of our stay,

and to show him our appreciation of his condescension and presence, and to aid in holding him down to *terra firma*, we kindly allowed him to put upon his shoulders two saddles of venison weighing eighty-five pounds and carry them out over the mountain trail to the Chain of Ponds, the little distance of some ten or a dozen miles. Such honors seldom come to him, and he is so highly pleased when they do that his elation knows no bounds, but his best friends say he wears a decided hump upon his back ever since. This dangerous experiment, which has ruined many a beautiful character, is mentioned here, that others may profit by and avoid our mistakes.—*Forest and Stream*, December 1, 1894.

THE POETRY OF ANGLING.

“IT is not all of fishing to fish.” To some this may seem an unwarrantable assertion, but by many it is now accepted as the tersest expression of a fact having all the force of a syllogism.

In patriarchal and mediæval times the fisherman was accorded an honorable place in the limited vocations then open to man in which to earn a livelihood for himself and dependants, and because his labors added to the food supply of less favored localities. The gratification of mere animal wants, the selfish and mercenary alone prompting, doubtless then as now,

when higher motives do not impel, made the fisherman a mere laborer, where work was an irksome task, and whose only enjoyment was measured by financial results.

There was but little healthy sentiment in an age when might made right, and when it was the plan :

“That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Of such a fisherman it may truthfully be affirmed :
“It is all of fishing to fish”—

“A primrose by the river’s brim
A primrose is to him, and nothing more.”

But with the evolution of society, and the ascendancy of principle over might in government, the selfish and animal in our nature was ameliorated and softened, and the wholly selfish was largely dominated by the æsthetic and sentimental—the vocation has become an avocation.

In no direction is this uplifting and ennobling of humanity more easily discerned and traced than in what is now comprehended under the very general term of sportsmanship, and in no subdivision thereof is the trail so well defined as in that blazed by the angler.

The older poets sing his praises and accord him honorable distinction in their immortal works, and in the early dawn of English literature appeared what competent writers and judges pronounce the leading pastoral classic in our language, “The Compleat Angler,” by Izaak Walton.

Overworked professional and business men found then, as they find now, recreation, pleasure and renewed energy in the sights which come to their eyes and the sounds that fall pleasantly on their ears, and

who will wonder that the contents of the creel is the less valued part?

Going forth in the early morning to his favorite trout brook, nature speaks to his spirit under many forms. Her voice captivates not his ears alone, but she appeals to what is best within him through his every sense.

The domination of winter is at an end, and on every hand there is a re-awakening and bursting forth. The snow-capped hills of yesterday have disappeared, and their dull brown robes of autumn time blend more in harmony with the dark green of the conifers beyond; but vernal showers, like a magic wand, will soon deck all in tints of emerald green. The swelling buds of the maple and the bursting catkins of the willows tell him that nature is aroused from her winter's sleep—but the beauty of a fitting bluebird in the copse diverts his thoughts, while the melody of the song sparrow seems like spring's triumphal note of joy.

Already has he forgotten the perplexities and annoyances of every-day cares; already he drinks in with each deep inspiration renewed draughts of health; already has he broken away from the withering restraints and narrowing prejudices of conventional everyday life; again he is in touch with what is grand, strengthening and elevating in nature

But he has not yet wet his line nor baited his hook, nor have his eyes yet seen the tiny cascades of the purling brook, nor traced its sinuous course through the meadow.

The morning grows apace but our fisherman hastens not his steps. Crossing a stone wall, which passes through a growth of mountain laurel and white

birches, he sees the beautiful pink buds of the may-flower peeping out from under the belated snowbank, as if in protest to winter's cruel restraint, and as if to be promptly on hand when the time comes to take its allotted place in the sequence of flowers attendant upon the ides of spring.

Journeying down the gentle declivity, where nature a little later will carpet the ground with beautiful violets and modest anemone, his friend of former years—the hepatica—attracts his eye, and putting forth his hand to remove some encroaching grass, a meadow mouse scampers suddenly away in fright at the unwonted intrusion.

But the music of the rippling brook now claims his undivided attention, and hastening footsteps soon bring him again to its margin. The fringe of green grass close up on either side and the nodding water cress in its pellucid depths tell him that nature's forces have been at work for some time past.

He marvels at the restful murmur of the rippling brook, at its tiny wavelets and miniature cascades, and he wonders when they thus began, and how long they will continue. Such a small streamlet! and ever running from nowhere somewhere—ever running, ever singing, ever flowing, ever, ever!

Our fisherman's rod was still unjointed, and his mind reveled in the delights and enchantments of the scene until he was called back to the work in hand by the landing of a mink on the bank a little below him with a beautiful trout in his mouth, which he soon devoured for his morning meal. It dawned upon him that the quadruped mink has his counterpart in some biped men who look not above the gratification of

the selfish and sordid, and who respect not salutary human enactments. From long observation he well knew the skill and success of the mink as a fisherman, nor could he withhold a modicum of admiration for his discernment and good taste in showing his preference for the toothsome, gamy trout.

His rod is now assembled, the reel adjusted, and away goes his lure dancing lively before him down the stream. He skillfully directs it from side to side, carefully restrains it as it engages in the eddy and plunges to the pool below, steals stealthily and warily along so that no concussion or jar will follow footfall to disturb the wary trout, redoubles his best efforts at the overhanging bank at the bend, in the open meadow keeps as far away from the brook as possible, and does not allow his shadow to fall athwart the stream; and who shall say that our fisherman has not earned and does not deserve the beautiful trout which he so carefully takes from their bed of moss in his creel and arranges side by side upon the grass in the order of their size, that his eyes may feast thereon while he eats his noonday meal on the sunny side of the old abutment which sustains the rustic bridge that spans the brook in the meadow?

The unusual exercise and lengthy walk result in a fatigue that our fisherman would call exquisite; for while the physical man gladly gives way to needed rest the mental is as buoyant and elastic as in school-boy's merriest day.

The enjoyments of his nooning are not limited to the conventional hour, and already the sun is aslant in the heavens before he resumes his pleasant occupation. At each bend of the brook a new panorama

meets his eyes. Clouds of fleecy whiteness scud athwart the luminous blue of heaven's dome, and the song of the vesper sparrow swells the growing volume of melody that greets the return of spring.

As a reward of his skill and perseverance a well filled creel is already his, and ere

"The sun descending dyes the clouds in crimson"
he reels in and turns his steps homeward.

Age has laid a heavy hand upon the friend of his early years who gave him his first lessons in the gentle art, and now his many thoughtful acts of kindness return unto him as bread cast upon the waters. Our fisherman finds it a pleasure to make a long detour to call at his humble home and pleasantly while away a reminiscent hour, and to leave behind some choice specimens of his day's catch. A generous share of the balance is left with a convalescent friend, and he reaches home in the early evening hour at peace with himself and all the world.

Who shall say that his day was misspent, and that it is all of fishing to fish?—*Forest and Stream*, April 11, 1896.

AN OUTING WITHOUT ROD OR GUN.

In Holy Writ we read of the creation of the birds of the air, the animals of the forests and the fishes of the sea; and in human enactments we find laws for

their protection and conservation, so ruthless is the destroyer. Many of the guild of sportsmen worthily bear the name, and they need not the restraining hand of the law to keep them within proper bounds.

The wealth and distribution of flora and fauna, the study of wild life in its native haunts, the beauty and diversity of nature, the fascinations of field, forest and stream, the grandeur of the mountains and the glories of sunrise and sunset as seen from their summits—these, all these and more, are the allurements that charm and the rewards bestowed upon him worthy to hold

“Communion with her visible forms.”

Zenith and nadir are no further asunder nor does a greater gulf divide than that which separates the sportsman from the pot-hunter and the wanton slaughterer of fish and game with whom he is too often confounded by the thoughtless. The rod and rifle are but incidents in his outing and the killing but the least and less valued part.

He may wield a poet's pen and charm the world by the sweetness of his song, he may make the canvas speak and win undying fame by the touch of a master's hand, he may achieve distinction as an explorer, in the world of science, in professional, civic and business walks of life—as untold numbers have done who attribute their success to the inspiration and strength derived by coming in close touch with Nature.

Human enactments now forbid its use and the rifle rests on its accustomed place across the antlers of the noble buck who answered its summons with his life, and the trout rod is carefully deposited in its

accustomed corner in the drawer of the cabinet; but sportsmanship knows no law of limitations nor is sportsmanship suppressed though taking life may not be permitted.

The days of spring with their genial warmth and bursting forth of new life may not be with us; the wealth and beauty of landscape and pastoral scenes of summertime have passed away; the purple grapes and ripened chestnuts have been garnered; and another season clad in robes of sombre brown ushered in to take their place in the warp and woof of the swift passing year;—these, all these and much more pass and repass in silent review until some mind jolt stops the machinery. The delicate thread of thought is thus as ruthlessly broken asunder as is the silvery silken spider's web by a gentle passing breeze. Such reverie, however captivating, is "all beginning, all middle, and end everywhere."

In this snowless month of winter we saunter forth at mid-day and we shall see what we feel. The sun is aslant in the heavens and its weakened rays proclaim that Boreas has buckled on his armor and is waging telling conflict. The horizon is buttressed with murky, snow-laden clouds. A belated flock of wild geese fly swiftly past—their not unmusical honking falling pleasantly upon the ear.

We are no longer young and so make a detour to the bars in the stone wall, and thread our way up the gently sloping hillside to the summit of a neighboring hill. The pathway through shrubbery and wooded copse will reveal many things of interest, and the many pleasing panoramas revealed from the summit of the simple though artistic beauty of the nearby and dis-

tant landscape and the tidy homes of comfort, will richly reward the effort and add new emphasis and force to the adage that "it is not all of an outing to kill and destroy."

Here in the open is an old giant chestnut tree whose outstretched limbs have borne rich stores of fruit and successfully withstood the storms and buffetings of years. Decaying knot-holes well up its gnarled and rugged sides suggest the cosy homes and well filled store houses of sprightly squirrels. School boy and squirrel have long since harvested the fallen fruit and the leaves have been carried hence by autumn winds and only the intolerant burrs remain.

Passing beyond, we find the rocky hillsides covered with leafless sumac, their boles of fiery red suggesting that they are Nature's lighthouse keepers. Intermingled with these are the yellow blossoms of the witch hazel, that anomaly among shrubs which puts forth its blossoms after the frosts and winds of autumn have killed and denuded their branches of all their foliage.

Our steps take us away from the beaten path to a bubbling spring to examine some of the ferns that grow in profusion in the shade and moisture. Taking out our pocket magnifying glass we stoop to examine the *thecæ* on their fronds when a ruffed grouse taking wing from beyond an adjoining tussock startles us with the thunder of his pinions. We make but little progress in our further ascent before we see two big brown eyes staring at us from a bunch of reddish gray fur in a little clump of white birches, and we rejoiced that no sportsman's weapon would for a time at least send its leaden messengers of death after the innocent creature. With renewed effort and increas-

ing respiration we reach the summit and our eyes are gladdened at the simple beauty that is ours in all directions. The complaining wind, crooning a threnody in the treetops, falls not unpleasantly upon our ears, but the declining sun forbids us to tarry. We must call again upon the rippling brook upon the opposite side before winter hushes its melody in its icy embrace.

We journey onward and downward and find plenty to admire in the brilliant red of the winter berries and bittersweet in their dark green setting of scrub pine and waxy mountain laurel, and the graceful tracing of the naked branches of the shrubbery which here grew in riotous profusion. The bluejay sounded his unmusical protest at our intrusion, and a woodpecker beat a tattoo upon a neighboring tree. We reach the brookside and seek in its marge amid a group of alders and white birches for our old long billed friend the woodcock. He is not at his old home and we decide that he must have gone to his southern haunts if he was fortunate enough to escape his ruthless enemy, the pot-hunter.

We follow the brook in its winding course, by diminutive cataract and miniature whirlpool, through low wooded and bushy growth, over tussock and through ooze, under a canopy of untutored grape vines and riotous wild clematis, until it peeps out from the rank growth and expands into the meadow brook, in the bends and pools of which the gamy trout love to make their home. Here is where the modest hepatica is the first of flowers to salute the spring, and just beyond is where anemone and violet carpet the ground with their wealth of bloom.

And there upon the boulder by the old turnpike sat the artist when last we visited this spot, sketching the ruins of the old home on the activity—ah! yes, the old home, but a roof tree no longer. No longer do we see its inmates nor hear their friendly voices of good cheer and welcome! Their note of praise and triumph for the abundant harvest is no longer heard and the joyful welcome and good cheer for the reunited family at Thanksgiving time no longer falls pleasantly upon the ear.

There still stands the majestic elm by the wayside, but the hand that planted it has long since become as the soil that gives it nourishment. Lilac bushes on either side and a generous threshold stone that proclaims where stood the front door which opened into the best room, and a mound of weather-beaten bricks and mortar which once served for a chimney complete the picture and tell the story of a family foundation—of manly sons and comely daughters, children perchance who have gone out into a larger world and greater influence, grown and subdivided,—grown and subdivided again, and spreading out and established new foundations, developed new vigor to sustain new burdens and overcome new obstacles and win greater success, and possibly national or worldly fame.

The artist has chosen wisely and found a fruitful subject for his brush, and perhaps to this place will yet be turned the steps of the learned to pen the story of this humble home and crumbling ruin, or perhaps the historian or antiquary may give it reminiscent interest and added sentiment.

But the lengthening shadows tell us of the shortened day and that we must hasten our footsteps. The time,

like a summer's day, has flown — flown as gently as if a starling took noiseless wing from a slender limb — by its gentle motion only know we that he is gone.

We cross the meadow and through the pasture to shorten our return. As the day goes out the wind grows in volume and smites the still adherent leaves upon the oak only to be answered by their sullen remonstrance and noisy protest. The lagging wing of the crow takes on increased speed as he seeks his home in the pine woods beyond. The voices of day die out and as night approaches a hushed stillness broods over Nature. The pasture is desolate and bare and the few neglected cattle look disconsolate as they browse upon the twigs or nibble at the close cropped stubble. Day has departed and as evening gathers a light is seen in the distant farm house telling of human presence, humble comforts, friendly assurance, and offering simple welcome and hospitality which bring a realizing sense of good cheer, and the helpfulness of human fellowship.

And here again is taught with added emphasis that the divine Imminence abides in the dark and sorrowful places of life when the spirit is saddened and we seem alone — alone, forsaken and sorrowful — when the varied and pleasant fields of life have become a barren plain without a flower to give them variety, beauty and fragrance — be it near, be it far, in station high or low — and as night draws on and darkness impends divine solicitude enfolds, comforts and brightens the dark spots even as the light sends out its rays from the humble home, and a guiding hand to uplift and support is extended

“ From out the encircling gloom.”

But we have again passed the stile and regained our hearthstone, well content with an afternoon spent in Nature's haunts without rod or gun. — *Field and Stream*, December, 1899.

THE MONARCH OF BUTTERMILK BARREN.

BUTTERMILK BARREN was made during the last glacial epoch, and its resting place is in the wilds of New Brunswick. It is not known by this name to geographers and savants, but locally and colloquially Buttermilk Barren it is and Buttermilk Barren it will be. There are many others, but only one Buttermilk Barren.

The chain of distant mountains, the grandeur and stillness of the surrounding forest, the tales of exciting and thrilling adventure, and the magnificent trophies secured upon its extensive areas tell the reason why. Fortunate indeed is the Nimrod seeking adventure and ambitious for glory whose snowshoes work high art in *repousse* and *intaglio* upon the spotless and sparkling snow that gives the barren its bucolic name.

Such was my good fortune in the not distant past when the snows of winter gave silence to the solitudes and sent the erratic caribou from the depths of the surrounding forest to graze and grow fat upon the succulent food so abundantly provided throughout its whole extent.

Buttermilk Barren, like most other barrens, is sparsely overgrown with stunted spruce, gnarled and unshapely, the branches of which are

“Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.”

Beneath the carpet of the light fluffy snow, and within easy reach by the snow-shovel hoofs with which Nature has provided *Cervus Tarandus*, is abundance of reindeer moss, lichens and other arctic and sub-arctic food to attract and satisfy the ravenous appetite of its winter visitors.

In contour Buttermilk Barren resembles a huge pair of eye-glasses. It is surrounded by three mountains, the central one penetrating almost across the barren and nearly dividing it into two of nearly equal size.

It was my good fortune in other years to share the pleasures of a winter camp with congenial companions upon a spur of this central mountain, which was within easy reach of either end of the bog, and which afforded an excellent opportunity to take advantage of the wind without making long journeys, blow from whichever point of the compass it might. Beads had been successfully drawn upon the quarry and the shambles had groaned with the well-earned trophy of every sportsman of the party, the full limit allowed by law. Their huge carcasses made a weird picture by moonlight, and their shadows silhouetted upon the virgin snow looked uncanny. But the monarch of all, he of the mighty spreading antlers, he who was the target of the shrewdest, the most persistent and skilled sportsman and marksman of these solitudes — the one of all others most desired and sought after

and of whom almost fabulous tales were told — still roamed the surrounding forest and Buttermilk Barren unscathed! Here was a foeman worthy of our steel. The difficult is always fascinating. Hither must we return. Correspondence during the following season only confirmed our factotem and camp manager more fully in his oft expressed opinion that as skill and endurance had been tried — and tried in vain, times without number — his royal highness led a charmed life, and that something more than either or both must be resorted to to ensure his capture. This was only phoo-phooed at by my companions, but knowing the crotchets and whims of hunters and guides, I deemed it best to humor his predilections, and so gave him *carte blanche* to plan for me as his whims or better judgment approved, promising on my part to be satisfied with results.

Another twelvemonth swiftly sped the way of all others and the camp-fire was again lighted in the same old camp. Its ruddy glow showed a new face in the person of Lucky Dan among the guides — a child of the woods to whose reputation for prowess and success had been added the indefinable quality of “lucky.” But a few years beyond the period that divides youth from manhood, his close-knit and well developed frame — lithe and sinewy — told of physical development at its best, and the play of the camp-fire upon his features made clearly manifest the strains of blood that united in his person. Love of adventure drove his Hibernian father from the “ould sod” — and his journeying only ended among the Micmacs in the wilderness. Heeding the admonition implied in the words of scripture, which say that “it is not well for

man to be alone," he joined his fortunes to a copper colored Venus in the woods, and Lucky Dan is a living proof of the union. The national traits of wit and humor, which were transmitted by the father, blended with the shrewdness and cunning of the red man, and all were clearly visible in his physiognomy and demeanor. His words were few and apposite.

"We are all born but not dead yet" was his frequent solace at any untoward event at the close of an unsuccessful day—another way of saying "while there's life there's hope."

Lucky Dan had been secured from a distance for my special benefit, and already the days of the Monarch of Buttermilk barren were numbered. Casting lots for choice of location for hunting on the barren it was the good fortune of my companion to win, and he very naturally choose the leeward end. Somewhat downcast we started out, my companion and guide making a long detour to the farther end of the barren so as to have the wind in their favor. Setting forth in the opposite direction I gave expression to my disappointment at the frown of fortune, and for the first time I was somewhat comforted and reassured at Lucky Dan's "We are all born but not dead yet." But travel cautiously as we might, a puff of wind seemed always seeking an opportunity to annoy us by speeding down the barren and destroying any chance of getting a shot in the most likely places. "Seems as if the holes in the clouds were all in the wrong place today" was Lucky Dan's remark when a small herd of two cows and a small bull, that we had patiently stalked for a long time, caught our scent while out of range and wildly dashed away. To these

remarks I made no reply but mentally sought to reconcile matters with the flattering prefix to my guide's name. Somewhat tired and disappointed we returned to camp and "boiled the kettle" for dinner. The untoward experience of the forenoon and the unfavorable wind caused us to linger in the camp after dinner. Presently the sharp crack of a rifle a long distance down the wind broke the stillness, and this was soon followed by another and another. Hastily grasping my rifle Lucky Dan hurriedly led the way to the barren at the narrowest point. We soon took a commanding position but no caribou hove in sight. Later I whispered to my guide that the shots were probably fired at the herd we had started earlier in the day. "Maybe so, maybe not," was the double-acting, either-way, neither-way, non-committal reply.

Having remained painfully quiet for some time, Lucky Dan suggested that we go over nearer to the opposite border of the barren to a more attractive looking spot that promised to be a better place from which to reconnoiter. Handing him my rifle to carry, we started along. We had gone a little more than half the distance when another nearby sharp report of a rifle seemed like a peal of thunder. Lucky Dan essayed to wheel about to hand me my rifle when the toe of one of his snowshoes caught in the loop of a twig that was frozen in the ice, when away went my rifle in one direction, Lucky Dan in another, and a herd of five caribou thundered by with all the speed and noise of a passing railway train, and within easy shot of our first location—and the Monarch of Buttermilk barren, or his very good counterpart, led in the van!

Neither the eight beatitudes, the comforting words of holy Job, nor early Sunday school lessons were recalled just then, but—— but—— ——! !

Tension was relieved, if my feelings were not wholly assuaged, when I learned that my companion, usually holding a deadly rifle, had made two ineffectual shots at his majesty, which tended to confirm the generally accepted opinion that he led a charmed existence, and that more than endurance and skill were required for his capture.

We had roamed the woods too much, experienced its uncertainties too often, and tasted the blended cup of success and disappointment too many times, to let the untoward depress and embitter, and I took my departure that night to the land of dreams trying to extract comfort from Lucky Dan's "we're all born but not dead yet."

Tired from the unusual fatigue of our first day's adventure, the following morning was well advanced before we turned out to do justice to our cook's ample and toothsome breakfast of young caribou steak, fried onions, potatoes *au naturel*, hot corn meal muffins and creamery butter, and fragrant coffee, that would extort praise from an old connoisseur.

The morning sun shone gloriously above the tree tops, and not a breath of air stirred the mosses on the stunted spruces of the barren. To-day there would be no wind to aid the monarch—and his massive antlered head would surely grace our camp before night. With all the courage and assurance born of seeming certainty we sallied forth; but returning to camp in the darkening shadows of night, we were sadly reminded of a very old saying that is too well known to

need repetition here, and that we reckoned without our host—the monarch still wore his crown.

Days filled with adventures and pleasures rapidly followed each other, but ever and anon the thorns of disappointment—the damaged reputation of Lucky Dan, and the freedom of the monarch—would obtrude themselves and their darkening shadows over our otherwise fair picture. To record but a summary of our adventures and pleasures, our successes and failures, would extend this article to undue length. I shall therefore blue pencil all down to the last day.

It is but fair to Lucky Dan to say that he was not at all self-conscious and egotistical, and that he did not proudly wear the laurels so generously accorded to him. While optimistic to the last degree, and hopeful ever, it was the optimism and hope born of experience and observation rather than the unwarranted assumptions born of presumption and ignorance. His frankness and hopefulness were as much in evidence the last night in camp as they were the first night; and yet to none other did it seem possible to add to the pleasures and successes that had already been ours—and that would have been ample for the most exacting did not the knowledge that the monarch of them all still roamed at liberty, which gave to us a twinge of regret.

Long before the day of our departure had dawned our breakfast was disposed of, and at the suggestion of Lucky Dan we two "hit the trail" for the settlement, thirty miles away, while the rest of the party were packing the luggage of the camp for transportation by the tote team. We had journeyed several miles before daylight and compassed nearly the whole

of the distance around the end of the bog when we met a team, containing a man well beyond mid-life, on his way from one of his logging camps in the woods to another. He told us of encountering a herd of caribou but a short distance back, the bull carrying the most magnificent set of antlers that he had ever seen. In answer to my inquiries he said that they left the road about a half mile back, that they ran leisurely away to the right, heading for the upper end of Buttermilk barren. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. Hastily taking an old envelope from my pocket, I wrote the facts of the case thereon and stuck it into a split stick which I stuck in the snow by the wayside where it would be seen by our party on the way out.

Lucky Dan's words, boiled down, were absolute stillness, alertness, speed. Soon we were behind a clump of evergreen bushes on a crest overlooking the bog, and the deathly stillness of that early morning hour, blended with our earnestness and anxiety, was thrilling and impressive. The dawn of morning had not yet given way to the light of day and keen and practiced vision was necessary to discern anything so nearly allied in color as the quarry that we were in pursuit of and the surrounding barren.

I was soon gently touched by my guide who pointed to a spot on the barren a few hundred yards away. I could see nothing of the game we sought and in a whisper told him so. "They are there—they're feeding," he whispered. Looking as best I could I could not discern them, but Lucky Dan bowed and bowed his head in the most positive manner. Keeping a sharp lookout I fancied I saw something move but in another moment

I felt sure it was the swaying of a bush in the morning breeze. As we had the advantage of the wind we had nothing to fear from our scent, but as time hurried rapidly away we must soon get in our work so as not to delay the team too long waiting for our return.

It was decided that I was to remain where I was, as my position gave good command of the barren, and Lucky Dan was to do his best at stalking to arouse the attention of the feeding herd without frightening them away. He noiselessly took his departure dodging from one bush of undergrowth to another. Soon, getting a line on the general direction that he followed and with increasing light, I saw the herd pawing the snow away and eating their breakfast. Their heads being down I was not able to see which one carried the massive branching antlers and that was just then the only one that was interesting to me.

Lucky Dan had covered about one-half the distance and was concealed behind a bunch of scrub spruce from near the center of which had grown a fairly tall tree, now only a dead trunk and limbs. He made efforts to reconnoiter from either side but did not dare expose himself lest the herd take fright and scamper wildly away. Finally he penetrated to the dead trunk and keeping directly behind it he reached upwards and laying hold of one of the limbs essayed to pull himself above the top of the bushes for a better view.

No sooner had his coon skin cap showed above the surrounding bushes than snap went the limb and up went the heads of the herd. Landseer never painted a more striking picture than that made by the mas-

sive antlered bull. Giving me an excellent quartering shot, the old reliable 45-70 spoke out, the messenger of death ploughed its way through his heart, and with one mighty bound he fell limp in death.

The reverberating echoes had scarcely died away before cheer upon cheer fell gratefully upon my ears. The tote team having received the wayside mail, my companion and his guide took up our trail and were near at hand when the report of my rifle told of my success.

Stretched upon the snow, the mighty carcass of the monarch of Buttermilk barren and his huge, spreading, and well-balanced antlers of fifty-six points did not belie his reputation as king of the caribou family, while his capture under the circumstances, did not detract from the reputation of Lucky Dan nor throw discredit on his saying "We are all born but not dead yet."

NEGATIVE SOUP.

The immortal Shakespeare tells us :

"Oft expectation fails, and most there
Where most it promises."

COLUMBUS set sail for the Indies and discovered a new world; Franklin toyed with a kite and tamed the lightning.

The story of our adventure has nothing in common with either, and yet it was as truly the unexpected that

happened. The consequences may or may not be as momentous, but this the future alone can determine, as sufficient time has not elapsed since the occurrence to permit of more than very indefinite generalization.

The bright sunny days of a not distant June threw their enchantment around a trio of congenial spirits, who left the cares of business and the perplexities of life behind and hied them to the mountain peaks and sylvan retreats of northwestern Maine, where grosbeak and Canada thrush trilled their sweetest notes, and kindly nature perfumed the air with the fragrance of summer flowers.

Dainty trout rods of split bamboo and feathered lures of most seductive hue ministered to their pleasure, and taught many a lordly trout the folly of dallying with temptation. As in every well-regulated sportsman's outfit, so in this, a camera occupied distinguished prominence. As a moral agent it is indispensable in this doubting age. It not only serves to while away many a pleasant hour, and secure prized remembrances for future inspection and pleasure, but it also authenticates the story of the big fish with all the force of "Sworn to, signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of"

All this on the supposition that you do not make negative soup in transit.

We had taken unusual precaution on this trip to get good results. We carried a large camera of high quality and four dozen plates, instead of the uncertain but more convenient films.

We had made negatives of the grave and its surroundings in the wilderness at the Chain of Ponds of the Dead river, near Mount Pizgah, of the Indian girl

Natanis, who was brutally murdered there by a deserter from the Union army during the late war of the rebellion; we had followed Indian Stream to its mountain source and captured many of its glistening cascades in their forest home, where they unceasingly break over huge boulders and send up clouds of finest spray as they dash themselves down the mountain side; the dams of beaver, the lean-to of the trapper, the camp of the tourist, the iron post, where none should be, which proclaims that different flags float over contiguous territory; these and many other choice tidbits of mountain lake and sky were already ours, the plates carefully packed and jealously guarded against mishap when the day of our departure dawned.

We had planned to make the trip out to the settlements in canoes, and a thoughtful member of the party had obtained permission from the owners to hoist the gate in the dam on the headwaters of the Dead River, which materially augmented the volume of water as it went seething and surging onward over the rapids and boulders to its confluence with the Kennebec.

Our guides, being expert canoe men, proposed to run out over Scammous Falls rather than portage, as nearly everyone does, and while they were making ready for our departure, which would take about thirty minutes, having two unexposed plates left, I took the camera and hastened down the trail so as to have everything in readiness for a snap as the three canoes shot over the falls. I had covered about half the distance and arrived at a point where the river makes a bend at nearly a right angle to its former course and flows directly toward the trail. Looking upon this beautiful panorama, I saw a splendid doe quietly

feeding upon the lily pads about thirty rods away. She was to the windward of me and facing up stream, and as my moccasined feet softly touched the ground she was undisturbed by noise or scent.

Quickly setting up the camera in such protection as a convenient bush afforded, I waited anxiously for her to afford me a better view. She greedily snapped the succulent food, first here, then there, eyes and ears constantly on the alert for danger. Finally she turned and advanced toward me, and suspecting or perceiving danger she threw her head high in air, posing in such artistic manner as would rejoice any photographer's heart.

Instantly the click of the shutter was heard on the still morning air, a splashing in the water, a white streak vanishing in the bushes—and another prized plate was secured.

Hastening on, I had just focused the camera when the three canoes shot around the bend, each stalwart guide standing erect and looking a veritable Triton; and, oh, the beauty of the picture as they shot over the falls in the morning sun!

Another click and another prize—worth hardship and toil to secure, and that would be the envy of many a less fortunate mortal.

The canoes were soon beached, loads readjusted, and away went the expedition as light and graceful

“As a painted ship upon a painted ocean.”

A tremor of trepidation took possession of me at first, but having one of the very best canoemen in Maine, with whom I had made many a hazardous trip without mishap, I was soon lost to all sense of danger, and min-

utes of superlative pleasure ran quickly into enchanted hours.

The guides had but to use the paddles to keep the frail canoes in mid-stream, and let them shoot onward with the swollen and quick-flowing current.

A keen eye and skilled hand was at all times needed to steer the craft clear of derelict logs and concealed boulders which made powerful eddies that would quickly swamp a canoe in unskilled hands. Rapidly travelling without effort, the oscillation of the canoe as it rode the swells and smoothly glided to lower levels, it seemed as if we were borne through space, in the kindly arms of some mighty giant, and unconsciously I reveled in the many pleasant sensations evoked by the varied experiences of the past few weeks, and exulted over the many and varied picturesque and novel subjects which my forty-eight plates would enable me to share with my friends at home.

Again my thoughts would turn to other days and other themes, and pleasure came in recalling the fact that down this very stream plowed the canoe of the red man bearing the sainted Fr. Druillettes on his mission of Christianity and civilization to the Abenakis 250 years ago.

Persecution born of ignorance and fanaticism had destroyed the missions along the coast and driven hence the devoted missionaries, and the dusky sons of the forest were unconsolable. A deputation was finally sent to Quebec in 1646, which returned with the beloved black-gown, who erected his mission cross at Norridgewock where he made his home for several years. He was the first white man who ever crossed the trackless forest from Quebec to central Maine.

His ascetic form seemed to rise before us, and the sougling of the summer breeze in the tree-tops seemed as the dying cadence of his *Ave Maris Stella*.

And anon the martial music of fife and drum, the stern command and noisy bustle of the forces of the Continental Army under Benedict Arnold, which laboriously urged their crude batteaus against this self-same current en route to attack Quebec, seemed to break in as a note of discord as it must have done more than a hundred years ago.

And again the words of Byron seemed wedded to the scenes and surroundings :

“How often we forget all time when lone,
Admiring nature’s universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters—the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence.”

Onward we sped as a feather through space and pleasure kept pace with our speed. Delight grew with our progress, little dreaming we that

“Violent delights have violent ends.”

I noticed that the canoe some hundred or more yards in advance made a detour and hugged the shore, and soon the reason was obvious. A huge boulder lay concealed beneath the surface, and the water foaming about and above it made great eddies on either side. My guide did not make sufficient allowance for their volume and force, and soon we were caught in the trough, and over we went in an instant.

“Look out!” shouted my guide, but before a sound fell upon my ears we were floundering about in the water—duffle, camera, plates and all!

"Hold on to the canoe! Hold on to the canoe!" shouted I, while making a desperate effort to secure the fly-rods and camera; but my plates, alas! the prizes of the trip being heavy went quickly to the bottom!

My guide secured the wearing apparel, but away shot the canoe down stream, as if glad to get rid of its burden. Our noise attracted the attention of those in the other canoes and they came quickly to the rescue—our canoe being captured and returned to us by those in advance.

We soon reached shore, wrung the water from our clothes and resumed our journey, but our thoughts were diverted from the fascinations of our environment, its history, poetry and sentiment. Our spirits, like our bodies were dampened, imagination refused to undertake a lofty flight, so we reconciled to the utilitarian and prosaic. Would *Salmo Oquassa* or *Salvelinus Fontinalis* know the value of their find and turn it to good account? Would their sages assemble in intellectual convention, and with becoming erudition discuss the action of light upon sensitized plates? Would they take them to a dark room in the depths and develop them only to have some old croaker of their number with more stomach than brains break in with the old inquiry—*Cui bono?* Would the intellectual triumph over the base and selfish? Would the future angler, when doing his best for distance, delicacy and accuracy, be startled in his pleasure by seeing in the waters before him a camera fiend in the act of taking a snap shot at him?—or would he be able to relate to his wondering friends on his return how he captured and landed a swim-

ming photograph gallery? Or would all their possibilities sink to the level of the gormandizer and be swallowed simply as so much negative soup? Who can tell?—*Forest and Stream*, November 28, 1896.

MY FIRST CANVASBACK.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHELL POINT.

DURING the winter of 1888, Boreas in our Northern clime had lowered the column of mercury in the Fahrenheit tubes to 10, 12 and 16 degrees below zero for some weeks together, when into my sanctum walked a friend of many years with a challenge to seek a temporary abode in a land of more ethereal mildness, where we might snap our fingers at his Frigid Majesty and warm our guns upon the larger winged game.

Having enjoyed many rare days' sport with him upon the high-flying upland plover, the swift-flying quail, the devious-flying snipe, the erratic-flying woodcock and the lordly ruffed grouse, it had long been my ambition, as it had many times been his privilege, to try conclusions with the sea-fowl of the Atlantic coast. The talk resulted in the almost immediate purchase of tickets for the "Sunny South."

Arriving in Norfolk before noon, we took the Virginia Beach railroad to the Princess Anne, where we

arrived in time for dinner; thence along the beach toward North Carolina by such a combination of quadrupeds, wheels, boards, chains and ropes for power and vehicle, and with such a Jehu for driver as wildest imagination never pictured.

The dozen or fifteen miles from the hotel to our destination is a barren coast, evincing no sign of civilization or life except about the stations of the U. S. Coast Guard, which are some four or five miles apart. Hulks of wrecks and drift, an occasional fisherman's hut deserted, now and then a disused windmill in the distance, its idle arms outstretched as if in mute appeal from bygone times to the present; eagles soaring in the air or perched upon the telegraph poles of the life-saving service are the only companions of the trip, save the ceaseless roar and murmur of ocean's billows as they sing their mournful dirge as a fitting requiem over the graves of the many castaways whose bones lie bleaching beneath the sands of the shore, with only a broken spar driven into the sand to mark their last resting place.

Arrived at Little Island, Capt. Andrews' voice rang out a cheery welcome to my friend, whose advent though unexpected was none the less welcome, and whose gun in these parts had many times previously rung out the death knell of many a noble bird. We turn in early and are soon lost in pleasant dreams. We seem hardly to have been asleep at all when aroused from our slumbers by the ringing voice of the Captain, "All hands ahoy! Rousing nor'easter!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" ~~was~~ the nautical answer of his land lubber guests.

A hasty toilet and breakfast, and soon the gunner,

well bundled in the bow, and boatman at the oars, were quietly making their way to Shell Point, several miles distant, long before the first glimmer of daybreak appeared on the eastern horizon. Point reached, decoys put out, boat beached among the cane, gunner and boatman in readiness in an exceedingly comfortable blind anxiously await in silence the advent of the first callers. The dark, rolling clouds had scarcely begun to lift, giving evidence of daybreak, when the keen and practical eye of my boatman discovered in the distance a pair of ducks coming up the wind.

"Pair canvas, down, sir—mark south—don't shoot till I tell you." Then began Ed's wonderful talk in purest canvasback duck language. Down crouching, electric currents making quick circuit of my system, realizing that the long-wished for moment of years was at hand, I breathlessly awaited their oncoming. Eb's whispered, "mark east" indicated their location, and peering between the cane reeds of the blind I see them swiftly flying into the teeth of the wind and well out, as if to pass our decoys in disgust, and my heart sinks as I see them pass us by—but no! Eb's trained voice is too seductive for wisest duck to resist.

They wheel, and with a whispered, "mark north, get ready," he continued to call more impassioned and earnest, and in less time than it takes to write it around they sweep in a curvilinear line to our decoys, and with an audible "mark east, shoot," the gunner is on his feet and the old reliable 10-bore Scott rings out the death-knell of my first canvasback. He was coming with such velocity that he fell stone dead in the

water within two feet of our blind, although shot at a distance of forty to fifty yards. Duck number two wheeled about and stood not upon the order of his going, but went like a flash in a line directly away from us, and swinging around upon him I failed to stop the gun when it covered him, and so shooting to the right, scored a clean miss.

"Well done, sir, well done; no gun could reach the last one," were Eb's over kind words of congratulation and flattery.

Ah! clever soul, well knew that I should have killed the second, but his kindly, genial way lessened my chagrin, and his words of flattery were as balm in the moment of disappointment. Thus was ushered in our ducking experience, and many were the pleasant and successful days put in with Eb and others since—the memories of which in the mellow light of receding years form mental pictures surpassing those of the artist's most skillful limning.

Under many and varied circumstances and conditions in many of the favorite haunts of sea-fowl along the Atlantic coast, as club member and guest, I have many times experienced the pleasures and success of gunning for swan, geese, brant, wild turkeys, snipe and quail, but none recall or awaken a greater thrill of exultation or satisfaction than my maiden triumph in sea-fowl shooting when I killed my first canvasback on Shell Point.—*Forest and Stream*, November 14, 1889.

A COONLESS HUNT.

“EVERYTHING comes to him who waits,” and the writer waited until old Time had changed many of his raven locks to silvery hue ere an invitation came to spend a night with a jovial party on historic Wachusett Mountain in pursuit of the cunning thief of the cornfields. The invitation came from an old timer from whose belt dangled many a noble pelt, and who, although called upon to fill the seat of chairman of the board of selectmen of his town, could not forego the pleasures of a night in the old haunts.

Reaching the house of our host we were ushered into a cheery dining-room and were soon discussing a tempting spread. The conversation naturally drifted to the sport before us and the prospect of success.

“Will you have some more of the roast?”

“Thank you, I will. The drive has sharpened my appetite, and the lamb is very tender and nice.”

“Well, if we have the good fortune to get a nice, fat coon, you must take it home and dine on roast coon.”

“Hardly, Atwood, hardly. I am rather inclined to think I will have to draw the line at coon.”

A roar of laughter burst forth, and came the inquiry -

“And what are you eating now?”

“Why, lamb, of course.”

“ Yes, lamb taken from the hindquarters of a fat coon! ”

Passing Ransom Rock, of colonial fame, where the whites ransomed captives from the Indians, we were soon on the mountain side, when Tige and Pomp were cast off. We had not been long seated before they gave tongue some distance away. A coon they had, dead sure, and away go the party in pursuit. The baying of the dogs re-echoes from the mountain side and makes weird music in the stillness of the night. The lantern man heads the procession and the rest follow as best they can. Now down goes one and then another, until nearly all have paid tribute to the uneven footing and the darkness, rendered visible by the feeble rays of the lantern. We overtook the dogs only to find that the quarry had taken up secure quarters in a fissure of the ledge.

The dogs were pulled off and led some distance away and again they are off. The party gathered under a spreading pine and spun reminiscence and story until called to the work in hand by the music of the dogs. Again the procession moved, quartering up the hillside, a long and fatiguing jaunt — trying to the wind and muscle of the best. Coming up to them we find the dogs tearing around through dense spoonwood (*Kalmia Latifolia*), through which runs quite a large brook — but coon saw we none. The knowing ones claimed that Mr. Coon, being hot pressed, took to the water for some distance to throw the dogs off the scent, and that he emerged into such dense thicket that the dogs could not follow. It was decided to cast off the dogs in a different direction and start a new trail. The wind meanwhile

had veered again into the west and the full moon rolled out from a bank of cloud and lent an added charm to the night. Again the group formed under the sheltering boughs, and quickly sped the time with brilliant sallies and skillful repartee.

The faint note of the distant town clock, as it tolled out the hour of one, had hardly died away ere all were summoned to their feet by the hardly audible baying of the dogs. We had not proceeded more than a hundred yards before a ruffed grouse, disturbed in his slumber, made the hills thunder with his pinions.

One of the party in line with the moon saw him alight near a fork in a limb of a small maple tree, and summoning the writer, who carried the gun, he confesses to doing the deed of death in an unsportsmanlike manner at an unseemly hour in the morning. Gathering up the spoils we hurried on and soon encountered an old wood road which materially assisted our passage. Soon after, the writer stepped on an old sled stake that was lying athwart the pathway concealed by a pile of dead leaves, and down he went as if struck by a political cyclone. Gathering himself up with the assistance of friendly hands he proceeded to retrieve his hammerless breech-loader, which he found completely broken in two at the wrist. No mishaps must stand in the way, and we are soon with the dogs at the foot of two white birch trees of considerable size — one standing erect and the other bending in graceful ellipse toward the earth. Here the dogs waxed eager, and soon the coon was discovered near the top of the upright tree. Getting in line of the moon, he was clearly discernible by all, and he of the

dilapidated gun was summoned to "bring the critter down." Placing the broken ends of the stock in opposition and grasping the fracture firmly with one hand, I cut loose, but his coonship was not seemingly disturbed. "You hit him for certain! I saw the fur fly!" said one. "What size shot have you in?" said another. "Try him again!" chimed in a third. And thinking I must have flinched through fear of my gun, I wrapped a handkerchief around the fracture and again took deliberate aim and fired. "Hit him sure," said several, but he did not "coom down." Handing the weapon over to the coon hunter of the party, he sent up his compliments with like results. Having faith no longer in the gun, climbing irons are strapped on, a Colt's navy revolver stuck in the belt, and now down will come his coonship. The party forms a ring around the trees, the dogs tearing like mad; the climber has reached the treetop, which he proceeds to shake as if it had been struck by a hurricane, but the coon is not unhorsed. "Put a bullet into him," said someone, growing impatient at the delay. Aim is taken, and the navy revolver belches flame and thunder, but no coon moves. "What in thunder does it mean?" "Is it a phantom coon?" "I've seen fur fly every time he was shot at," were some of the many sayings of those on terra firma, while he in the tree-top had "put up again his sword into its scabbard" and proceeded to reconnoiter more closely. Carefully making his way up the small stem of the tree near its top he sang out: "Well, boys, I think we had better go home. A big wasp's nest is all the coon there's up here!"

Thoughts were not revealed until we reached the team in the early dawn some miles away, when the

chairman of the board of selectmen, with becoming gravity, said: "Wan't he cunning, though, to run up the bent tree and jump off to break the scent and fool the dogs!" — *Forest and Stream*, February 19, 1891.

A DAY IN MASSACHUSETTS COVERS.

RESPONDING to a growing healthy sentiment the Solons of the old Bay State have, from time to time, shortened the open season when the game birds may legally be reduced to possession. The older generation of sportsmen can well remember when the shooting of woodcock and upland plover was permitted during the sweltering weather of July, and of ruffed grouse and quail soon after.

The army of sportsmen has been so rapidly recruited in recent times, firearms perfected and rendered more destructive, and the number of bird dogs multiplied and more highly developed, that the more conservative and thoughtful welcome every measure that limits the wholesale destruction and extermination of our game birds and insures their conservation to coming generations.

The heats of summer time have passed; the half-fledged birds that were sought and cruelly slaughtered in former times have now reached maturity, and are strong of wing; the crisp frosts of autumn stimulate

renewed energy and impart such a glorious coloring to hillside and landscape as the famed pencil of Rembrandt never equalled; and the sportsmen of the oldest settled State in New England rejoice and are glad that October now marks the opening of the gunning season for upland game birds.

Although this State has been settled nearly three hundred years, and despite the fact that its population to the square mile is greater than that of any other State in the Union, its wooded hillsides and valleys, its sprout lands and white birch and alder runs with overhanging grape vines, the abundance of mast — berries, grapes, nuts, seeds and buds — all combine to make such an ideal home for our native birds that an abundance still remain to generously reward the ambition and skill of the sportsman who is familiar with the haunts and habits of the game.

While upland plover, quail and woodcock are in evidence, the ruffed grouse, here called partridge, are more eagerly sought, and the sportsman who can outwit an old cock partridge, who can follow him through dense shrubbery, spoonwood, blackberry bushes, tangling grape vines and other swampy and woodsy growths, and finally draw a bead upon him and pull the trigger successfully, when he suddenly breaks cover with a noise like thunder, and with seeming lightning speed, can well feel a pardonable pride in his achievement, and challenge comparison for endurance and skill with the most successful wing shot of other species of feathered game; and in all that goes to stir the blood and send a thrill of triumph throughout the system, the achievement will not suffer by comparison with the deeds of him who successfully

stalks big game in gloomy forest and mountain fastness far from the abodes of men.

But, again, the lengthened days of the summer solstice have come and gone, and with them the light and warmth and flowers of summer time. The days of autumn are at hand, and a tempered sun and gentle breezes, mellow and bracing, energize and exhilarate like wine of rarest vintage. In the early morning hours with an old companion, tried and true, and our staunch setter in his accustomed place in the vehicle, and all well bundled up and tucked in to resist the biting air, we are again on our way to old and familiar haunts a dozen miles away.

Emerging from the smoke of the city, the country looks drowsy at first, but soon the early risers are in evidence, when we encounter teams laden with milk, fruit and vegetables on their way to market.

The eye falls restfully on the dim outline of the hills, and the lifting clouds of mist in the valleys seem like nature's effort to lift the curtains of night and arouse herself from sleep. The deep embrasures of the hills are still hidden in the gloom of morning, and the meadows lie in placid repose. Soon a purple arch is thrown across the sky, which a little later is transfixed and rent asunder by pencillings of gold. Wisps of clouds sail leisurely across the turquoise sky, when the sun soon after rolls above the horizon and dispels the remnant of night and ushers in the new day. Our surroundings were too interesting and impressive for the common-places of conversation, and a community of tastes prompted the tribute of silence.

Arriving at the extensive farm of an old friend, whose covers always abound in game birds, and to

which we had always heretofore been welcomed, repulsive signs, "No Trespassing, Under Penalty of the Law," greeted our vision and aroused us from our reveries — the first foul blot of the day upon the fairest of pictures — the overthrowing of the ideal and the enthronement of the real.

Arriving at the home of our farmer friend, we found him employed husking corn in his barn. Answering his cheery "good morning" in kind as best we could, we expressed our regret that he had found it necessary to post his farm so as to exclude Italians and other foreigners from the city and the Metropolitan water works, where many hundreds of them were employed.

Much to our surprise, he told us that the Italians and other foreigners had given him no trouble, but that degraded and worthless specimens of humanity from the city, some of whom traced their ancestry way back to the Mayflower, had run over his place Sundays as well as Mondays, cut his barbed-wire fencing, threw down his stone walls, besides doing other damage: that when he remonstrated with them they were saucy, vulgar, profane, and treated him with abuse and contumely. They finally became so obnoxious and unbearable that he threatened them with arrest for violating the Sunday laws of the State, when they departed down through some sprout and pasture land where he heard the discharge of firearms. Missing one of his cows from the herd that night, he sought and found her the next day, in the direction whence the degenerates had taken their departure and from whence came the sound of firearms, shot to death.

Offering the expression of our regrets for such gross

improprieties as were dealt out to him, and regrets for his loss, he very warmly, with old-time cordiality, bade us welcome and wished us every pleasure and success. Caring for our team, we decided to try the two-acre swale, so-called, over the knoll back of the barn. This patch of ground, more marsh than solid earth, lay in a sunshiny hollow between the hills, and was overgrown with a riotous profusion of shrubbery and grape vines. On the further side was arable land, flanked with a sugar-loaf knoll rising a few hundred feet in the air, around the base of which, to the woods beyond, flew any birds that were flushed and which were fortunate enough to escape.

My companion took his accustomed position on the outside, when I essayed to work my way through the dense undergrowth. I made but little progress when the tinkling of the bell of Rex ceased and told the story that he was on point. Being situated where it was impossible for me to shoot, I called out "point" — when, with the noise of muffled thunder, out went a covey of five birds, giving my companion an opportunity to make an easy double, the remainder seeking safety in the woods beyond the hill.

"This is almost too much like butchery," said he, "but being so early in the day, and not knowing what our chances may be later, I was tempted to do it. Now, let me follow the dog and you take the outside."

Thanking him for his courtesy, and assuring him that few places in the State were so sure to hold birds, and that none could be more favorable for their capture, and that we should have to work hard for any more than we might get, I insisted on working the

cover and giving him the benefit of the success that was already ours, I ordered Rex on. Faithfully and thoroughly he covered the ground, challenging all likely places, but without avail. Slowly and carefully we worked our way through the dense and tangled undergrowth out toward the further end where it narrowed to a point. Clambering over a lot of small stones at the edge of the cover, that had been gathered in from the adjoining field, I was on their summit when the bell again ceased to tinkle. This my companion announced, when two more partridge broke cover near me with all their startling abruptness, and in a curving flight started like a flash for the woods beyond the hill. Hastily drawing bead upon the foremost, I pulled trigger at the moment a rolling stone gave way beneath my foot, I scored a clean miss, but the last fell at a very considerable distance to a more careful aim. Crossing over to the woods beyond the hill, the careful and thorough working of the dog not only gave us pleasure, but also numerous shots without adding to the number of birds in our game pockets. For this we found many reasons besides the true one, doubtless—indifferent marksmanship—and consoled ourselves that we did not want all the birds; that we already had a brace, and that

The partridge shot at that flies away
Lives to be shot at another day.

Returning to the farm house at noon to care for our horse and to eat our lunch, we found the animal cared for and a dinner already prepared for us in the house. Accepting the hospitality of our host, two hungry sportsmen did full justice to the ample New England dinner so generously provided.

The shortened autumn day prevented any lengthened interchange of courtesies, and we soon turned our steps toward the birch and alder run beside a well-known trout brook, where woodcock make their home. In less time than it takes to write it, after arriving on the ground, Rex at command flushed a plump bird that fell an easy shot to my gun. Working carefully down the run some distance, my companion heard an unusual noise and asked me if I did not hear it. Being answered in the negative, we continued our quest a little longer, when sobbing, intermingled with comforting words, was heard as a note of discord and sadness where all else was harmony and joy.

Following the direction whence came the sound, we were soon near two little girls, one of whom was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and her companion vainly endeavoring to assuage her grief and comfort her in her sorrow. This picture of sadness in the early spring time of life touched a responsive chord and emphasized the story of the good Samaritan. We soon learned the story that Mamie's little sister was dead and that they had come to the brookside from neighboring farmhouses to get some wild flowers to put on her coffin.

Just then woodcock and partridge had little attraction for us, and, touched by the pathos of the scene, we also offered such words of sympathy and comfort as we could command to the afflicted one, coupled with the assurance of co-operation and aid in procuring the floral tribute which was to attest a sister's loss and sorrow.

For a time the tears were dried, but choking sobs too plainly told that the aching heart refused to be

comforted. Laying our guns aside, the sportsmen essayed the roll of the florist. Making a light framework of the dark twigs of the black alder, we filled the interstices with moss from the brookside, and around the edge, nicely lapped the one over the other, we worked in a row of dark copper-colored leaves from a neighboring beech tree. Upon this, for a foundation, we fashioned a wreath of wild clematis and maiden-hair fern, surmounted by a cross—the emblem of man's salvation—composed of cardinal flowers flanked with blue-fringed gentian.

The children watched the progress of our work with growing interest, and the product they gladly accepted as a burden lifted.

But our shooting for the day was over. Our game bag was not plethoric, to be sure, but sufficient for those who realize that a day spent under autumn skies, along the hillsides clothed in surging billows of color, or beside the purling brook, where the woodsy odors of lowland growth perfume the air, are not to be measured by the destruction wrought.

When we reached home in the evening the same old stars shone in the firmament, but they seemed brighter.
—*Forest and Stream*, November 18, 1905.

THE MONARCH OF THE POOL.

THE morning of September 13, 1890, broke in gloom over the State of Maine, and the rain beat a restful tattoo upon our camp on Little Jo Mary lake and contributed to a lengthy morning snooze on our fragrant beds of spruce and hemlock boughs. The camp-fire sizzled and spit—the circling smoke now forced to earth by fitful gusts of wind and again circling up and losing itself in the branches. The weird notes of the loon made mournful threnody with the souging of the wind in the treetops and the swish of the waves as they broke upon the shore. During the forenoon we snoozed, played whist (our wives being members of the party), oiled boots, made needed repairs to tackle, mounted some new casts of flies—when came the summons to report at the dinner table. Our stomachs always accompany us on our outings, and we strive to treat them as we would our best friends, and years of experience have made us somewhat fastidious in the selection of a chef. The savory odors that had reached our camp for some time previous attested his skill, and these, joined to our sojourn in nature's haunts high up in the mountains, had so sharpened our appetites that we stood not upon ceremony in obeying the call. That we did ample justice to the inner man and to the skill of our chef may be inferred when it is known that he said he thought the only rule he would have to make was one limiting our time at the table to an hour and a half.

The rain having ceased, our old-time friend and companion of former camps, H. S. S., jumped up from the table and sang out:

"Here's a go for a paddle to the upper end of the lake."

No sooner said than he and the writer, with Frank, one of our guides, as a factotum, were off.

The clouds rolled low, and Mount Katahdin's night-cap was still upon his head. Spiteful whitecaps broke against and over the bows of our canoe, but being well laden we rode along quite smoothly. Not expecting to do much if any fishing, we had left all of our tackle behind save a cheap rod that had been left on the beach under the overturned canoe and a few casts of flies which we carried around our hats.

After paddling six miles to the opposite end of the lake we arrive where a beautiful sand bar has been formed by the action of the water where a brook enters the lake, passing which we find deep water extending back from the mouth about a fourth of a mile, now broken only by gentle ripples. The width varies from twenty to fifty yards, with a forest growth on either side and an occasional boulder as large as a small house jutting out from either shore or nearly submerged in the water.

Who could resist the temptation to cast? The feeble rod was soon joined and a cast made by Harry,—a second, a third and a rise and a strike. Ah! and a game boy is he. I grasp my watch to take the time as he flashed his beautiful sides out of water. Down he goes; out again! Down and off, and the pliant rod yields and the reel sings a tune to which Paganini never played an adequate accompaniment.

It is give and take and take and give for twenty minutes, when our disciple of Uncle Izaak begins to think it more labor than fun, puts severe strain upon the rod and forces the fight. By dint of great effort and much skill he leads the victim around to the stern, where I sit, and as I reach out my hand to grasp the line to lift him in, he made a wild plunge for liberty, breaking the rod at the second tying from the tip, but I grasped the line on the instant and he was landed in the canoe and the struggle ended, when we found that we had an addition of two and a half pounds of beautiful freight to our cargo.

"Well, yes! He made a splendid fight, and I am tired. You take the rod, Doctor, and give them a try."

Examining the rod, I find it, like all cheap goods, only "a delusion and a snare." The strips had never been cemented, but glued, and the glue yielding to the moisture had allowed the strips to separate and bend over nearly to a right angle. Had we another rod along this one doubtless would have gone where it deserved—to the bottom. But we straightened it out, split a quill toothpick and bound it firmly about the rod with a bit of line and started down stream toward the lake.

We had gone some distance without a rise, and I began to doubt the efficacy of my flies. A huge sunken tree which had fallen athwart the stream at an angle and right in line with an immense boulder, which extended into the water, turned the current and made a whirlpool that looked to be a most promising spot, and I did my best for "distance, delicacy and accuracy." And, lo! a rise! a swirl of the water—and all is quiet. I note

that he is a very large trout and, losing all confidence in the flies that I was using, I tell the paddlers to send the craft right along to the sand bar at the mouth of the brook. Here I mount a cast of my favorite flies for a dark day, tied by an expert in the art, composed of a Parmachene belle, Montreal, and Jenny Lind for dropper, and back we turn to try conclusions with his lordship. We near the spot and I redouble my best efforts. A rise, a strike, and right about face went our canoe down stream for the lake as if drawn by a span of ponies, and here we are, anchored to a giant, with a disabled rod and no landing net. "Let him go," said I, "but keep the canoe in midstream, and if he reaches the clear water of the lake I will make a landing at the sand bar and reel him out on the beach." We fight minute by minute and contest inch by inch. We near the mouth of the brook and I prepared to step out; but no, said he, as he made a grand break and darted up stream as if he divined my purpose. He sulked, and we thought it safe to reel in—a dart to the surface, a break, a dive, a break and dive again. Break, dive, dart, sulk succeeded break, dive, dart and sulk. Minutes have sped along into an hour, and yet he is not subdued. As we start from the rapids on the fourth trip that he led us up and down the stream I avowed that it would be trout or no trout this time when we reached the sand bar, as the fatigue that had supervened had long since eliminated the element of sport and excitement from the unequal contest. I gave him the butt of the rod and succeeded in getting his nose out of the water. He threw all of his weight upon the rod and the pliant thing permitted him to dive well beneath the surface.

Again I forced his head out of water and again he dove to the bottom, but with less strength and determination, and he sooner yielded to the pressure on the rod. His strength is failing, and yet he is game and a very unwilling captive. We reached the sand bar and I stepped out followed by the crew. The canoe was beached and I reeled in. The boatmen, each armed with a paddle, surrounded his kingship and followed him in until I landed upon the sand this foeman worthy of our steel. He tipped the scales at 5 1-4 pounds, and, while many a larger one has fallen victim to tempting lure and human skill, I cannot conceive of and never expect to have a greater battle than I had with this monarch of the pool, which was hotly contested every moment during one hour and twenty-nine minutes.—*Forest and Stream*, April 30, 1891.

OUR TRIP TO LITTLE JO MARY.

“**B**ROWNVILLE! Brownville!”—and the train came to a standstill before the little railroad station of that name Down East, in the State of Maine—the El Dorado of Eastern sportsmen. All was hurry and bustle, as passengers with bundles alighted from and entered the train, the hearty and cordial greeting of re-united friends on the one hand making strange contrast with the tearful, tender good-

byes and sad farewells on the other. So it ever is, extremes meet, but the pilgrims from the old Bay State had no time to indulge sentiment as the morning was well advanced and they were many miles from their destination.

L. M. Gerrish, our head guide and chef, was on hand to receive us; and quickly changing our habiliments of civilization for those of the woods at the little country inn, where all superfluities are left until our return, our party, consisting of Harry S. Seeley, wife and little boy, Nat, the writer and his wife and three guides, together with generous supplies for the inner man and necessary camp duffle, were on their way with two teams to Schoodic Lake, some six miles distant.

There we boarded a rowboat and a canoe. Z. B. Knight, the stalwart veteran boatman, whose residence is near the shore of the lake, had been engaged to row the party to the upper end of the lake, and right well did he perform the task, rowing the eight miles in something less than two hours. When we pushed off from the shore we left civilization behind, but what a panorama opened out before us on every hand! Bold headlands jutting out into the lake covered with rainbow-tinted foliage, white birches like belated ghosts in broad contrast with the sombre pines, whose extended branches seemed like outstretched arms as if to give us welcome—hill top and mountain vieing with hill top and mountain until in the dim distance their outlines looked like steel engravings, suggesting such

“A pomp of scene,
The noblest sure that nature in her play
Of power e’er shaped.”

An element of danger was the enormous rocky cliffs

and boulders whose dangerous heads lay concealed beneath the surface of the water. We came very near to paying sad tribute to their presence by the bow of our heavily laden boat—with four passengers and a generous portion of the camp supplies—running upon one, which, but for the presence of mind and skill of our boatman, might have resulted in serious consequences. “Keep still! Don’t move an inch” were his words of caution as he put forth his best efforts to keep the boat from drifting around with the wind and capsizing. But the stiff breeze and heavy freight were too much for his strength, and the writer, who was sitting in the bow, cautiously stepped out upon the boulder and with a lift and push the craft was afloat again. A sharp lookout thereafter prevented a repetition of the thrilling experience. Landing was made soon after mid-day, a hearty lunch partaken of, and the procession moved forward on its march of a dozen miles along an old tote road through an unbroken wilderness—a journey we were informed that no lady had ever undertaken before.

A staunch team had been provided over which Steve Thomas, a backwoods character, if not a genius, held the reins. Words would make but a poor showing were they used as they best might be in an attempt to give an adequate description of the voyage, for certainly the vehicle in its ups and downs over stump and boulder, over hillock and slough and rickety corduroy, more nearly resembled a craft on a turbulent and tempest-tossed ocean than any organization on wheels on terra firma. But our Jehu was a character, and in addition to his exceeding care in the management of his team, his keen wit, droll humor, and skill-

ful repartee kept the ladies in a roar of laughter which, combined with the novelty of the experience, rendered this not among the least enjoyable features of the trip. On going through an unusually bad piece of road, if there was any that would justify such characterization, one of the horses cast a shoe which was lost in the mire; but the backwoodsman let no such small thing disturb his equanimity. The horse was liberated from his fellow, the utility box brought out, and before the lapse of many minutes another shoe had replaced the lost one.

The afternoon rapidly wore away, and the lengthened shadows warned us that we could not reach our destination that night, and, hurry along as best we may in the gloaming, we did not reach Ebeme Lodge, a log camp by the wayside in the woods, until

"Night had let its curtain down
And pinned it with a star."

Here we camped for the night, and, after the fatigue of the day, we had no inclination to prolong the evening hour, but were soon lost in refreshing sleep. We had not the forethought to propitiate the weather clerk before retiring, and when we awoke in the morning we found ourselves in a dreary, dismal downpour of rain that promised a bar to further progress that day. Our party was made up of those with whom, when on an outing in the woods, "everything goes," and hence no grumbling or fault-finding was openly indulged in—whatever might have been our inner sentiments.

Towards mid-day the rain ceased falling, and loading the ladies and dunnage upon a jumper, as a wagon could go no further, we took our leave of the friendly roof that had furnished us such welcome shelter. The

skill and care of the reins-man at all times, and the strength of two guides in addition were many times called into requisition to keep the craft from capsizing as it rolled, pitched and tumbled about over boulders, knolls and crags, but everything went well until one runner became so firmly wedged in between tree roots and boulders that snap went the great cable chain to which the team was attached, and yet not a part of the jumper broke or gave way, so well was it constructed in the woods of green hornbeam—and there was not an iron bolt nor brace in the structure. Hastily cutting a sapling for a lever and prying up the runner, the draw chain was soon toggled, and we were again on our way with but a few minutes delay. We reached camp in the early evening and found everything neat and tidy, quickly disposed of a generous supper and were soon lost in pleasant dreams on our beds of fragrant spruce and hemlock, while a roaring camp-fire blazed high without and gave an added charm to the night.

The fatigues of the previous days contributed to a lengthy morning nap, and we were aroused from our slumbers by the presence of strangers in camp. Turning out and making a hasty toilet we found a genial fellow sportsman from Boston, and guide, in waiting to tender the compliments of their camp on the Middle Jo Mary, some six miles distant, where some half dozen professional and business men for many years had followed Thoreau's example and made their camp on its romantic shores. With kindly forethought, being informed when they were going in of the date of our arrival, and knowing that we would be fatigued after the journey, they brought with them numbers of beau-

tiful trout that our feasting and enjoyment of life in the woods might begin with the first morning. Courtesies that were highly enjoyed by us were frequently exchanged between the camps, and the writer indulges the hope that he may again grasp the friendly hands and share the boundless hospitality of the jolly campers on the Middle Jo Mary.

Going down to the water's edge, we found an oblong lake some four by five miles in extent, surrounded by dense forest growth, with tier upon tier of mountains in the distance, now looming up in the morning sunshine with the summit of Katahdin in the background some twenty miles away. As we looked upon the scene we realized that

"High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture."

What a quiet, restful scene! How we expand our lungs and drink in the health-giving ozone! There in the cove yonder are a mother doe and her full-grown young disporting himself in the water; here, within a few rods, saunter about a black duck and her brood of ducklings, as proud and unconcerned as if no enemy were near; there a break in the water as some monster trout completes his morning meal.

Our reverie is disturbed by the advent of a canoe, and a cheery voice sang out: "Get aboard, and let us at them." We were soon enjoying the pleasures of the sport and soon provided an ample supply for the larder, returning to the water all that could not be used, as it is our rule never to waste or wantonly destroy.

The declining sun found us at the water's edge in wonderment and admiration at the play of colors in

the clouds and on the summits of the mountains. Streamers of green and gold shot up to the zenith until it seemed as if the dome of heaven was decorated by angel hands, and the mountain tops were clothed in a living, brilliant purple that shaded into the darkness of night with the setting sun. The day ended, we gathered around the camp-fire, with forest trees hoary with age as sentinels all around us.

"'Tis eve, 'tis night; a holy quiet broods
O'er the mute world; winds, waters are at peace;
The beasts lie couched amid unstirring woods;
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;
No twit'ring bird sings farewell from the trees."

The evening wind sang a crescendo through the surrounding forest and swung its censer of incense breathing balsam and pine, and we dropped off in blissful, restful slumber until again

"The vapors round the mountains curled
Melt into morn and light awakes the world."

And so went days and weeks, and who shall say that we did not regret when the hour of parting came? But stern duty called, and, as if from a gentle reverie aroused, we returned to the treadmill of every day life, looking forward in fond anticipation to the time when we will again make our camp and build our camp-fire on the Little Jo Mary.—*Forest and Stream*, September 17, 1891.

REMINISCENT.

THE modest hepatica and the fragrant mayflower, harbingers of springtime and welcome guests, have come and gone, and the catkins on the willow that appear before the snows of winter depart, have long since been succeeded by the frondescence of early summer. The burning sun of June invites to shade and cool retreat whence we may see the heat waves rise from earth and dance and tremble until lost in the higher atmosphere. Not a breath stirs, and it seems as if we are all alone in the world and nature is enjoying a siesta. But no, for right here on our left a colony of ants ply their honest toil, a spider noiselessly spreads his net in the branches overhead, and a katydid breaks in with its sibilant, rasping song. Our companion of many a day in field and covert, tired of panting and lolling, throws himself broadside upon the ground, and let us hope that he, like his master, finds comfort and pleasure in the recollection of distant but not forgotten days of autumn time.

Ah! we have been there!—and in these sweltering days it does one good to recall those other days of comfort and pleasure, days when the cares of business and the perplexities of life were laid aside and forgotten. Our thoughts go back to a day upon the hills and in the runs of the old Bay State that will linger long as a cherished remembrance, not because we shot remarkably well nor scored such a large bag of birds,

for we never measure our pleasure by the size of our bag. The early drive in the clear, frosty morning air, genial companionship, no friction or mishap, cordial reception at our destination, fine working dogs, reasonable number of birds, and fair success in their capture, all contribute to the enjoyment of our outing.

A valued gunning friend and the writer had planned for a day out during the full moon of October, when the flight of woodcock would be on, and with the enthusiasm of school-boys we awaited the arrival of the day. We arranged for an early start as our destination was a dozen miles distant, and we have a decided preference for the early morning hours in the covert. The writer turned in early the night before and dreamed of birds, birds, birds. Arousing from a sound slumber I think it near morning, and hastily arising find it only 2 o'clock. I return to bed but not to sleep. At 5 o'clock we are measuring off distance on the road. The morning air is keen, clear and bracing, and we spank along at a good pace, well bundled up and comfortable. We soon arrive at our destination and find our old stamping grounds posted. We are about to drive along to other haunts, when Mr. S—— came out of his house and accosted us with a cheery "Good morning, gentlemen, good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. S——. We drove out for a day's shooting, but we see you have your place posted."

"Yes, but drive your team right into the barn and shoot all you want to. I have posted my place because of pot-hunters who in years past have been here day after day, and you'd think to see and hear them that they owned the place. They never thought it

worth while to ask permission, and they've killed lots of birds here and have never had decency enough to offer me a brace or even to as much as thank me. Then I've been annoyed by a good deal of Sunday shooting, and I won't have it. But you gentlemen are just as welcome as ever to come here and shoot."

"Thank you, Mr. S——; we certainly appreciate your kindness and will endeavor not to abuse it."

"That's all right. I've never had occasion to regret your coming."

Before the conversation was ended the team was cared for and two eager gunners were ready for the fray. Our steps were turned toward a small brook below the house, flanked on either side by a narrow alder run, with a few scrub pines and apple trees, and elevated land on either side.

My friend's William Tell (5224), that rare good dog, accompanied us, and he was as anxious and joyous as his owner and companion for the sport of the day. Parenthetically, I may say that Tell descended from generations of noble ancestry, and that his unsurpassed performances in the field were his by honest inheritance. Nor were his good qualities limited to the field, as his winnings on the bench at New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven and other places bear ample testimony. Nat. 1884. Ob. 1891.

"Doc, you keep along on the edge of the hill a little ahead and above the alders, and I will go in with Tell. It is so thick in there I don't think I can shoot; and if old Mr. Grouse boils up I want you to knock him over."

"All right, Charley, I'll do the best I can."

We moved quietly along some little distance, when

I am informed that there are birds there, as Tell is making game.

"Look out, Doc, Tell has a point!"

No need to caution Tell to steady him, as he was as staunch as a rock and was never known to flush a bird through his own fault.

Whirr-rr-rr-bang!—rr-rr-rr. As he rose Charley got a snap shot in close cover, and he "boiled out," so I thought, at least, out of gun shot for me, but I did my best to stop him. Certain it was that the wary grouse escaped us both unscathed.

"Charley, come up here! I have marked him down up there in that undergrowth by the stone wall on the other side of the road, and we ought to get him now!"

"Well, Doc, I'll go up around on the other side of him and turn him back down the run. If he goes up over the hill it will be good day to him. So you get in between him and the run and you will get a good open shot."

We are soon in position and Tell again points him under a snarly grape vine, which, with sumach and pine, made a cover so dense that Charley could not see him when he arose. But down the hill he came by me flying low and much like a flash of greased lightning. I threw in ahead and pulled with "the finger of instinct and the eye of faith," and had the pleasure of seeing feathers drifting down the hill-side as a result.

"Did you get him, Doc?"

"He is our bird, Charley, I think. At least I have some of his plumage as a souvenir. But didn't he go, though?"

Tell is soon on the scent and trails him down to the

water's edge, but finds no bird. We join him in the search and look the ground over carefully and thoroughly, but without success.

We are somewhat winded by the chase up and down the hillside and so sit down while Tell continues the search. He travels up and down along the brook challenging every nook and cranny, starts back where the bird struck the earth and works the ground over and over again. Half an hour is spent in the search for we would rather miss several clean than fail to secure a dead or wounded bird. Skirting the brook downward to an unusual distance Tell strikes scent on a flat stone in the middle of the stream, which at this point is quite wide and shallow, and is soon on the other side where he again takes up the scent and trails along the brook some distance and comes to a staunch point at some gnarly roots of a partially overturned tree. We look in vain to see anything of the bird, but reaching in under the roots as far as he could Charley grasped and withdrew from his hiding place a very large cock grouse with one wing shot off. We agreed that we had never seen more persistent or better work retrieving done by any dog, as the cunning of the bird had doubtless prompted him to run in and across the water to break the scent. We resumed our work down the run and did not proceed far before another bird broke cover out of shot nor stopped in his flight until after passing out of sight over the distant hilltop. In due time "Mark! Bang!" and Charley's gun does the deed of death before the bird showed himself above the alder tops. We are soon at the lower end of the run and I take my position upon a little cleared knoll around which the brook makes a bend at nearly a right

angle to its former course. We usually found a covey of birds at its foot, scattered among the blackberries and scrub growth which when flushed flew directly over the hillock to the dense woods beyond.

"Now, Doc, don't get rattled. If there are any birds in there you know Tell can be depended on. I won't send over but one at a time."

Charley and Tell strike out and surround the spot and soon "Point! Look out!"

Whirr-rr-rr—bang! bang right into my face and past me without touching a feather.

"Are you ready? Look out!" Bang, and a clean kill as he went quartering away on my left.

"Another point! mark!" and Charley's gun stopped another in his flight before he got well under way.

"Tell has another point? mark!"

Whirr-rr-rr right in line for the muzzle of my gun and killed clean at easy range. Another bird took wing on Charley's left which went quartering away out of gunshot and no ammunition was wasted on him.

"Well, that is good sport, Doc. How many did you get?"

"Two."

"Well, two out of three shots is not bad in such cover as this."

We gather up the birds and return to the barn for lunch with five nice plump birds. We are invited into the house but prefer to eat *al fresco* and enjoy the warm sunshine. A pumpkin pie and a pitcher of milk were sent out to us and they served to round out a hearty lunch. We put one of Uncle Sam's promises to pay on the plate when it was returned to the house. Being somewhat fatigued from the unusual exercise of

the forenoon, we took a short rest and then started for the run above the house, and worked over considerable territory without getting a point. We arrived at a well-known marshy place that was densely overgrown with grape vines and which seldom failed to hold birds.

"Now, Doc, you go around and get into that old wood road and I will work this the best I can out to you. You know a fellow can't get a shot in such a jungle."

"All right, Charley, give me five minutes to get my position, then come right through."

I have not long to wait before the thunder of pinions appraises me to be on the alert. Instantly I see a bird coming directly toward me and another making off at nearly a right angle. Bang, bang; and when Charlie appeared he inquired:

"How many were there?"

"Two."

"Which way did they go?"

"Come here and I will show you."

"Here is one," said I, pointing to my foot, "and the other is over there by that little sluice where it runs under the road."

"Both?"

"For certain."

"Bravo! but that is good."

"Charley, that makes a pretty good bag and as we are somewhat tired and the afternoon is on the wane, what do you say to going over to the white birches and trying for woodcock?"

"It's a go," said Charley, and we lost no time in reaching our favorite flight woodcock ground. We

did not go seventy-five yards beyond the stone wall before Tell pointed, and Charley walked in and flushed a fine bird which he grassed neatly with a single gun. We worked along some little distance, Tell challenging frequently but finding no birds until nearing a little opening where he pointed near a tussock grown over with a brushy undergrowth. Both have good positions, and when he is flushed two guns at the same instant roar out their message of death, and another plump bird is deposited in our game bag.

The sun had kissed the topmost hills and we were warned to retrace our steps, and making a detour in the direction of our team we had just climbed over a stone wall when up flew a bird without any warning, and making a hasty snap shot I missed with my first, but scored a nice, clean kill at long range with my second. Another bird fell to Charlie's gun on the way to the house, making our score for the day eleven birds. We selected a fine brace of grouse and presented them to our host, who was much pleased, and he gave us a very cordial invitation to come again. We reached home in the early evening, tired, contented and happy, our appetites whetted by the exertion and bracing air of the day. Soon after getting thoroughly warmed up and eating a hearty supper, Morpheus wrapped us in his mantle and transported us to the land of pleasant dreams.—*Forest and Stream, June 2, 1892.*

A VERACIOUS NARRATION.

“LOOKS as though the storm was about over and I guess it's going to be colder,” were Charley Steele's words of salutation and prophesy when he dropped in one afternoon in autumn after a driving rain that lasted several days. The words were not hastily spoken, and their manner of utterance would not remind one of the impetuous schoolboy bubbling over with animal spirits and over-elated at the prospect of soon enjoying a day on the ice with his skates. No! there is nothing impetuous about Charley, and his going out and coming in, his easy, swinging gait and drawling intonation suggest that he was not born in a hurry and that he has not made war upon his inheritance.

Be the fates propitious or otherwise, his equanimity is not disturbed, and his ability, patience, perseverance and untiring industry combined with droll humor and apt rejoinder make him a prized companion for an outing. Are there any trout brooks accessible, Charley carries a mental map of the topography of the country for miles around, each rippling brook clearly defined from source to confluence as if graven on metal, and each bend and pool that furnishes home and hiding place for piscatorial beauty yields abundant tribute to his tempting lure.

Birds! Well, the boys say that they don't dare to mate in the spring until he gives his consent and designates their nesting places.

I agreed with him that we were likely to get colder weather, and now that the leaves had been beaten from the trees, it would be a good time to take a day off and pay our respects to the birds. The suggestion proved an exact fit, and the next morning, keen and frosty, two gunners well bundled up with all necessary impedimenta drove out to the northern covers. Buoyant at the prospect, we were at peace with ourselves and all the world, the smoke from the fragrant Havana lending added comfort and perfuming the air for yards around.

An hour's ride landed us several miles out where a small cover filled in one corner and a swale with scrub growth the opposite where the turnpike crosses another at right angles.

"Guess we had better hitch here and try this little patch. You go into the open pasture on the other side of the road and I'll take Pete and go down the road and beat the cover back to you. If a bird boils out he will come right into your face as he cuts across the corner for the swale—and you know he don't count if you don't drop him."

"All right, Charley. You put him up and he is our bird. I feel just like it this clear, frosty morning."

I am not long in my place before I hear the tinkle, tinkle of Pete's bell as he carefully quartered the narrow cover, and soon I got an occasional glimpse of Charley's head as he worked his way towards me. Coming within speaking distance he said:

"I guess there ain't any birds here this morning, but somehow Pete don't seem to want to give it up. He's been challenging and trailing, but I guess it must be a rabbit that's run into the wall in front of you."

Pete meanwhile had worked up under an apple tree in a jungle of undergrowth by the stone wall on the roadside and stiffened out on a rigid point.

"Pete has a point, Doc!"

"Whirr-rr-r, bang!"—and a plump grouse fell within two yards of my feet.

"Didn't I tell you, Charley, that I felt just like it? Why, I feel that it is just the easiest thing in the world to down anything that flies to-day.

We smoothed the ruffled plumage and carefully folded the wings of the noble bird that but a moment ago was instinct with life and deposited it in our game pocket. We drove along to the farm house beyond the hill, where we received a cordial welcome and an invitation to put our team in the barn. We were soon in the apple tree run west of the house.

"Doc, you go up around and take your stand by that big chestnut in the open up there about 200 yards. I can take care of any birds that may be about here, but when I get into that tangled grape vine mess up there I can't shoot, and you know that they cut right across the opening by the chestnut to the cover beyond."

"All right, Charley, and I'll cut them down before they cut across."

Charley worked the covert out faithfully and well, but started no bird until he got into the grape vine thicket, where Pete made a staunch point, which Charley duly announced.

"All right here, Charley; send her along."

At command Pete flushed, and I saw Mrs. Grouse making a bee line for my head. I had ample time to put my gun to my shoulder and take deliberate aim,

as I might with a rifle, and when I judged the bird to be at a proper distance, pulled the trigger, feeling absolutely certain that the bird would fall dead at my feet, she was coming at such speed; but like a flash by me she went to the cover beyond, and so surprised and astounded was I that it never occurred to me to use the second charge on her!

Talk about the heights of expectation and the depths of disappointment, talk about the dead certainties of life and find yourself clinging only to the baseless fabric of a dream!

"That's our bird, too, I suppose," said Charley when he appeared all too soon upon the scene.

"Yes, our bird to get. Charley, do you suppose I could get a job from some of these farmers about here to pile up stones?"

"Why, what do you mean? Didn't you get that bird?"

"Get that bird? No. I think I had better break my gun over that stone wall and go home."

"Oh, come, now, don't get rattled. I thought you were feeling a little too fine when we started in, but the day is before us and we will do something yet. She was coming quicker than you thought and you didn't shoot quick enough. You let her get too near and your shot went by her like a bullet. Where did she go?"

"Right on up the run."

"She is probably hid up in the scrub pine up in that alder run. You get right up to the chestnuts by that big boulder and I will soon have her going again."

I had not long to wait before I heard Charley's "mark" as she left a pine tree-top when he was just

where he couldn't shoot. Just as soon as she broke cover bang! bang! went my gun and on went the bird by me up the run.

Rattled? Please don't mention it. I began to think that I hadn't lost any partridge, and it wouldn't make much difference if I didn't capture the one belonging to somebody else.

Charley emerged from the cover before she was lost to view, and seeing that I had again missed her clean, and doubtless appreciating my frame of mind, only said:

"I've marked her down in that brier patch under the sumach up there and we'll get her now."

We soon surrounded her and Pete was ordered in. She was running and soon took wing at a long distance, when both sent salutations and unheeded orders to halt.

She ceased not in her flight until after reaching the dense pine woods beyond the old road to Malden, where it would be useless and unwise to pursue her.

But why recount the adventures of that day in detail? We had journeyed some miles from the team and we agreed to go back around Malden Hill in the hope that fate would be more propitious. But bird after bird Charley sent uncomplainingly over my head to the right and to the left, until I had used nineteen shells and only had one bird to show for them, and this without a word of criticism or fault finding from him!

We reached the summit of the hill in sight of the farmhouse a little after mid-day, when Charley said: "You stand out there in the opening and I will go down this narrow strip of cover. There's usually

some birds down at the lower end, where mast is plenty, and they will fly right over this open spot to the big woods. If you don't kill any of them I think we had better go home."

I was not in a talkative mood just then and answer made I none. Charley worked down through the almost impenetrable scrub growth, and when nearing the lower end up boiled three birds, and veering around they gave him no shot, but from my point of vantage on the summit I could see all as they swiftly scaled the scrub tops flying directly toward me. Two more shells were wasted, and crest-fallen and disheartened I started for the barn. Charley, not waiting for my tardy steps, was seated on a log near the barn in the warm sunlight eating his lunch on my arrival.

Not a word passed between us. I watered and fed the horse and sat down and ate my lunch. Pete wagged his tail in recognition for the morsel thrown to him, but to me it seemed clear that disdain was pictured upon his countenance. Charley's lunch was disposed of long before I finished mine, and I could not but observe that he held the stem of his meerschaum more firmly between his teeth and sent forth greater volumes of the fragrant smoke than usual.

Luncheon ended, we proceeded to hitch up the team. As Charley was tucking the blanket around Pete under the seat, he broke the silence with the brief question:

"Going home?"

"I don't know but that we might as well, but I hate to give it up so."

"Well, perhaps luck might turn. Suppose we go on to the old red house cover. It gets dark early, but it's

not far over there, and perhaps we might do something."

We are driving out of the yard now and the horse's head is not turned homeward. We reach our destination when Charley said:

"Now, you go down by the big chestnuts by the bars and I will go up to the apple trees in the run above. If I start any birds I am bound to kill some and the rest will come right down in easy gun shot of you, and I don't want you to waste any more ammunition either. I will stay here on this knoll until I see you in your position."

On I carelessly go carrying my gun over my shoulder, thinking of nothing but getting down to the bars. I had covered about half the distance when out from under a scrub pine by the side of a thorn apple tree jumped five partridges so unexpectedly, and the thunder of whose pinions so disconcerted me, that I forgot that I had a gun, so I didn't "waste any more ammunition" on them.

I thought I heard Charley say h—ll, but of this I would not want to affirm positively, as those who know him best would hardly believe he could commit such a breach of propriety, and besides, if woodcock whistle with their wings as is claimed why may not partridges, who are more highly developed, say cuss words with theirs?

The time was too precious to be frittered away in indulging in vain regrets, and so I was soon in the place assigned me under the chestnuts. Soon I heard "Point! mark!" Bang, bang—bang, bang!

The gunners have done their work, but it is Pete's hour of triumph. Promptly and delicately he re

trieved three plump birds, two of which fell to Charley's gun. We marked down the balance and in less than ten minutes two more were in our pockets—one to each gun. We turned and sought the covey that I blundered upon, and had no difficulty in locating them in a nice open growth of chestnuts, where we could work together. Pete pointed a single that gave me a shot on the right when flushed. I made a nice clean kill and added the sixth bird to our score. A seventh is soon flushed that made straight away, but fell to the report of two guns at the same instant. The day was fast going and we made a detour toward our team, and on the way we killed another bird apiece, successfully ending a day with the biggest hole in it that it has ever been our lot to spend together. —*Forest and Stream, February 9, 1893.*

BOOKS IN RUNNING BROOKS.

THE balmy zephyrs of spring breathe o'er the land and bud and blossom are responsive. The humming bird and butterfly disturb the trellis and dislodge the dewey gem from the petal of the morning glory, its mirrored rainbows dashed to earth and lost to human ken. Destroyed it is not, but unheard and unobserved it joins its fellows and leaves its birth-place on the summit in laughing ripples and winding rivulets and sings ever onward, onward until lost in the ocean beyond.

Obstacles and rebuffs are encountered only to be surmounted and overcome, and growing broader, deeper and more sparkling as it journeys, it flashes back the rays of the morning sun, and the schoolboy tarries by its side to gather glistening pebbles. Bobolink and daffodil taste it sweets, and fragrant fern and pungent mint give it welcome embrace. The timid hare in the copse shrinks from its mirrored form, and modest violets are hidden by mossy stones where the silver thread of our idyllic brook meanders through fertile field and luxuriant meadow.

The freshness and loveliness of early life abounds and kindly nature offers tribute of foliage, bud and blossom as if fully in touch and appreciative of the enchanting season. The miniture cascades grow in volume, pools deepen and the current cuts away the bank at the bend. Here Piscator comes in early spring and drops his tempting lure;—and the voracious trout impaled upon the cruel steel no longer dwells in his crystal home. Piscator's discerning eye sees new beauty in the renewed landscape; his ears attuned to the symphonies of life, are gladdened by the love notes of his feathered companions, and the undying melody of the rippling brook; his system thrills with exultation as he contemplates the beauteous scene while he journeys down the brook, adding to the contents of his creel, which to him is the minor and less valued part.

The sun is at zenith and he betakes himself to the well known spreading elm to eat his noonday lunch.
'Tis an ideal

“lover's trysting place,
And brooding o'er it does the wise man sit,
Letting life's joys go by.”

And so Piscator—to him each varied scene in the kaleidoscopic panorama is instinct with pleasure and added joy. Crumbs from his lunch are shared with a pair of robins that have been industriously at work putting the finishing touches to their new home in an adjoining tree, and a brown thrush flits from stem to stem in the bushy undergrowth, not daring to venture into the presence of man. He is fatigued by the unusual tramp, and with crossed legs and rod and reel by his side he leans back against the tree for a little rest and quiet enjoyment, but the mind cannot be disciplined like the body, and it refuses to suspend its functions. Without mental effort he sees in his morning's experience an epitome of life itself—beginings the most humble and helpless, children multiplying and adding strength to the family name and household even as the rivulets to the brook; obstacles and hindrances in the way to be overcome and surmounted; life's pathway now turbulent and precipitous and anon without agitation or ripple; now with bud and blossom to cheer and please and again encountering the boulders and thorns of opposition and difficulty; now in sunshine and calm and again with darkening cloud and forked lightning as if to cast down, crush and annihilate; now moving along in quietness and alone, even as Piscator himself; now prolific and useful and now seeming barren and useless; now turning the wheels of industry amid the noise, grime and turmoil in centres of population, and anon bearing the burdens of commerce out to and losing itself in the boundless ocean, even as does restless and resistless time transport the human family out upon the measureless ocean of eternity.

The nooning hour had grown to unusual length before our gentle fisherman resumed his pleasant tramp. Not without success did he tempt the wary trout, and the shadows of evening found him in happy mood but with an unfilled creel. Before returning home his steps sought the house of a convalescent friend who shared more than half its contents, and who rejoiced and gave thanks that he numbered the unselfish fisherman among his friends.—*Forest and Stream, May 18, 1893.*

TONGUES IN TREES.

THE trout hog and pot-hunter may find enjoyment only in wholesale destruction carried even to the limit of extermination, and too many of this class are offensively conspicuous in wrongly named Sportsmen's clubs, whose professed object is to protect and develop fish and game. These, together with a mercenary class recruited largely from the ranks of those engaged in the sale of fishing tackle, ammunition and other agents of destruction, and who delight to masquerade in the garb of sportsmen, usually capture the machinery of the sportsmen's clubs, and as a result depleted streams and empty coverts and a niggardliness that attempts nothing in the direction of re-stocking either.

The best element in the guild of sportsman has long since learned that the greatest benefit and pleasure of an outing are not to be measured by the destruction wrought, nor the profit estimated by the dollars and cents which the contents of creel or bag might bring if sold in the market.

No! Despising these, which at best are but incidents in a broader and higher view, the greater pleasure and benefit that come to him who goes afield with eyes and ears open, and whose heart is not withered by avarice, count for more than mere wanton slaughter. He whose being is so attuned,

“finds tongues in trees.”

He realizes that the world is but a vast school house and all are pupils. In the every-day walks of life he encounters some born with the grin of Momus, who can see only the ludicrous; some with a bent for the serious, who never smile; some who, surmounting every obstacle, ascend to the summit at a single bound, and others who never become more than drudges or drones by the wayside.

He considers how much he has to be thankful for to whom it is given to be any of these as occasion demands, and how deserving of commiseration and sympathy is he who can appear in but a single role.

To the thoughtful and observing the book of nature is ever interesting and instructive, its varied leaves stored with amplitude to hold enraptured the greatest intellect, while not repelling the most callow youth. All stations and conditions bring tribute to her shrine and learn from her lessons as diverse as are her devotees. Many an interesting parallel to the every-day

affairs of life are discerned in her manifold aspects, and to none do they come with more frequency, force and pleasure than to the lover of rod and gun who worthily bears the name of Sportsman. True to the words of one of the kings of English poets, he "finds sermons in stones." He saunters forth gun in hand in the delightful stillness of autumn time, and his pathway leads him along the hillside where he comes to a solitary spreading tree. It is isolated from its fellows, manfully breasting the storms that break over it, its roots striking more deeply and holding more firmly with every encounter, fulfilling its allotted destiny apart from its fellows. Type of the hermit of ancient days, thinks he, a man of fixed principles to which he was ever devoted and loyal, who lived apart from his fellows, who counted not the world's praise nor feared its censure—and on he passes to a grove of conifers.

Here he finds a brotherhood of trees in close communion—the antithesis of the one upon the hillside—each in closest relation, but not encroaching upon the other, the sighing of the wind in their branches typifying the orisons of their human companions, and their balsamic fragrance permeating all and wafted heavenward like the incense of good deeds ascending from the human brotherhood to the great white throne on high.

Again he sees great giant trees towering above all surroundings, like the noted ones of the world, and others unpretentious, but fruited with abundance like the most valued members of society, the unobtrusive men of good deeds.

There, to be shunned, are noxious trees whose pestilential exhalations have no redeeming quality,

and they remind him only of the vagabond contingent and enemies of their kind; others stately and fair to look upon that are rotten within; trees of great height and vast proportions that challenge his attention and command the tribute of his admiration, that are snapped asunder by the whirlwind and thrown to earth, pulling down and crushing everything in their course like many a proud man who started out upon the journey of life in conscious strength and buoyant with the hope of great achievement, who attained to high and envied station, but who in a moment of weakness encountered the gale of temptation and fell with an appalling crash that shook the pillars of society and brought ruin and disgrace in his path.

Again, he is surrounded by others that seem fitting companions to the dilettanti whose every thought is of the present and who always promise themselves a golden to-morrow, but who are swept into oblivion by the winds of adversity, leaving behind not even charred embers as a remembrance, as does the consuming forest fire. The towering oak and clinging vine, type of conjugal love and highest earthly affection, escape not his attention nor the lessons they teach of bearing one another's burdens.

Some he sees are like other members of the human family who have a grand destiny, while others of as great intrinsic value live and die unknown; some are great in a worldly sense, while living by their association with events of importance, and others, like the good ones of the world, are best known and appreciated when beyond its praise.

Putting forth bud and blossom they well typify youth and give promise of a great future; clothed

with densest foliage of mid-summer, the days of manhood and strength; in the sere and yellow leaf, the autumn time of life when is garnered the harvest of years; and when their naked branches are assailed by the merciless winds of winter and give back but sad, pensive strains in remonstrance, he has a vivid picture of cheerless and defenceless old age, desolate and forlorn, when the charms of life are but a memory—the friends of other days cast down from the tree of life and gathered into the silent churchyard even as are the leaves by the winds of winter.

But the shadows have grown to extreme length, the day is spent, and here again is our Sportsman at the stile over which he took his departare in the morning. His game bag is empty, for his gun has not done the deed of death, but who does not envy him his outing or say his day has been profitless.—*Forest and Stream.*

PICKEREL FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

THE eye now discerns no difference between the rapids of the rippling brook and its slack water, nor discovers aught of the overhanging bank at the bend, where in the sunshine of summer the beautiful trout love to tarry. Boreas has escaped from his northern home and hushed its liquid melody in his icy embrace—while wrapping the earth in the

ample folds of his snowy mantle. Human enactments are now in harmony with Nature's laws, and the sportsman erstwhile must forego the pleasures of rod and gun and content himself with reminiscence and indifferent substitutes. The lowing kine may not add beauty to the landscape, the leafy copse may not give back the varied notes of its feathered songsters, nor the fern yield its fragrance to the trampling foot; and yet the gentle savage within him may not be wholly repressed although the highest canons of sportsmanship be offended in its gratification. The choice five ounce split-bamboo must be laid away, and the delicate fly of many and gaudy hues be relegated to the fly-book, for to-day we must be content with the inelegant tilt and lively minnow.

The wind has veered around to the south and the day grows sunny and warm with the passing morning hours. A trio gather about the fire—and soon a fellow feeling and longing for old-time adventures and pleasures prompt an adjournment to a neighboring pond some few miles away. As mid-day approaches these congenial friends and the writer, well tucked up in fur robes, with four dozen tilts and a generous supply of all other things needful, sally forth behind the merry music of the jingling bells for an encounter with the pickerel in their native haunts.

It may be well to explain that there was some difference of opinion at the outset as to where Messrs. Esox were most "at home," but the junior member of the party parts his hair in the middle, and, not yet having encountered many of the adverse storms of life, his face is generally decorated with a ten-gauge smile, which he is in no hurry to part with by apply-

ing himself to the serious consideration of the difficult problems of life, and, therefore, he is apt to do as did Ruth of the Scriptures, "whither thou goest I will go"—so he is no longer a factor in the contention. The other member of the party, while smaller in stature and carrying only a light load of years, has scaled the crater of Vesuvius, climbed the Matterhorn, carved his name on the Pyramids and confronted the bloodthirsty New Jersey mosquito in his native haunts. He never failed to recognize the superior qualifications of the patriarch of the party, and to accord the respect due to gray hairs, until in an unfortunate hour in the wilds of Maine he became the victim of misplaced confidence and found he had only a baby pathfinder in the person of the patriarch for a guide, when he lost a blazed trail and floundered about for a long time in an almost impenetrable windfall jungle. He is now disposed to be more exacting and critical, and it was not without the use of many of the nice persuasive words of the dictionary that he consented to the plans of the patriarch.

Arrived at our destination we found the ice of only moderate thickness, and we had our first tilt set as the steam whistles of the city were sounding for one o'clock. We succeeded in getting but a few tilts set when the game of the big fish and the little fish began in earnest, and soon the red flag flying at the masthead announced the usual result—that the big fish had devoured the little fish, who in turn surrendered to a greater enemy and not less relentless. We hurried up in the work of setting the tilts, but had to desist before we had half our number in. Callers we had fast and furious.

We ate our lunch while travelling from tilt to tilt, keenly enjoying the beautiful calm, sunny winter's day, its stillness broken only by the jollity of the fishermen, the click of the tell-tale tilt, and the sharp report of the distant woodsman's axe. We were out for a good time, and a good time we have, every condition being favorable. Our pile of fish grew rapidly, and their black, gold and green blended in harmony and made a pretty picture on the ice. We did not want all the fish in the pond, and we pulled up at 4 o'clock and returned to the city with an elegant string of forty-four pickerel that weighed nearly double as many pounds.—*Forest and Stream*.

JACKING DEER.

A REMINISCENCE OF A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

JACK BOYLE and George Chipman, George Chipman and Jack Boyle! Just the best of names for guides, and just the best of guides who bore them—men skilled in woodcraft, and who can cast a fly, handle a canoe, pitch a tent, make a bough bed and prepare a tempting *menu* with the best.

Our party, consisting of Mr. Otis Le Roy, of New York city, and Harry S. Seeley and the writer, from the Heart of the Commonwealth, had spent a lengthy vacation with them during the Fall of 1889 in the

To Y^e Ancient and Honourable
Guild of Fishermen



Of y^e Town of BOSTON

ON Y^e MASSACHUSETTS BAY:



Y^e fellowcraft member,

Dr. George McAlcer

Of y^e Quins gamond Plantation, now called y^e Hearte of y^e Commonwealthe, sends Greetinge, and warns y^e brotherhood to meete in his goodlie citie JANUARY 28th. Anno Domini 1899, to make y^e day merrie fyshinge through the ice for y^e *Pickrel*

For y^e disporte he will furnish all y^e ults and bait but y^e Brotherhood will bring empie stummicks and chunks of fun to make divertisement in plentie.

Nota Bene — To y^e best storie goes y^e biggest lyshe.

wilds of Maine, enjoying the excellent fly-fishing of its waters, and drinking in the luxury and exhilaration of the bracing mountain air, perfume laden and woodsy, and gazing out upon such scenery, now decked out in all the gorgeous colorings of early Autumn, as pen of Ruskin or Thoreau, or pencil of Rembrandt never depicted! We had made the circuit of the Chain of Ponds in the Dead River region of Maine, over Snow Mountain to the Seven Ponds, then by Massachusetts Bog and Arnold Pond to Crosby Pond, where we spent our last night in camp together.

The trout season had ended and now our rods, that had done us good service, were dismounted and laid aside. The evening was spent in formulating and discussing plans for the morrow, when it was decided that in the morning we should push on over the Boundary Mountains to the club house on Spider Lake in Canada, and that Jack and the writer must do the honors for the party in the matter of big game.

Morning dawned all too soon, and lowering clouds gave us some uneasiness. A hasty breakfast and the trail was taken for Hathan Bog, up which our entire party with their duffle were paddled eight miles in one frail canoe; reaching the upper end of which we were soon again on the trail toward the summit of the Boundary Mountains, the watershed of which determines the boundary of Maine and Canada, in accordance with the Ashburton treaty of 1842—all water running northerly in this part of the country is in Canada, and that running southerly is in Maine. We had not covered more than one-half the distance before a cold, drizzling rain compelled us to seek shelter

in a friendly lean-to for some time. This, with the increased difficulty of walking, made our arrival at the club house several hours later than we had planned, and on arrival we found that another party with a noted guide had already gone up Spider River for deer where we had planned to go.

Jack looked crestfallen on learning this, and being asked what was to be done, or if there was no other place that we could go to with a fair prospect of getting a buck:

"Well—yes," he slowly began, "but it is a good many miles from here, and no good way to get to it. But—"

"But what, Jack?"

"Well, I was going to say, if I was going alone I would go there now, but it is some ten or twelve miles, and most of it would have to be done on foot."

"Well, Jack," said I, a trifle nettled at the insinuation contained in his reply, "haven't I been with you a couple of weeks, and haven't I kept my end up without grumbling or fault-finding?"

"Well—yes," again slowly began Jack; "but it is a long way, and it is so cold, and looks like more rain, and if we are going to go up there we ought to be there now so as to throw up some kind of a shelter for the night as there is no camp there. And then if we go there and don't get any deer—but there's deer there."

"Well, Jack," said I, "that is enough. We go. You know me long enough to know that I don't kick. If we get anything, well and good; if we don't, we will at least have done all we could. So hurry up and let us be off."

A few moments later and a boat shot out from the

wharf on Spider lake for a four-mile pull. The autumn wind sang its mournful dirge through the tree-tops and the lowering clouds were mirrored like isles of fairy beauty in the depths of the lake. Again, they would seem as lofty peak and mountain range, making caverns and grottos as fitting abodes for uncanny gnomes and elfin sprites.

Jack's strong pull soon landed us alongside an old head-works, and making our boat secure, we were off on our long march. Our wind and muscles were taxed to the utmost and few were the words we uttered. The last mile or so was through a dense woods and the shades of evening settling down made the traveling very difficult, with many a trip, slip and stumble. But haste on we must, and haste on we did, thoroughly warmed up and sweating with the exertion. Going down a slight declivity Jack informed me that we were nearing our destination, and, making our way with the utmost difficulty through some two hundred yards of brush, mire and bog, we emerged on the borders of a lake, now looking like a huge mirror in the darkening gloom.

Jack soon found his old dugout and we paddled across the neck of the lake to a little higher land. Pushing back fifty yards from the shore we came to a boulder upon which we were glad to drop our weary bodies, and, oh! was eider down ever so restful?

No fire must be made—not a word uttered. There in the solitude of the darkening night, buried in the depth of the forest, miles away from human habitation, a cold, drizzly rain beating down, without other shelter than the tree-tops, devoid indeed must he be of all sentiment who does not think thoughts and ex-

perience feelings such as can come to man nowhere else, and who does not realize more forcibly than ever before what the companionship of man means, and the whisperings that come to him from the God of solitude!

Time soon wore away and Jack whispered that we had better start out. I told him to go down to the canoe and rig up the jack, and I would be down in a few minutes. I was so overcome with fatigue that I dropped off to sleep, and the next I knew Jack was shaking me and saying that everything was ready. If I ever wanted to do a thing that I didn't do, it was to sit right there and let the deer disport themselves unmolested. I was about to tell Jack to go out and do what he could alone, and I would stay where I was, but, arousing myself with the thought that I had come hundreds of miles for just such an opportunity, and that I had this day undergone such toil and inconvenience, and now at the eleventh hour I would not give it up!

And so with an effort I gathered myself up and soon I was sitting behind the jack in the bow of the canoe. Sensations unprecedented and nowhere else to be found! The canoe glided over the water like a sentient thing, not a tremor felt from its propulsion, not a swish or ripple from the paddle, and, but for seeing against the horizon tree-top and mountain passing, no realization of motion or advance; on all sides the stillness of the death chamber or tomb, when, lo! two living, burning diamonds there in the darkness! Are they twenty, fifty or two hundred yards away? The jack light is put dead on and the canoe makes noiseless advance. Lightning flashes forth from out the

rifle upon the darkness of the night and the thunder is echoed and re-echoed with startling reverberation from mountain top to mountain top.

"That is our meat! Well done, sir, well done! A capital shot."

"And how do you know it is our meat, Jack?"

"Because you would hear him crashing through the brush if you missed or only wounded him, sir."

Landing was made, and not fifty yards away, on the grassy bog, lay my first buck breathing his last. He weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and carried a beautiful set of antlers with five prongs on each. With considerable toil we landed him at the place of our departure, all fatigue and sleepiness having departed. "Now, Jack, for a fire and a snack."

"All right if you say so, sir, but I think in the course of an hour we could get another one, and I would like to beat that Spider River party!"

"I am agreeable, Jack," said I, admiring his gaminess, as down we sat in the darkness.

In about three-quarters of an hour he whispered that he could not stand it much longer, and as we were wet with perspiration and the night was getting decidedly cold, I was very glad of the opportunity to say that I did not care if we did not go out again. But Jack's pride was up and he wanted, if possible, to beat his rival guide. So out we sallied, and going not more than two hundred yards beyond the scene of our first adventure I dropped the second buck in his tracks. He weighed a little over two hundred pounds.

"There, Jack, that is beyond my expectations, and fifty dollars would not tempt me to kill another buck to-night."

White birch was soon cut, a dash of kerosene oil from our lantern thrown over it, and soon a roaring camp fire was throwing out its warmth and lending an added charm to the scene. Hardtack, cheese and hot coffee regaled and refreshed the inner man. A hastily constructed lean-to and bough bed soon materialized, upon which two fatigued, contented hunters soundly slept the night away.

The bucks were landed at the clubhouse next day and duly photographed, as shown in the accompanying illustration. It is but justice to Jack to say that his rival came in empty-handed.—*The Amateur Sportsman*, April, 1891.

A DAY IN THE OLD DOMINION.

DO you know Dol Eley? Yes, Adolphus S., but that is too long and formal, and you know his intimate friends call him Dol for short. You do! Well, my friend, let me congratulate you that you number one of nature's noblemen and a princely host in your list of acquaintances.

It was my good fortune to make his acquaintance some years back, when he presided over an extensive mercantile business, the golden letters of whose sign over the door of his establishment but faintly typified the character of him within. Emolument, as it should, rewarded his endeavor, and now in the prime

of life, with his devoted wife, the day is not long enough to do good and to diffuse sunshine and happiness on every hand.

Like some of the world's wisest and best, he finds health, strength and recreation in an occasional outing with dog and gun, and although it is but in recent years that he donned the wedding garment of sportsmanship, a well-filled bag frequently attests his proficiency. Not long since it was the writer's good fortune to spend a day with him and a couple of friends in pursuit of *Ortyx Virginianus*, the partridge of the Old Dominion, but which is the well known quail or Bob White of the more northern states. Loaded into a couple of vehicles the party, including a couple of "plantation coons" and several dogs, left the town for a six or eight-mile drive, going out by the waterworks and Lake Kilby on toward Bethlehem. Arriving at an old plantation a fallow cornfield that had grown up to rag weed attracted our attention and it was decided to investigate.

The dogs were cast off and scampered away like so many wild colts and we simply interested spectators, sitting in our carriage on the roadside. The rapidity of pace and wide ranging of the dogs is a revelation to Northern gunners. Running as rapidly as a hound might after a hare, they covered the field quickly and thoroughly, and when near the lowest corner near a slough, old Don suddenly wheeled to the right and became as rigid as a statue, the other dogs promptly backing, some of them nearly one hundred yards away.

"Hie on there! Get up on to them! Hie on!"—and slowly creeping along he advanced some twenty-five or thirty yards and is again immovable.

"Get out of that! hie on there!—on there, I say!"—creeping stealthily along a few yards further no command availed to budge him another inch.

"Heed! heed! steady there! hold, now!" What a picture!

"Now, gentlemen, we will go down and give an account of ourselves."

Advancing to within a few feet of the dogs we saw a fine bevy huddled together right under his nose. Flushing them, three double guns sent six charges of shot after them, but we failed to gather six birds! We took a charitable view of the situation and consoled ourselves with the probability that some of the dead birds must have received double charges.

We did not follow them into the dense green-brier growth, but turned our steps to other fields where we found plenty to admire, test and reward our skill.

The forenoon quickly wore away, and with whetted appetites we worked the fields out by the Bethlehem church a few miles to a favorite pine grove to spend the noonday hour. The "coons" were sent along in advance to build fire and make preliminary preparations, the day being still and cloudless and the mid-winter air being as soft and balmy as early autumn in our Northern home. Reaching our trysting place a hamper of generous proportions was produced, together with a sack of McAnge's No. 1 select oysters from his extensive oyster beds. The "coons" soon had them popping open upon their bed of coals, and with a pinch of salt and pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice was ever toothsome morsel more appetising and palatable?

Disposing of what would under other circumstances

have been an ample meal, we turned our attention to the more substantial elements of our repast. There, spread in generous quantity upon snowy linen on a carpet of pine needles and cones, were broiled quail of the morning's shooting, roast turkey, sliced Smithfield ham, cold tongue, bread, and such biscuit as I never saw elsewhere as made under Mrs. Eley's roof, together with hot coffee, jelly, sweet pickle and all the *et ceteras* that cultivated taste could suggest and ample means provide. The dinner hour was not limited to sixty minutes, and many was the brilliant sally and skillful parry, the genial give and take so characteristic of gentlemen who go a-field.

As a fitting accompaniment to the feast wine glasses of cut glass were handed around and, filled to overflowing, the health, happiness and years of our host and his helpmate at home were quaffed in libations of choicest Scuppernong. We added to our score of birds and bunnys during the afternoon, and when we returned to town in the early twilight strapped to the rear end of our wagon in true Virginia fashion dangled the goodly result of our day's outing.

In our calendar we number many a day in the field and by the stream, but this stands out bold and conspicuous as the one deserving to be known as the red letter day of them all. Should it ever be my good fortune to score another such experience I believe it will be in the sunny South and Dol Eley will not be far away.—*The Amateur Sportsman, August, 1891.*

ONLY A DOG.

AND Fido is dead! Good Fido!
He was only a dog in the humbler walks of life it is true, and could boast of no patrician lineage or bench show conquests—a dog that lived his day and is not—and why should he occasion further thought or regret?

Ah! there are dogs and dogs, some of the most worthless of whom pass a pampered existence in the homes of luxury and who when dead are accorded marble mausoleums; some that never deserved the friendship of man and who cannot be too soon forgotten; and others whose intelligence so approximates the human that it would seem as if it must have crossed the border line of instinct and entered the domain of reason, who so endear themselves by ready adaptation to an earnest endeavor in their master's service that we part with them with keen regret and accord them a prominent and honorable place in our memory.

Fido, the subject of this sketch, first saw light on the sea coast of Old Virginia, and his main ancestral line was clearly that of the Irish setter, although a cross was apparent that resembled the Chesapeake Bay dog.

He came into the possession of Captain Andrews, of Little Island, when quite young, and he never parted ownership with him. He was intelligent,

affectionate, cool and level-headed beyond that of any dog it has ever been the writer's lot to know, and he would be glad to learn of, and would go miles to see another such, if one exists, that would compass such a range of usefulness to the sportsman and perform his part as well.

Without attempting to enumerate all of his good qualities, let me indicate their variety, range and trend, by relating the varied experiences of a single day's outing with him in Southern game regions.

It was decided before retiring the night before that the writer, with McChesney as boatman and server, should attempt to outwit the canvasbacks in the morning.

Leaving Captain Andrew's snugery on Little Island before daybreak for Shell Point some miles distant, Fido was exultant and ran before us unbidden to the landing and was down charged on top of the decoys in the bow of the *Spray* before we reached the shore. We encountered adverse winds and were compelled to tack so often that our progress was very slow, and gray streaks and faint rosy tints betokening dawn were perceptible in the East before we reached our destination.

Fido's head was constantly describing a tangent, and his keen and watchful eyes were ever on the alert at his self-imposed task of lookout. He no sooner discovered a bunch of fowl in the distance than he gave three notes of warning—im, im, im, in quick succession—and down crouching, not another sound or movement from him until they were out of sight. This he many times repeated before we landed at our blind, when he promptly took his place in the sedge

grass and cane brake and did duty as before, When the gun was fired, if no duck fell into the water he did not leave his place, but the instant one struck the water he was in, and if only wounded, he would set up a *yip, yip, yip*, and after him with such rapidity that the duck in its attempt to escape would not dive below the surface and disappear as they often do when not pursued, but half swimming, half flying make every effort to escape. Fido has been known to keep in hot pursuit and capture the fugitive after a chase of more than three miles in ice-cold water. And if it so happened that some were killed outright and others only wounded, with rare discrimination he would single out and capture the wounded ones before retrieving those killed outright.

During the early morning hours we had very good shooting, but between nine and ten o'clock the wind died out, the day became warm and sunny, the sea-fowl took their departure from the Back bay and sounds to the ocean, and duck shooting was over until their return to the feeding grounds towards evening. My boatman proposed that we go over to Long Island and try for snipe and quail, and he thought that perhaps we might get some black duck in the numerous lakelets and marshes on the island which furnish fine feeding grounds for them, and where, being surrounded by rank growth of cane and flag which renders access to them extremely difficult, they remain in comparative security. We soon made landing near a hog wallow and were scarcely on land before we were greeted with *scaipe, scaipe* as hither and thither darted cork-screwing snipe. We punished a number that Fido retrieved with the promptness of a master in the art,

being steady at heel when not so engaged. We crossed over a ridge of land that runs parallel with the island, and which is under cultivation, and no sooner did we cross a ditch on the opposite side than Fido was off into the broom grass and scattering scrub pine.

"Oh my! but we will have some fun now," said Mac.

"Why, what's up now?" said I.

"He's after a coon and—"

But before the words were ended the battle was on. Razzle, dazzle, spit, yelp, howl, snarl, and dog and coon were whirling round and round, over and under, and finally emerging into a little open patch the coon laid firm hold of the dog's cheek and made him howl with pain. I rushed in to despatch the animal, but I was stopped by Mac, who said—

"Let them have it out! Let them have it out!—I'll bet on Fido every time."

Fido whirled round and round with such rapidity as to break the hold of the coon and landing him fully ten feet away. Before he could regain his feet Fido closed in and soon ended the combat. We continued on to the little lake at the end of the creek, and quietly and carefully made our way up to its margin, when up jumped a bunch of seven black ducks and we succeeded in dropping five of them. The lake is so boggy that we could not have recovered a single duck, but in sprang Fido and retrieved every one. We then turned our steps toward the upper end of the island, some two miles distant, where a crop of cereals had been harvested, to look for quail, or partridge as they are called in Virginia. Reaching a

grove of scattering pine trees we sat down upon a knoll to eat our lunch, Fido dropping down in front of us. For some time we noticed that he seemed fidgetty and restless, but thinking it might be owing to undue and excessive exertion during the forenoon we gave the matter little thought until he quietly got up and with cautious, stealthy step went quartering behind us a few feet and pounced upon a huge black snake fully six feet long that lay coiled up in the sunshine. He soon shook the life out of him, but was so loth to desist that Mac had to take the snake on the end of a stick and carrying him seventy-five or a hundred yards away, hung him on a dead limb that projected from a pine tree some feet above the ground. He had not covered more than half the distance on his return before a buzzard bore down and seizing his snakeship made off with him to enjoy his noon-day meal.

Soon after we were in the stubble and ragweed, when right and left quartered Fido, attending strictly to the business in hand, as alert and active as though he had hunted nothing but quail all his life. He challenges, he roads them in the winding and devious pathways, and finally straightens out on point as rigid as a statue. We closed in and flushed the birds and Mac's unerring gun scored three and the writer was content with one. At command, Fido retrieved them with as much care and pride as any sportsman could wish. We continued the quest and secured five more plump birds before returning home. The events of the day and the performance of Fido did not impress me at the time as bordering on the marvelous, but on our trip back to Little Island he so promptly took his

place in the bow of the boat to watch for sea-fowl as usual that the writer could not forbear to speak of his varied accomplishments, when Mac said that to see him at his best he must be seen after the cotton tails, and proposed that we drop down to the lower end of the island, where there was some scrub growth, and

VERACIOUS JIM.

“WELL, I guess I had better punch up yer fire a little, hadn't I,” said our Factotum as he peered into our lean-to on the shore of Arnold pond at the head waters of the Dead river near the summit of the Boundary mountains in north-western Maine. “It seems to me it's gettin' purty low, and it will be more cheerful like if it blazes up higher and brighter.”

“Thank you, Jim. And so it will. And while you are about it you had better throw on some fresh wood, please.”

With this interruption disposed of, my companion completed the story of his recovery from a very dangerous illness when on a hunting trip in the Rocky mountains and far distant from medical aid. Meanwhile Jim had noiselessly adjusted the burning embers and replenished the fire with fresh fuel, but a novice would have observed that his exceeding care to make no noise betokened listening ears.

“Wal, I've got a good thing to cure a feller when he's sick,” said Jim, “and if yous don't mind I'll tell yuh about it.”

As there was a good opening and nothing pressing, Jim was invited to proceed, but just here a word in reference to Jim seems opportune.

At the little wayside inn on the edge of the wilderness where we met our guides and spent the night he

first came under our notice. A boy's awkwardness linked with a boy's frankness, his droll way and evident humor, his taste for adventure and love for life in the woods, his drawling intonation and habit of ending his sentences in the rising inflection, as if to indicate that his thought tank always held something in reserve—interested us in him, and but little negotiation was necessary to add him to our corps of assistants for our adventure through the woods, over the mountains, upon ruffled lakes and beside the rippling streams in that section of the state of Maine where the watershed divides the waters of the Androscoggin from the Kennebec.

He had reached that undetermined time in life when he might be called a lad, youth, boy or man—but the world had probably carried him twenty times around the sun, and his system and appearance gave abundant evidence of generous response to the action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. He was elongated beyond his years, and like the white birch sapling whose trunk is not sufficient to support its superincumbent weight, his inclined head, stooping shoulders and shuffling gait told of inroads already made by the action of the latter force.

The passing days had been rapidly gathered into weeks of unalloyed pleasure, and now night found our camp made and camp-fire blazing beside the lakelet made famous in American history by Benedict Arnold and his loyal band of brave Continental soldiers. And Jim—plain, awkward, angular Jim—was now ready as ever to be helpful in need and to evoke hearty laughter by disquisitions from his philosophy, explaining pet theories, and the relation of ludicrous experiences.

Jim had evidently been on terms of closest intimacy with the members of the truth expanding club and had profited by their doctrines until he doubtless came to believe that his pronouncements were gospel truths—and they were delivered with such apparent candor that it would be very ungracious to question their veracity or to manifest dissent.

“Wal Mariah Jackson she comed cross lots to our house to borryer the sheep shears and she staid till arter dark when she sed as how she was fraid to go hum. Mar tole me to go hum with her and sum how I didn’t get back till purty late and nex mornin’ I cudn’t talk more’n our ole coon dorg. Mar sed I must go down to the village and see the doctor as she feard I had got the noomonay. Wal the doctor sed I was mighty bad and he rit suthin on a bit of paper and he tole me it was a prascrishopon and if I wanted to live I must foller it egzackly. Wal yer kin bet yer ole boots I wanted to live and would live if follerin the prascrishopon egzackly wud do the trick.

“Goin’ over the bridge on the way hum the wind riz my hat and ketchen it quick I let go of the prascrishopon and it blowed into the river. Then I wanted to live more’n ever and I jumped right in and follered it egzackly as the Doctor tole me. When I got out of the water I was as cold as a big isikel, but I run hum fast like and got right into bed with the prascrishopon and got well rite off. If yuh fellahs want a good medicine yuh ort to get a prascrishopon and foller it.”

“Well, Jim, you were in luck for sure. But which would you prefer—a flying race through the air with angels or the trip down the Dead river to-morrow in canoes with us?”

"Wal I dunno, seen as I never flied with wings, but I flied onct I tell yer."

"You did, Jim. Do tell us about it, won't you?"

"Wal it was this way. Dad he said Jim you go up to the woodlot this arternoon and salt the cattle, and be sure and see if they are all there. Jack, thats my brother, was rakin hay with the ole mare and so it was shank's horse or the old bisykle with me. The lane was purty good doin and so I straddled the masheen and lit out. When I got to the pastur I found all the cattle but the old spotted cow and a yearlin' heifer. I went up the ole tote road lookin for em and took the masheen along so as to hide it in the bushes.

"Wal I went and I went and I looked and I looked but I couldn't find anything of the critters. I kept it up till the sun got down below the treetops and I made up my mind to give up the hunt. When I got back so I could see where I left my bisykle, by jiminy blazes what dye think I see?—a gol darned big buck eyin and spyin the masheen. He had a great big set of horns like a rockin chair on his head and they was covered with velvet. He was cockin his head, a snuffin and turnin and by gol I stood and looked and laffed to myself to see such a caperin. But all at once his horns got itchy or he got mad and went buttin at the masheen and I hollered at him for fear he would break it. He reared upon his hind legs to dash away when, great Scott, his horns were through the wheels and away he scud like a flash with the masheen upon his head. But he didn't go far before one of the wheels caught upon a limb of a tree and then, gee whizz, you ort to see the circus. But I couldn't wait to see the fun for fear he would break

everything to pieces. I got up to him as soon as I could but he struck at me so with his feet that I couldn't get a hold of the masheen any way I tried. He had thrown his head up so high I don't believe I could have reached it from the ground anyhow.

"Wal, I looked around and I couldn't see but one thing to do. There was a small white birch tree growing a little ways off and I made up my mind to climb it up to pretty near the top and swing off over to the limb that stuck through the wheel and then pull it off from the buck's horns. But yuh fellahs know how consarnedly contrary things goes sometimes. Wal, that is just the way that tree did. It let me down right straddle of the critter and my weight broke off the limb. I had just time to grab his horns when away we went in a jiffy like a streak down the tote road! Talk of yer flyin angels and autermobiles then! Wal I jest didn't hev time to think when we reached the garden fence behind the house when over it he went ker plunk and his front end was so heavy he struck on his head and broke his neck, and for a fact he was kilt ded, he was."

"Well, Jim, that was an experience indeed—an experience that few if any have ever had. But to land a big buck right at the door of your home must have pleased your parents very highly."

"Wal no it didn't. He fell in our cucumber bed and broke down all the vines and killed them, and that was too bad."

"Yes, but was not that pretty late in the season for cucumbers? It seems to me that the crop if put in at the right time must have attained to maturity long before."

“ Oh, yes, yure right. But our fust crop was all destroyed before we knowed it. Yuh see it was this way. One of them are sportsmen from down Massachusetts way sent mar a new kind of cat and when she went to get some of the furst lot of cucumbers, by gol what d’ye think? — ther sot the Massachusetts cat under the vines eaten the last cucumber! Wal, that ole cat was out of the way before we got over our mad. But the funniest thing yuh ever heerd tell of is that all the younguns she left behind looked like cucumbers and their tails looked jest like cucumber vines! We are now waitin’ to see if ’’ — but the snore maker interfered and future generations have lost the valuable lesson in biology or the deductions from the wisdom and philosophy of Veracious Jim. — *Maine Woods, January 29, 1904.*

WAYSIDE PICTURES.

THE dregs of life abound and obtrude their unwelcome shadows in plentitude, but for no length of time if ever are they in sole possession, nor are they necessarily overwhelming. The nectar of life is not wholly withheld from even the unfortunate who may chance to be born under the

most unfavorable planetary juxtaposition of the astrologer.

Dregs and nectar mix and interlace, forming the weft and woof of the fabric called life, brilliant hues and sombre colorings blending in the mosaic. Man living but little in the present, involuntarily turns to the varied sun-lit pictures, the garnering of years, stored in memory's casket, and which form a pleasing panorama reaching from youth to latest years. Abiding companions they penetrate the deepest gloom and brighten the darkest hour. Tid-bits of life not important in themselves yet as refreshing and invigorating as a summer shower.

The lover of nature, he who delights to woo her in her solitudes far from the haunts of men, has photographed on his mind endless pictures not elsewhere to be found that rival the artist's most successful limning. Uppermost in our thoughts just now is an early morning gem from the wilds of Maine. The days of September of a not distant year were rapidly drawing to a close, the neighboring mountain peaks were capped with snow, while in the valleys below the cardinal flower (*L. Cardinalis*) in all its gorgeous wealth of color, seemed like nature's wail of protest to the further advance of winter. The embers had burned low in our camp-fire on the shore of Crosby Pond, and as night wore away we were awakened by its chilliness. Quietly arising from our bed of boughs of fragrant spruce and hemlock, so as not to disturb the other sleepers, we stealthily essayed to replenish it. A kindred spirit, H. S. S., tried and true, a boon camp companion of many summers and winters in the wilderness and in other Sportsman's adventures, was

soon at my side, the fire again blazing brightly and lending an added charm and bestowing a genial warmth throughout the camp.

Water was boiling and soon we regaled ourselves with a cup of fragrant chocolate. The dawn was breaking in the east and we decided to paddle to the upper end of the lake, some miles distant, to get enough trout at the inlet for breakfast. We were about to step into a canoe when we were joined by one of our guides, who was ever ready to oblige us, and who expressed a desire to accompany us.

Pushing off from shore he asked if we had a rifle with us. We answered that when we go for trout we go for trout, and besides the law would not permit the taking of deer until after another midnight.

"Very well," said he, "but one does not know what he may see above the island up there."

Paddling along quietly though swiftly, the water broke over our bow and sparkled like a shower of gems in the rising sun. The god of day had rolled resplendent above the horizon as we passed the upper end of the island.

"Hold," said Jack softly, "see the deer on our left."

There, not two hundred yards away, stood a mother doe and her full grown fawn feeding on the lily pads. Jack whispered to keep perfectly still and let him manage the canoe.

The sun in all its gorgeousness at our back and the wind directly from the west enabled Jack to bear down upon them unperceived. Slowly and noiselessly we made advance until less than fifty yards divided us.

What a sunrise picture!

A mountain background overgrown with a dense

growth of evergreen, a placid lake at its foot reflecting the sheen of the morning sun, the bracing early autumn air, the solitude of the wilderness, and timid deer for companions! The mother doe moved unconcernedly about eating her succulent morning meal, her young disporting itself about, now jumping upon its mother with all the grace of motion, and anon, snapping at the leaves as they dangled from its mother's mouth while eating!

Minutes succeeded minutes while we sat in silent, wrapt admiration of the scene.

The sun soaring aloft above our heads probably allowed the mother to suspect or perceive danger. She gave a sudden stamp with her foot as if to remove a biting fly; in a few minutes snap went her flag, another stamp and snap—succeeded by yet another stamp and snap, and then with a loud snort as a danger signal to her young she wheeled and bounded away into the thicket. Her young in the meantime had wandered around the end of an overturned spruce tree and was amusing himself in its branches, and seeing his mother break for the woods he made a bound right over the tree, lifting himself several feet out of the water with as much apparent ease as a rubber ball would rebound from a hard surface, and soon he was also lost in the depths of the forest. All temptation to fish that morning had vanished and we returned to camp without making a single catch.—*The Amateur Sportsman, July, 1892.*

SPORTSMANSHIP.

1492—1892.

THE Columbian year is upon us and the hour of retrospection and reflection is at hand. The frail caravels of Columbus that ventured out upon the unknown seas from the port of Palos, August 3, 1492, present a strange contrast with the huge and staunch ocean greyhounds of our day, but never sailed other fleet with destiny more grand and consequence so great to the human race. The evolution and development of sea-going craft from the days of Columbus to the present time well typify the evolution and development of our civilization.

We are not unmindful of the fact that Columbus saw the days of the Renaissance, that printing was already *au fait accompli*, that the parchment had received the immortal *De Civitate Dei* of Augustine some nine hundred years before, and that Thomas Aquinas illumined the world and earned the title of "Father of Moral Philosophy" some centuries before the discoverer of the New World was born.

Nevertheless, but few of the many had ascended to the mountain heights of learning and mediævalism and feudalism enveloped the masses. As through a valley of darkness, the human race has journeyed for centuries, ever striving and struggling upward toward the civilization of the nineteenth century—ever seeking to attain to the heaven-born ideal with the

same loyalty and devotion that the needle seeks the pole.

To the superficial and unthinking it may seem that revolution and retrogression were scattered with too much profusion along the pathway of centuries to justify such assertion but a dive below the surface and a closer examination reveal these as philosophic means to an end. The mephitic atmosphere, for its purification and to render it salubrious and wholesome, needs the lightning's flash, which may work individual injury and death; the needle may be disturbed and deflected by external perturbation, but its tendency is ever the same.

Sportsmanship is an attribute of the highest civilization and flourishes most in countries that have attained to the superlative in development. In primitive times and in the patriarchal age, sportsmanship as we now know it had no existence; in mediæval times we discover but its most imperfect and crude rudiments; in feudal times it began to assume shape and form, which have been perfected and ennobled in later times, until today it is fully in touch with the highest, best and most progressive in our civilization.

The brotherhood of sportsmen now compass the universe, and its members need not signs, grips nor passwords to secure fraternal recognition and companionship, while the tie that binds is as strong as personal worth and desert. The wedding garment of sportsmanship may not be bartered for gain nor to gratify unworthy ambition, and if not worthily worn the right hand of fellowship is soon withdrawn from the masquerading imposter.

Its literature is classic, abundant and wholesome and no Zola defiles. In inventions and discoveries that ameliorate and abbreviate the asperities of life, many of the most important and valuable are the work of him whose proudest title is that of brother sportsman. He is no stranger in the bustling marts of commerce, nor in the halls of legislation; he graces the judicial ermine on the bench, and many times has he been called to the highest honor and dignity—to preside as President over the greatest nation and freest and most enlightened people on earth. It behooves its devotees of the present time to be loyal to the traditions of the guild that have such worthy exemplification in our own day, an honorable and venerable antiquity, and to transmit to posterity unsullied its priceless inheritance. — *The Amateur Sportsman*, November, 1892.

A RED LETTER DAY ON A MASSACHUSETTS TROUT BROOK.

TIME in his onward march has not yet measured a twelve-month since we went trout fishing—a boon companion and myself. It is true we have many times since angled in rippling streams and ruffled lakes with satisfactory results, but taken all in all the occasion referred to stands out in our angling calendar as the red letter day and best remembered of all.

The weather bureau had not been sending out to the

residents of the Old Bay State tempting, balmy zephyrs or welcome sunshine during the early weeks of the open season, and this unfavorable weather helped to reconcile us to the exactions of business cares. But ever and anon would come unbidden the words of the rhymster:—

“I love to dream by valley’s stream
And live with quiet peace alone;
The brook and wood, the vale and tree
Are the green homes of joy to me.”

The looked-for day at length arrived and we took our departure in the afternoon for a long drive into the country. The robins were in the midst of their domestic cares and the swallows were busy building their homes of mud; the hill tops were clothed in deepest green and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep lent an added charm; tidy homes of comfort surrounded by nicely trimmed hedges of arbor vitae and blooming plants dotted the landscape; the air was filled with the fragrance of the blossoms of apple and cherry; the flight of fleecy clouds and the undulating outline of hill top and distant mountain indistinctly defined against the cerulean blue of heaven’s dome—all seemed as a tempest of sweet sounds that blended in harmony in nature’s undying symphony.

But the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of the landscape, the flowers of the meadows and the mosses of the woods may charm the beholder and still human perturbation for the moment, but they can never satisfy the craving of the heart for other and higher companionship. These are but the inferior links that bind

him to a higher creation and tell him of a yearning that may be content with nothing beneath himself in the scale of created things. Such prized companionship was mine on this occasion, as it had been many times before in the depths of the forest in Maine, where we made our campfire in the haunts of deer and caribou, and where our frail birch canoe sought the gamey trout that were often deceived by our feathered lure; as it also was many times on the hill tops, in other parts of New England, for upland plover, and in coverts and runs for grouse and woodcock; and our guns have together sent the leaden messengers of death to the prized canvass-back ducks and other sea-fowl in the sounds and bays of Virginia and North Carolina—and now the drive seemed all too short for the fascinations of the present and the enchantments of the scene.

The god of day had withdrawn his rays behind the western hills and the stars peeped forth in the evening twilight before we drew rein at the well-known farm house where a cordial welcome awaited our coming.

In the early dawn we were at the bend below the old bridge where the swift water ends in a deep pool. We got down on hands and knees and noiselessly crept sufficiently near the margin to cast into the pool unobserved. In breathless expectation, moments seemed minutes and minutes lengthened into hours. We cast again and again without response. We essay the rapids, letting our lure drift downward into the pool, we direct it under the overhanging bank at the bend, we gently and delicately cast into the deepest part until it seemed as if we had cross-sectioned every inch of the water—and yet no sign of life or appreciation of our

best efforts. Keenest anxiety nerved our arms and buoyant hope spurred us on.

An hour that seemed a week had passed and our rainbow hues of sweet anticipation began to fade into the sombre shades of disappointment.

Harry gently laid his rod on the grass and lighted a cigar and breathed forth volumes of the fragrant weed, and yet not a word was spoken.

Soon the slack of his line was noticed to be running out and hastily grasping the butt of the rod the reel joined in with the song that is such joyful music to the fisherman. He is on his feet on the instant, and the water is lashed into foam.

“Careful there, Harry,—careful! Great guns! What a fine fellow he is!”

Artist that he is with trout rod and a nerve that never loses its coolness, Harry needed no words of caution from me, but the transition from the stillness and quiet of a moment before was so sudden and the battle began with such fury that the words came without reflection from my lips.

“He is the king of them all, Doc, and a royal fight he’s going to make for his freedom. But I’m going to stay with him.”

The eddies from his powerful tail were already breaking upon the banks and the bubbles of foam were quietly drifting down the stream. Out of the water he leaps and tries to free himself from the cruel barb, darts from side to side with the rapidity of thought, sulks on the bottom; but there is a cool master hand at the butt of the rod that is equal to every emergency and that is quick to take every advantage.

He well maintained the reputation of the trout family for impetuosity and fight, but he began to manifest evidence of surrender and inability to further prolong the contest. He was soon stretched at length upon the grassy bank, and it was not without a pang of remorse that we looked upon his royal beauty and lordly size. He measured eighteen inches in length and tipped the scales at two pounds and seven ounces.

We proffered words of congratulation, and returned to the house for breakfast. An hour soon passed, and flushed with the experience and success of the morning, we retraced our steps to the pool, but stopped long enough on the way to gather a bouquet of violets that bloomed in profusion by the wayside. Our tempting lure was again offered to piscatorial beauty, and hoping against hope we persist. Nearly an hour passes when it is my good fortune to make anchorage to another object of our ambition. After a good fight I landed another candidate for our creel that measured seventeen and one-half inches and weighed two pounds five ounces. Felicitations and congratulations were mutually indulged in, and at ten o'clock we were on our way home with trophies that might gladden the heart of less enthusiastic fishermen. Our Kodak accompanies us on our outings, and it tells the story of our success in the accompanying illustration. To prevent a possible suspicion of exaggeration, a foot rule may be seen between the trout and we will add that it is an ordinary foot rule of the market and not one made to order.

I will only say in conclusion that our experience on this occasion reverses the usual order, as we can truthfully claim that the biggest fish did not get away.—*The Amateur Sportsman*, May, 1893.

ROSES AND THORNS.

LAUGHING and crying, jubilation and despondency, pleasure and pain—and what are these but another name for roses and thorns—the sum total of life. Sunshine and darkness and day and night seem not more indissolubly wedded nor more certain to follow each other.

For a time it may seem that the roses and thorns of life are not equally distributed to persons and places, some getting more than a just share of the roses of joy, and others, alas! ever enmeshed in and cruelly wounded by the thorns of sorrow.

From the dawn of earliest reason to the limits of time this is in continual evidence, seek to change it as we may; but at no time in life is it more fully realized than when going down the slope of lengthening years we grow tired and sit down beside the pathway of life to take a retrospective look.

We note that the days of childhood passed rapidly by when many of the seeming thorns of life blossomed forth into the luxuriant bloom and fragrance of roses—that the formative days of the schoolroom in the pulpy adolescent years of life when dominant selfishness was not a factor—when innocent mirth and roystering laughter were not tinctured by the wormwood and gall of anxiety and servitude—roses were abundant and thorns did not afflict; and when we cut loose from school books and plumped into the activities of life,

every stride to be a step in advance and upward, we fully determined to carve out a future in which no thorns would be allowed to flourish.

We see the daring youth with his good right arm bared for the conflict, and all untoward conditions must capitulate or surrender. His face is wreathed in smiles and Momus will be his constant companion, pleasures and success will multiply as rapidly and adhere as closely as does the huge ball of snow grow in volume and solidity as it rolls down the mountain side on a thawing day in springtime.

And so he goes forth firmly in the belief, even though he does not say so in words, as is attributed to the Count de Monte Cristo, that "the world is mine!" and that it shall be all sweet scented roses. Alas! He has not yet encountered the fens of selfishness nor their luxuriant growth of cruel thorns which lacerate and wound.

He hurries along the pathway, his face upturned toward the summit of life, but soon the sinuous way leads into uneven paths and byways filled with obstacles, when it dawns upon him that his fancy painted fiction has no reality in the battles of life, and already he realizes that the few roses have a superabundance of thorns. With the vigor and optimism of youth he redoubles his efforts and preses onward—obstacles he will surmount and thorns he will trample upon and crush beneath his feet!

But there comes a lull—the machinery is overtaxed—life's struggles have become a heavy burden, Nature cries out in protest and demands relief—the thorns effectually block the way.

Thanks to the kindly interest of friends, to the seductive word paintings of camp owners, the gilt-edged literature of transportation companies, and over and above all to the ocular demonstrations and fascinations of camp life in the wilderness brought more effectively to his door by sportsmen's exhibitions—he learns of the extent of the forest, lakes, streams and mountains of Maine and what they possess; of the philanthropy of the people and the cordial greetings that await his coming, the superabundance of roses and the absence of thorns; the great pleasure, benefit and success that are there in store for him and he is easily persuaded to visit the land of roses so rosily painted.

Packing his largest trunk with bundles of reassurance and expectation, supplied with a modern camera to take pictures of fish stories and of the unselfishness of the people, and with plenty of good greenbacks in his pocket as an effective remedy for a change of climate and to use in emergencies, he hies himself to the Pine Tree state.

Soon after his arrival he seeks a companion to help him kill the mosquitoes, to build smudge fires, to share his larder, to divide his pleasures, to enjoy his camp-fire, and to sleep under the same blanket with him. For these and simliar arduous duties he finds plenty of men who are willing to undertake the task for the trifling stipend ranging from \$2 to \$3 per day.

On inquiry he finds that these same men command and receive a wage varying from \$18 to \$30 per month swinging an ax in the woods and other similar employment. It dawns upon him that camping out must be exceedingly severe labor to justify such additional compensation, or possibly it is because they make such

liberal contributions to the fund for the propagation and protection of the fish and game of the state which provides so much employment for them at such very remunerative wages—and so the rose. But as he is something of a philosopher, he refuses to probe the question farther lest perchance he discover a thorn!

A tote team is hired to transport the party and supplies to camp and here again the price exacted suggests a repetition of the experience of hiring his guide—and again the rose is not in evidence and it becomes necessary to dull the point of another thorn, and still other and other thorns.

The next day after arrival in camp, he essays the gentle art with the gaudy fly, but before setting out, his companion, commonly known as guide, assures him that it now being midsummer even expert fishermen may not expect the wary trout to rise to the most seductive fly, and that novice that he is, if he wishes trout for the frying pan, he must depend upon the festive minnow as the only taking lure to reach them in deep water. Here, at least, is a blooming rose, thinks he, when the minnow pail and live minnows are put aboard the boat. For some time various flies are industriously tried without success when a small minnow is attached to the leader fly and allowed to sink to the depths. For some time peace and quietness reign, broken only by the arrival and departure of other boats and fishermen with their guides who industriously but unsuccessfully continue to whip the water with their favorite casts of flies.

It is said that “everything comes to him who waits,” and something came and took the minnow while he waited—a very lively and determined something—

and then and there there were antics in the water and music in the air.

Whiz-zz-zz-z went the reel, and darting hither and thither went the maddened trout, and a battle royal was on for sure! The line was deftly and quickly reeled in and the slender split bamboo rod bending in graceful ellipse with the strain gave him no slack line and consequently no opportunity for escape.

Other fishermen came rapidly to the scene to witness the spirited contest and to await the result. In due time he was in the landing net, a royal beauty and the record trout of the season for size and weight. Bravos and congratulations were voiced by the enthusiastic but unsuccessful fly fishermen, when one of their number inquired, "What fly did he take?"

Being told that it was no useless fabrication of man but a live minnow, his guide sneeringly said, "A fly is good enough for us."

To the inquiry how many they took on the fly, he turned away and went in an opposite direction, but did not answer.

And so in the hour of his triumph his rose of success must be defiled by the thorn of insult and the sneer of malevolence and envy—by a stupid ingrate who was probably getting double the pay from the very class he so brutally insulted than he could get at any other calling in his state.

Summing up the trip he finds that the trout caught cost him more than \$5.00 per pound, and even at that, the greater number were returned to the water unharmed.

At a later time he made a winter trip and secured a handsome buck that cost him upwards of \$125—more

than \$100 of which was expended in the state. The carcass of such a buck could be bought in the market or from many of the people throughout the hunting regions at a price ranging from \$5 to \$10, which leaves something of a margin of profit for the benefit of the people of the state.

“Abundance of moose!” “Abundance of caribou!” “Moose and caribou on the increase!” so vociferously and persistently proclaimed from the house-tops of the state, so to speak, for so many years were the incentives to call our sportsman friend of the rose and thorn, and many others, to the state for several years where they expended large sums of money, but owing to the probable extermination of the caribou and the very limited number of moose, most of them returned without the coveted trophy. And now with the millions of dollars poured into the state by visiting sportsmen, he is told that there are those within its borders who contend that they do not already pay dearly enough for what they get, and that there is clamor for the enactment of a law that will exact a license fee from them to protect an industry that now pays more than a hundred fold profit to the state for the money expended for its development and protection. Is it not natural for him to conclude that the promised land of roses grows an abundant crop of repulsive thorns?—and that the tree of selfishness grows rapidly enough without official stimulus and fertilization?—*Phillip's Phonograph, Phillips, Maine, Dec. 8, 1903.*

LAST NIGHT IN CAMP.

THE deciduous trees had been despoiled of their summer garniture; the migratory songsters and sea-fowl had gone to their winter home in the sunny south; the year was already old.

The distant wilderness had echoed and re-echoed the report of the death dealing rifle; the naked branches reached out as if in mute appeal for mercy; the outstretched arms of the conifers were bent to earth with their weight of purest snow as if in holy benediction.

The last day of the open season was spent; the moon and stars journeyed in silence through space; the revelry of the camp alone broke the stillness. Sal-lies of wit, the relation of adventure that ended in success, snatches of song, cheers of appreciation and royster-ing laughter told of buoyant manhood, the genial-ity of companions, their ability and resourcefulness.

The two weeks of camp life in the wilderness in the deep snows of mid-winter had flown all too quickly—the close season was at hand—this was the last night in camp. Mirth and melody, fun and frolic, jest and jollity now had the floor and reigned supreme until

“In the wee sma hours ayant the twal”

adjournment was made to restful, blissful beds fashioned of the tender boughs of fragrant spruce and fir,

when conscious was exchanged for unconscious cerebration in the land of dreams.

Soon after, the mantle "that covers all human thoughts" had enveloped the camp and hushed the exuberance of the jolly sportsmen in deepest forgetfulness, the dream maker waved his magic wand and the erstwhile log camp of the sportsmen was suddenly transformed into a frontier schoolhouse with its coarse board benches and rude furnishings. And laughable as it may seem, of all men in the world, Pa Stanley wielded the rod of the schoolmaster! Ed Grant, Bob Phillips, Joe St. Ober, Andrew Douglass, Herb Heal, Leon Orcutt, Luther Gerrish, John Haynes and other well known faces were seen among the pupils.

The schoolmaster's side lights had grown so long that he had them tied with a green ribbon in the form of a bow upon his breast, a sunburst crysanthemum decorated the lapel of his coat, his clothing represented the highest attainments of the tailor's art, his features intellectual and refined, and his deportment as dignified and winsome as if top-dressed at both ends of the season with cart-loads of tactful urbanity.

The teacher evidently was wisely selected.

School was called to order, the younger members were soon lost in juvenile problems, the older ones were called for recitation, or for a conference upon matters pertaining to the various vocations upon which they were about to enter for their life work. Of the latter Ed Grant and Bob Phillips were the first upon the gridiron.

"Well, Mr. Grant, my young man," said the master in his most mellifluous, heart winning way, "now that you are about to get through going to school, I

suppose you have your mind made up as to what you are going to do to earn a living? And you, Mr. Phillips, also? I hope you will achieve distinguished success in whatever you undertake and prove an honor to our state. What business do you intend to pursue, young men?"

"Don't know for sure yet," said Grant. "Bob and I were thinking of going into the guiding business, but Paw says the business isn't as good as it used to be, and he thinks I had better join a log chopping crew. Bob says he don't see any great prospect now in the guiding business either. But Bob can speak his piece for himself."

"Well, you have given her a pretty good push, Ed," said unctuous Bob, "and I guess I'll let her drift awhile before I try to paddle against the stream. But, Ed, you can do well enough guiding, I know. Between times when there's no guiding to do you can use up what spare time you have making up yarns for the next party, or the next year's crop of green fishermen, and for a change you might tame a few trout and teach them to walk. Some of the newcomers will buy them from you to take home to show their friends the kind of trout we now have in Maine since the commissioners took a hand and spend \$25,000 a year on their school-houses and kindergartens."

"Oh, talk is cheap, Bob, but talk, however sweet, don't butter parsnips. I've got stories enough on hand now to last ten years, and I never heard of anyone wanting to buy dry land trout."

"Well, get them licensed as guides," said philosophic Bob, ever ready as usual to pour emollient balm upon the raw spot and smooth out the wrinkles. "They

can pass the examination easily enough and it will only cost a dollar to put them into the same class with the old and experienced guides."

"The Maine Woods! The Christmas Maine Woods! All about camp life in the woods, and how to straddle a fence and not fall off on either side!" rang out the tuneful trade compelling voice of Jim Brackett as he guided his panting reindeer into the school yard and convulsed the school with roars of laughter, in which the good natured school-master was forced to join.

Order was finally restored and studies resumed, when up went the hand that everyone recognized as being the one that John Haynes wore suspended from his right shoulder.

"Well, John, what is it?" said the man of erudition and equanimity.

"Please, sir, Leon Orcutt says Andrew Douglass can walk a moose to a standstill for his customer to photograph and play tag with. I don't know but Leon may be guying me, or stretching it a little, but if he isn't I'd like to know what brand of an automobile Mr. Douglass uses in the woods over in the Dead River region to chase moose to a standstill with."

Luther Gerrish moved uneasily about upon his seat and two or three knowing nods signified his interest in the inquiry.

"Will Mr. Douglass be kind enough to explain?" said the master.

"Well," said Andrew Douglass, "I've done the trick on shank's horses more than a few times and I can do it again. I was born some time ago, before the dollar-in-the-slot guide was invented and turned out

in job lots to beat out his betters and hoodwink the sportsmen, and I have''——

Rap-a-tap-tap—rap-a-tap-tap upon the door of the camp—quiet instantly reigns—and all eyes are turned to gaze upon the newcomer. The door was opened and its size was taxed to its utmost to permit him to enter.

Falstaff never seemed more corpulent or better contented with himself. Strange to say his entire costume from head to foot was decorated with Uncle Sam's promises to pay—in gold notes, silver certificates, national bank currency—money, money, money; top, bottom, sides and middle—money, money, all!

As soon as the pupils could withdraw their eyes from the latest arrival and his extraordinary and unique costume and look at him squarely in the face, it was discovered that he was no other than Leroy Carleton, although his usual imperious and stern features were now wreathed in 6x9 smiles.

He begged pardon for his seeming intrusion and abruptness, but when he assured them that he now had money enough to hire them all and an army of others at big pay for game wardens, the schoolhouse fairly shook with cheers. He further announced that he now had money enough that cost nothing to buy up half of Maine, that he was going to so foster and protect big game that it would soon overflow the state, and that a shipment would be made to the less favored ones upon the planet of Mars by the first through limited transport.

The utmost determination of the teacher was called into requisition to stem the torrent of enthusiasm and

excitement which followed. Having secured a modicum of order, the teacher continued:

“Young men, it is fortunate for us to have with us to-night such an extraordinary man. You know the name Leroy comes from the French *Le Roi*—the king, but as we do not have kings in ————”

“Come boys! Dreamin’ time has run out! Get up! broke in the cook. Breakfast is about ready and we must hit the tote road for an early start to reach the settlement before night.”

And thus ended the last night in camp, as does everything else in this world, in realities and—dreams.
Maine Woods, Dec. 18, 1903.

THE CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS.

“You may break, you may shatter the
vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round
it still.”

TIME runs rapidly away. The year is already old. Its days are numbered. Kindly Nature spreads her mantle of purest snow as a fitting shroud for the burial.

And the children of men do well to speed the passing of the old as they greet the coming of the New Year—with cheering song and gladsome mirth, with backs turned towards the setting sun of the past, and up-

turned faces looking to the rising sun of the future—with thanksgiving and high resolve.

The past is history, and the future—who knows? The camp in the wilderness! what a type of life—of time!—of days when it was not—of days when it assumed shape and form, of days when it became the habitation of man—of days when it was to its owner and friends much as the pride of parent in sturdy and devoted offspring—days of joy, days of helpfulness, days of triumph—and alas! days of uselessness, abandonment and decay while in its prime, even as untoward conditions assail and overwhelm promising and robust manhood in the summer-time of life.

Thy coming into existence was in the sunshine of the not distant past—the springtime of thy year. Stalwart hands firmly laid thy hearthstone and symmetrically fashioned thy walls of logs of the fragrant spruce; thy roof of rifted cedar, and thy yielding beds of boughs of odorous spruce and fir gave added completeness, adornment and comfort—a type of the hero duly equipped for the battle of life.

Thy days of summertime were made merry by the presence of genial and robust manhood, whose hilarity and jollity blended harmoniously with the crooning of the wind in the tree-tops, and the joyous songs of birds; and when they came again in the shortened days and deep snows of wintertime and built their cheerful camp-fire in the fireplace, thy walls re-echoed the sportsman's song, old-time ballads, brilliant sally and skilful repartee, snatches from the tragedies of Shakespeare, and other manly pleasures,

Without, the shambles told the story of their prowess with the rifle, and the air, laden with the odors of

frying moose-steak and onions, attested the skill of the cook and tempted the appetite—and here is the type of the young man, at the flood-tide of success, before he reaches the span of mid-life.

But times change and people change with them, and this alas! brings thee to thy days of old age and decrepitude before thy time, and to none does it come with more force and sadness than to the large corps of guides and other employees who shared in thy pleasures as fully as their employers who generously shared with them the work of the camp and upon the trail, and made them handsome pecuniary and other compensation in addition.

Brave boys! boys of ability! boys kind of heart! boys willing and obliging! faithful boys! thy many letters of kindly appreciation and praise of the past awaken old associations and thy oft expressed regrets at being compelled to exchange the happy experiences and pleasantries and generous compensation of the sportsman's camp for the labor, drudgery and little pay of the logging camp, touch a responsive chord, and thy touching appeals for the renewal of old time adventures and pleasures are sadly pathetic—but the die is cast, the Rubicon is passed, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and henceforth our mocassins will leave their imprint in other lands, our paddles will vex other waters, and the crack of our rifles will echo and re-echo in other wilds.

The "give more" policy for the already overpaid—the demand that visiting sportsmen must assist in policing the state—is now clothed with all the formality of law, and the mailed hand of avarice thus raised is an effectual barrier to deter and repel.

Good-by, old camp, good-by.

Thy hallowed walls that once throbbed with the warmth and geniality of life are now as still in death and as cold and damp as the tomb of the Capulets. The snows of winter now cover thee as with a pall and the silence of the charnel house reigns in the surrounding wilderness; undisturbed and unrebuked the porcupine may burrow underneath thy walls, the weasel and the fisher may make a playground upon thy roof and the timid deer and lordly moose may browse unheeded upon thy doorsteps.

Since the day when the Solons, wise in their conceit, or who may have perchance surrendered their convictions and better judgment to the importunity and domination of others, set new metes to the stranger within thy gates, thy latch-string has been unused and no camp fire has been lighted upon thy hearth; thy mute protests against the injustice of the times has been unavailing and thy many appeals for old time adventures and pleasures are unheeded.

Alas! old camp, thou hast fallen upon unhallowed days and thy timbers are condemned to premature decay—a silent monument to the legal enactments made to meet and mend “a condition and not a theory.”

Thy old records tell of seasons of adventure, days of triumph, laughter provoking episodes and long winter evenings spent in roystering pleasures with companions tried and true—and these lend a charm to the receding past and tell of a place where sweetest memories will ever cluster and delightful reminiscences will ever find an abiding home.

Paraphrasing the words of the poet:—

*We may try to forget the log camp if we will,
But loving old memories will cling to it still.*

Good-by, old camp, good by.

(As we understand it, Dr. McAleer does not like Maine's license for non-resident sportsmen, but does like our guides.—Ed.) *Maine Woods*, Dec. 18, 1903.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

*“A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.”*

THERE are places where game abounds that are shown on no sportsman's chart; there are ways and means for its capture not laid down in sportsmen's publications.

One such place came under my observation and one such method was brought to my attention some years since when jacking deer was considered good form and had legal sanction. The place still exists, and as the method is somewhat novel and not likely to materially aid in the extermination of deer, with or without legal sanction, I may be pardoned for making it public now with attending incidents and experiences.

Deer Bog—that is the place—but you will look in vain for it on any map, or in the advertisement of any camp-owner whose seductive words are often the net

to catch the dollars of the tenderfoot and unwary sportsman.

Deer Bog,—deer bog,—rather a fetching name, eh?—and one likely to recall many stirring adventures of camp and trail.

Well, here it was one night in the rapidly lengthening years ago that two noble bucks paid the penalty of over curiosity or over confidence, or both.

The place?—oh, yes! but I crave to be excused if I am not more specific—it is up in Canada in the Megantic Country—off toward the Boundary Mountains. Jack Boyle lives up that way—Jack has made many tours of exploration and discovery—and the location of Deer Bog is one of his secrets that I do not feel at liberty to reveal.

Jack is one of the many verifications of the old adage which says that “valuable goods are done up in small parcels.” He is well versed in woodcraft, willing, cheerful, companionable; he can carry a heavy pack, is past-master of paddle and frying pan, and resourceful in emergencies. He is just the man with whom to share your camp blanket in the woods—and to him I refer the reader as the proper sign post to point the way more definitely to Deer Bog.

With a party of friends and guides we had closed the trout season in a blaze of glory on the head waters of the Dead River in northwestern Maine, and early the next morning we set forth upon the long trail over the mountains to take advantage of the opening of the Deer season in Canada, September 1. A soaking rainstorm forced us to accept the shelter of a friendly lean-to beside the trail for several hours, and this with heavy packs and increased difficulties of travel delayed

our arrival at the club house on Spider Lake several hours beyond the time planned. Here we learned that another party had gone up Spider river, where we had planned to go;—but Jack, to use an expressive modern colloquialism, always has “something up his sleeve” for emergencies, and to please and bring success to his employer.

To this seeming untoward yet fortuitous circumstance is due my introduction to Deer Bog and the possession of two noble bucks weighing respectively 205 and 240 pounds.

Journeying from the club house several miles by water and team we at length drew rein at the log cabin of an *habitant* near the edge of the woods. As he could speak no English, I was about to polish up my very limited knowledge of *parlez vous Francais* and start it going at him, when the very unusual sight of a winsome Canadian lass with auburn hair and hazel eyes appeared upon the scene and accosted us in English. I noticed that her cordiality was not that of a stranger, and that for Jack, at least, the place might be both dear and deer bog, and a possible explanation of his interest in the locality.

But Jack is married now and this, as the novelist says, is another story.

It was late in the afternoon and we had yet a couple miles to travel on foot through the woods—some of the distance over an old portage road and some through swamp and dense undergrowth. The horse having been cared for, and telling her our errand, we took our departure for the adventure of the night at the bog, accompanied by her oft repeated expression of good wishes for our success and safe return.

Arriving after a hurried walk, which induced profuse perspiration, at our destination in the rapidly deepening twilight, Jack sought his old dug-out where it had been safely cached since the previous season, and dragging it over the yielding, mossy surface of the bog, we launched it upon the water. A few yards back was what appeared to be a flag pole standing upright in the bog. Jack was somewhat puzzled and troubled about this and, in answer to my questioning, said he thought that someone must have discovered this out of the way and favorite place of his, and had been camping here, and that the pole was probably erected for a flag staff.

We soon had two noble bucks, the limit allowed by law, "biled the kittle," improvised a shelter for the night, and slept the sleep of the tired and successful sportsman.

With the earliest dawn we started out for the team and assistance to bring out the game. Arriving at the cabin the daughter was surprised and delighted when told of our success, which to appear gallant we attributed very largely to her good wishes for our success the previous evening.

The parents were incredulous at first, but again being positively assured that we "got two bull deer," and that the head of the household must lend a helping hand to bring them out, he discharged a Maxim rapid-fire gun loaded with interrogatories at me, which the daughter as rapidly interpreted.

"My fader, he wants to know if you got dose deer by fire?"

"By fire?—oh! yes,—we jacked them," I replied, when the meaning of her question dawned upon me.

This being told to him seemed to increase his surprise and led to animated and prolonged conversation between all the members of the household.

The interpreter resumed her task with—"My fader, he says you are big hunter fer sure. He go on same place some tam, den some more tam, den more tam agin, and he hang him light on pole and stay all night and no deers come. No, no,—for sure."

"Did he have only one lantern?—and did he whistle any?" I inquired.

"We haf only one lantern, but I don't know about whistle him. I will ask my fader bout dat."

Then for a time the English abdicated and French had the floor.

"My fader say him no whistle. He say you know bout all dose thing for get deeres, and will you tell him all bout fire way lak one big frien'."

"Well, you tell your father he must get another lantern and put up another pole opposite the one now there, and fastern a lantern high up on each pole. He must then get in his canoe and take his place mid-way between them and whistle a jig or other lively dancing tune occasionally. You know deer are lively and jovial, and have a good ear for music. Then when the deer come running down the mountain side and plunge into the water looking for the music, he can get a good shot. By having a lantern on either side he can see both ways which will double his chances for getting his game."

This information elevated me in the estimation of all to a higher level as a mighty hunter, and secured generous words of admiration, praise and thanks.

Just then Jack announced that he had the team in readiness, and as our fire-hunting friend was to accom-

pany him, I took my leave and pointed the toes of my moccasins toward Spider Lake, where Jack overtook me soon after I reached its shore. We loaded the deer into our canoe and a paddle of a few miles landed us at the Club house where we were showered with heartiest congratulations and praise.

I have never heard whether or not our "fire-hunting" friend was successful in getting "deeres" by my improved method of jacking, and I have not deemed it judicious to make personal application to ascertain.

Land and Water, October, 1904.

HUNTING BIG GAME IN WINTER.

OUR party of four persons left the Hub of the Universe, November 21, for our annual hunting trip for big game in the woods of Maine. We did not expect nor desire to kill the limit allowed by law, but thought just one good large bull moose for each would do; and who would be content with less, when he had killed other large game in abundance during many years. To place the matter of getting our moose beyond all reasonable doubt, we planned to go into the very heart of the wilderness of Northern Maine where the human voice is seldom heard and the human form is seldom seen.

We arrived at Presque Isle the following afternoon, where we were met by our head guide and one of his assistants, with two heavy wagons, drawn by teams of four horses each, to transport our party and their im-

IN THE NORTHERN WILDS

LEON ORCUTT'S ROUND MOUNTAIN CAMP

WE GIVE THANKS

AROOSTOOK

COUNTY, MAINE

THANKSGIVING DINNER, NOVEMBER 25, 1897.

MENU

PROHIBITION COGNAC

~ SOUP ~

CHICKEN GUMBO MULLIGATAWNEY

SALINE SPRING WATER

~ FISH ~

FRIED SPOTTED FLY CHASERS

STATE OF MAINE PUNCH

~ ENTREES ~

FRIED DEER'S LIVER AND BACON
STUFFED DEER'S HEARTS
BOILED CARIBOU AND DEER'S TONGUES

MINI-FRENCH LEMONADE

~ ROASTS ~

SADDLE OF VENISON, LOIN OF CARIBOU
LARDED GROUSE

~ VEGETABLES ~

POTATOES LYONNAISE, BOILED AND FRIED ONIONS
MAINE SWEET CORN, TOMATOES

~ RELISHES ~

CURRENT JELLY, CRANBERRY SAUCE, MIXED
PICKLES, WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

~ DESSERT ~

GINGER BREAD, MINCE AND APPLE PIE
CHOCOLATE CREAMS, RAISINS, NUTS
CAFE NOIR

CREME DE MENTHE

CIGARS

~ SPORTSMEN ~

~ GUIDES AND COOK ~

DR. GEORGE F. FALEER, WORCESTER, MASS. & LEON ORCUTT, HERB HEAL
WILLIAM T. FARLEY, BOSTON, MASS. & DENIS LAVEWAY

pedimenta to his camps on Big Machias lake—McGowan pond, Clayton lake, Carr pond and Portage lake being not far distant and accessible from the main camps, and all some seventy-five miles north of Mt. Katahdin.

Our manager and host informed us that he had never seen the roads in worse condition, being frozen solid while cut into deepest ruts by heavy teaming during the fall rains, and he counselled us to remain over night where we were and start in the early morning for our drive into the wilderness more than forty miles distant, at the same time expressing his willingness to drive all night if we so preferred. A lodge of deliberation was opened and the pros and cons debated. For a time it seemed settled that we were to enjoy the comforts of a good hotel for the night, when the exuberant enthusiasm of some members of the party for an immediate departure prevailed, and at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon of a keen winter's day, the procession slowly moved out upon the old Allegash road—the roughest turnpike and woods road imaginable.

At 9.30 o'clock we drew rein at a little wayside inn at Castle Hill, a distance of only eight miles from the place of our departure. Here the party divided, the conservative portion remaining over night, and the more ambitious and energetic pushing on to Ashland, where they arrived in the gray dawn of morning and into camp the following night, where they were joined by their companions a day later.

On their return to camp after the first day's exploration, enthusiasm reigned supreme. Evidence of deer innumerable had been encountered, much caribou sign noticed, and three moose yards, containing seven

moose, located. No deer or caribou were to be shot until the moose had been secured, and as the ground was covered with the quality and quantity of fluffy snow that rejoices the heart of the still hunter, why should we not indulge the wildest anticipations for the morrow.

With all the enthusiasm of schoolboys, we retired early, impatient for the coming dawn. Alas! and alas! for so it hath been and will be; for, verily, anticipation and disappointment doth often travel as closest companions.

Long before day we were aroused from sleep by a dreary, dismal storm of wind and rain that fell upon the camp and smote our hearts as would the mournful notes of a funeral dirge.

All the day long and the following night and day, Jupiter Pluvius took malicious delight in tearing great holes in his largest clouds, and made us close prisoners in camp. While every one sought the silver lining, yet every effort to arouse and buoy up drooping hope seemed superlative irony.

But Boreas asserted his reign during the second night, and morning dawned with a temperature several degrees below zero, and a crust upon the snow, which, under the trampling foot, made a noise that could be heard many yards away.

To hunt for moose under such conditions was entirely out of the question, and so deer and caribou were sought, and not without success, although the conditions were highly unfavorable.

At the end of the week a severe snowstorm set in and all turned out seeking again to locate the monarchs of the forest. The places where they had already been

located were approached with utmost caution only to find that they had sought shelter elsewhere, prompting the conclusion that with coming winter they had departed to their permanent winter quarters far up some mountain side. During the day following, a fine young bull rewarded the efforts of one of our party and this proved the only moose killed during the trip. They had evidently gone so far from camp that the guides volunteered to go in pursuit and endeavor to locate them, the members of the party to remain about camp and kill other game. Three of them set out, the thermometer being 7 degrees below zero, taking with them only their ordinary clothing, rifles, a small axe and a pack containing a few biscuits, salt pork, a teapot and some tea. They journeyed over mountain peak and through swamps of densest growth, and covered a dozen miles when they halted for the night. Their frugal meal was soon disposed of and then began the chopping by turns, which was kept up all night to prevent them from freezing. By a different route they returned to the camp the next night and reported that no moose sign had been discovered. Two of the guides made another unsuccessful attempt in another direction, remaining out over night, the thermometer being 10 degrees below zero. But as severe a test of human endurance as came under our observation on the trip, and one seldom equalled, occurred one day when one of our guides, son of the proprietor of the camps, went over the mountain beyond Big Machias lake to McGowan pond on a moose exploring expedition. He ascended to the summit of the mountain, the effort causing abundant perspiration, and, discovering nothing, he descended the slope nearest to camp, hoping

to find some yarded upon that side of the mountain. He arrived at the edge of Big Machias river, a turbulent, precipitous stream of fifty yards in width, late in the afternoon, and it then being too late to retrace his steps, and having no axe to cut wood he could not stay upon the trail over night, and so he plunged into the ice cold water and waded the river, which was up to his armpits. After crossing the river he had a mile to go through snow fifteen inches deep, and when he reached camp he could step but a few inches at a time, his clothing being frozen stiff.

We are glad to record that no ill results followed in any case from such unusual exposure, and while these incidents did not add to our pleasures, they are recorded here to show the zeal of the guides, and their earnestness to promote the pleasure and success of their employers. Generous words of praise would fall short of their deserts. Our efforts about the camp under unfavorable conditions resulted in killing three fine caribou and four splendid buck deer, which, with the bull moose, rounded out a generous score, of which any party of sportsmen might be proud; yet, all the same, three of our four big moose still have their homes in some moose yard upon a mountain side in northern Maine.

The thought of this will stimulate renewed endeavor and inspire pleasant anticipations for renewed adventure.

And yet our pleasure was not limited to hardships and the slaughter wrought by our hands. Our party was made up of such congenial spirits, with whom the attractions of life are paramount, and who quickly turn from its vicissitudes. Our camp-fire burned brightly,

but not less bright and cheery was the relation of the day's observations and adventures—the witty sally and skillful repartee that many times set the camp into roars of laughter. Nor was the higher and better lost in the trivial or commonplace. The beauty of near and distant mountain range, peak towering above peak until lost in the distance, the extent of forest embracing many millions of acres right here in New England, the marvelous stillness and restfulness of the woods, the magnificence of spruce and fir, clad in their winter costume of snow and ice—here in repousse, there in intaglio—here in delicate tracery, there as if gowned in costliest laces, and decked with gorgeous gems that reflected every rainbow tint of passing cloud on the winter's snow; the clear, bright and bracing atmosphere and the wealth of golden light of the northern aurora borealis which surrounded us at night and made it seem as if we lived in an enchanted world of luminous beauty—all, and much more, enhanced our pleasures and lent an added charm to our visit to the woods in winter. Nor were the wants of the physical man ignored. Our host has comfortable camps for his guests, abundantly supplied with all that can minister to their comfort, and he is tireless in promoting their success and pleasure. His commissary department and cuisine deserve special mention, for they are so abundant and varied as to satisfy the most generous appetite and critical taste. A good idea of them may be formed by the spread which he provided for our Thanksgiving dinner, the menu of which is given herewith in the accompanying cut.

It was emblazoned upon birch bark by the Artist of the party and accorded a prominent place in

the center of the table, but it was not of sufficient length to include a list of the liquid accessories, which, doubtless, would have made Neal Dow blush had he been a guest at the Machias Lake Camps.—*Worcester Daily Spy*, December 22, 1895.

VACATION PLEASANTRIES.

WE spent our vacation in the wilds of Maine. The Dead River was assailed by our paddles, and the surrounding country received the impression of our footsteps, which pointed to the famed Seven Ponds region and over the Boundary Mountains to Spider Lake in Canada—the territory included in the famed Megantic preserve.

Breaking away from civilization, we were freed from the conventionalities of city life, and we rejoiced in the quietness and restfulness of the scene. We were charmed by the blue skies, delightful atmosphere—clear, rarefied, and health-giving; and the water, cold and sparkling, as it bursts forth in living springs, tasted as water never tasted before; the lofty mountain trees bowed as if in welcome. This latter is not original but Homeric, and while it has come down the centuries from the darksome, distant past, it is better than moderns produce; and as it fits our case exactly, I hope I may be pardoned for using it here. Timid deer were daily companions and the gamey trout responded to our tempting flies. Cabins, clean and commodious, tables abundantly supplied, and the cheer

and *bon hommie* of congenial companions left nothing to be desired in making our summer's outing a time to be embalmed in undying memory. But a surfeit of good things soon repels, and the delights of one day are *passe* the next, and so new worlds are looked for to explore and enjoy.

Our friends, one of whom is a dispenser of the glad tidings of the Divine Law, and the other of the mixed quality of the human, were not on slaughter bent, and so desired variety to please rather than quantity or mere wantonness.

This coming to the knowledge of our guide, who is past master in guiding and resources to please, proposed to the writer that we join in an effort to entertain our friends one night, while at Crosby Pond, with an evening's fishing for "whitefish" or "yardfish." This met with ready approval on their part, and they, entering with zest any proposed new adventure, became very inquisitive to learn all about the sport.

By previous arrangement between myself and guide, they had been entertained by stories of the rare fun in store for them, and their interest and enthusiasm were stimulated by the fascinations of the treat yet to come. In answer to inquiries they were told that, unlike trout, they would not rise to the fly, that they did not have scales like other fish, that they were called "whitefish" because their bellies were white, and "yardfish" because they were sometimes measured by the yard, that they were caught only at night by the light of a big bonfire, that when caught on a light fly-rod they afforded tons of sport, etc.

Well, the evening arrived and the fireplace was made ready near the edge of the water, on the front

side of a rocky bluff rising sheer out of the pond some ten or a dozen feet high, to the left of the camp, abundant fuel provided, chub secured, and darkness impatiently awaited for the fun to begin.

The god of day at length rolled himself to rest behind the western hills, and twilight soon deepened into the darkness of night. The match was applied and the flames soon lighted up the surrounding gloom.

The fishermen were assigned places and told to let their massive bait rest upon the bottom of the pond and patiently await results. The flames shot higher and higher, and the whistle of frightened bucks were heard from the opposite shore and it lent an added charm to the night.

Soon "Hello! I've got a bite!" tells the story that the fun is on.

"Great Scott! I've got hold of the bottom of the pond! See him go! See him go!! Oh, my! but don't he pull! Oh—there!—I've lost him!"

Being told that "whitefish" were very peculiar and would often sulk, and to reel in carefully and probably he would sart up again, the advice was put in practice, when came another outburst.

"There he goes again! See him go,—will you! By jimminy, he pulls as hard as a pony!"

Sing-ing-ng-g went the reel and shouts of laughter that fairly shook the rocks greeted the announcement. On went the contest, and words of encouragement and caution were sandwiched in with the outbursts of mirth, and the surrounding hills re-echoed the boisterous hilarity.

Disciple No. 2 of Uncle Izaak, the gentle teacher of good deeds, grew nervous and impatient at his com-

panion's success and because the "whitefish" disdained his bait. He became absorbed in the sport of his envied rival and longed to see the prize.

Disciple No. 1 tugged in vain at the reel to get him to the surface, when he would dash madly away again; but preceding one of his impetuous rushes he declared he got a good sight of him and that his head was as big as a dog's head! Tackle, however well made, has its limitations, and while reeling in under severe strain the snell parted and only the hilarity and memory of the contest remained.

Enthusiasm was now at boiling heat and prompted renewed endeavor. As everything comes to him who waits, a tug was soon felt on the line of No. 2, and now began anew a repetition of the contest just ended. The music of the singing reel and the ejaculations of the surprised and delighted fisherman were drowned in the side-splitting laughter and roaring mirth of their companions and spectators.

On went the battle, up went the sparks and flame from the blazing fagots, and the vesper hour had long since been rocked in the cradle of night. Our fisherman, realizing that victory was well within his grasp, put forth a grand effort and brought his prize into the lurid light, when came the immediate inquiry: "Say, Herb, are there any eels in this pond?"

A fresh shout of laughter greeted the question, and no further effort was made to capture the redoubtable "whitefish," and, cutting the line, the expectant anglers joined their chaperones in an audible smile when the joke dawned upon them and promised to "set it up" when opportunity offered—a promise which truth compels me to admit was faithfully kept.—*Maine Outings, November, 1895.*

MONOTONY THAT IS NOT MONOTONOUS.

THE pampered ones in the cities and the frivolous
ones of the fashionable resort

Who of nothing talk, at nothing laugh,

who have ears and eyes, and yet who do not hear nor see the varied charms of nature, turn with disdain from the lovers of outdoor life who spend their summer's holiday by mountain, lake and stream in the solitude of the wilderness, and in the tenderness of their heart, compassionately inquire, "How can you endure the terrible monotony?" with marked emphasis upon the can.

It were an unpromising task to undertake the work of enlightenment, but it would be ungracious to refuse a word of explanation and unkind to withhold the tribute of admiration and praise that would mollify or remove unfounded prejudice, and remembering how kindly Nature distributes with unsparing hand good seed to barren as well as to fruitful soil, some of which springs up and produces abundant fruit in unexpected places, we are encouraged to reply that monotony, as defined by the lexicographer, has no place in the vocabulary of those who love to wander under blue skies, who listen to the songs of birds, who admire the moss-grown monarchs of the forests, and their timid folk of fur and feather, and who go to sleep on beds of incense-breathing spruce and fir, lulled by the music of the

waterfall as it dashes over the boulders of the mountain stream and loses itself in the peaceful lake.

We may tell them that the observant and thoughtful have long since learned that what is ordinarily called monotonous is not necessarily uninteresting or devoid of pleasure. A journey by railroad may become monotonous, but a traveller should be better, deeper and truer for everything seen, and the wise find herein no place for monotony.

The oppressive heat of a summer's day, rightly considered, will warm the heart as well as the body, and develop healthy sentiment as it promotes the growth of the ripening harvest. The want of variety in the cadence of the drowsy hum of the busy bees falls not monotonously upon the ears of those whose minds drink in its higher significance. The irritating monotony of a companion with the grin of Momus, whose leading characteristic is to be always playing jokes and silly pranks, may teach a wise lesson of greater discrimination in the future and a higher appreciation of manly traits, and pleasure is born of wisdom.

The restful monotony of the sighing of wind in tree tops, the splashing of water, and the majesty of the towering mountains in the distance come as balm to the weary mind, when rightly interpreted, and are a source of delight to all who worthily come within their helpful influence. The diverting monotony of the lightning's flash, and the peal on peal of crashing thunder that smites the earth with its frightful volume as it rolls from mountain to valley, only to be sent back with reverberation upon reverberation, has that in it which the word monotony does not limit nor define. The terrifying monotony of the breath of the tornado that fans

the flames of the consuming forest fire as if the infernal regions had burst their bonds and were about to engulf the earth, has little of the elements ordinarily attributed to monotony, and few there are indeed who could gaze unmoved or uninterested upon the scene.

There is no monotony in the co-relation and co-ordination of the mountain and valley, the beauty of the waving forest, the gentle ripples upon the lake, singing birds, darting fishes and babbling brooks. All these are but Nature's hieroglyphics, and rightly interpreted they appeal to what is highest and best in the moral nature of man. They are the troubadours of the wilderness that enchant the visitor with the marvelous sweetness of their strain in which there is no discordant note. They lead him captive in the silken meshes of endearing fascinations, which in turn become prized reminiscences of restful pleasure not embittered with a solitary pang, and that will last through sunshine and storm and give added happiness and strength while bearing the burden of our allotted toil.—*Maine Sportsman*, 1896.

OUR SUMMER'S OUTING.

THE dog-star ushered in midsummer and congenial spirits took counsel how best to evade his torrid embrace. Scant deliberation only was necessary to decide upon a trip to the Megantic preserve in northwestern Maine.

“I vote for the route via Eustis,” said one, “because

of the baby railroad trip from Farmington and the delightful ride in the evening from the Dead River station to Eustis in Greene's stage, and the bountiful supper which he provides at his farmhouse in Coplin while changing horses."

"Well, I vote for a ride over a smooth road any pleasant evening in summer, and I am sure a good supper sandwiched in would make it doubly attractive," said another who was about to make his first trip to the Dead River and Seven Ponds region.

A third approved the route proposed, but preferred to defer giving his reasons therefor until later. A majority having already signified their preference the remaining two members of the party gracefully endorsed the choice of the others, and the project was made a reality August 4th, when a jolly party of five, in excellent spirits, were landed at the Shaw house, Eustis, soon after nine o'clock in the evening.

The sun rose grandly over the summit of Mount Bigelow next morning, and soon after, two heavily laden buckboards took their departure by that heavenly tote road located along the Dead river for the camps of the Club at the Chain of Ponds. While in transit along this matchless thoroughfare the third member of the party to give his preference for this route began in a monotone and with grave deliberation:

"About, above, across, after, against, along,—"

"And what now?" interrupted one, his look of astonishment adding force to the inquiry.

"Amid or amidst, among or amongst, around, at, athwart, before, behind, below, beneath, beside or besides, between, betwixt, beyond",—

“I say there,”—“Hold on there,”—“What are you giving us now?”—shouted three at one time.

“Oh, I am so delighted to think we came this way! That list of prepositions was the terror of my school-boy days; and for the life of me I have not been able to repeat them since my last trip over this road. Just listen and see how naturally they come—everyone suggested by the heaving and pitching of the buckboard—by, concerning, down, during, except, excepting, for, from, in, into (there, by gracious!) of, on, over, * * * under (didn’t I tell you so!) underneath, until, into, up, upon, with, within, without,—”

“Hold, hold!”—“Throw him overboard!”—“Put a wet handkerchief on his head!”—and with cat calls and groans the scholar was squelched.

But even tote roads, rivalling the billows of an angry ocean in roughness, have an end, though their miles of generous length may be shortened, as in this case, by the give and take of genial comradeship. The Megantic *lares et penates* at the Chain of Ponds soon broke pleasantly upon our vision, and not long after five hungry mortals were doing full justice to its ample cuisine.

Rods were soon assembled, the waters assailed, and as a result toothsome trout graced the table at the evening meal. A good night’s rest, followed by a savory wood’s breakfast, and the Indian Stream trail was taken over Snow mountain for our camp at Big Island Pond, which was reached soon after mid-day. Everything had been put to rights about The Wigwam to receive us, and it never before presented a more attractive appearance. An inviting looking package stood upon the table in the centre of the room, and

emblazoned upon the wrapper was this legend: "With the compliments of The Bungalow,"—our nearest neighbors, who had recently departed to their homes, much to our regret. Hastily removing the wrapper, a bottle of generous proportions stood out.

"What is it? What is it?" shouted an enthusiast. "M-a-n man, h-a-t hat, manhat—"

"Oh! black fly lotion!" shouted another.

"Just so! but ain't it mighty kind of them?" shouted a third.

"Oh! but they're jolly good fellows, they're jolly good fellows,"—and soon all joined in the refrain.

The "lotion" proved most effective, and here we record the sentiment of the sojourners at The Wigwam:—"Here's to The Bungalow!"

Days chased each other altogether too rapidly away and the two weeks ended all too soon. Many members and guests were sojourning at the preserve during our stay, but I believe a greater number were at Big Island than elsewhere, and all were enthusiastic over the management of the Club in so generously providing every convenience and facility for the comfort and enjoyment of members and their guests, and the many thoughtful acts of kindness and courtesies extended to them by the steward and his wife. We were favored with delightful weather, the air being clear, cool and bracing.

The trout did not rise well to the fly at Big Island pond, but in L, Grant, and Big Northwest we enjoyed excellent fly fishing. Some of our party caught land-locked salmon in Big Island pond, with which it had been recently stocked, the largest of which measured eighteen inches. They were all returned to the water.

Deer were seen in considerable numbers, but not as many as in former years. The colony of beaver at the outlet of L pond has been destroyed, and we were told that they had been illegally trapped during the past season, the more's the pity.

Some days before our vacation ended, the invalid of the party when leaving home, for a little limbering up exercise, took a trip over Snow mountain to the Chain of Ponds, a distance of eight miles, to call upon some friends. He covered the distance in one hour and fifty-three minutes; and now The Wigwam claims championship honors. Mr. H. S. S—— of New York made this record, and the owners of The Wigwam will gladly make a match between any owner or owners of private camps at Big Island to beat this record or to reduce it in a race between owners, and will name Mr. S—— to defend their title to the championship. A few days before our vacation ended he was summoned to the Clubhouse on Spider Lake in Canada to meet some friends from New York, and they had not returned to The Wigwam at the time of our departure. We left a bottle of "lotion" for them, and inscribed our sentiments upon a scroll of birch bark as follows:—

Nos ex statu, Massachusetts, ituri ex domo Wigwam inter sylvestras feras unde montes at aquae placidae videntor, gaudentes recordamus fortunam bonam in hoc loco; et ab imo corde nostris successoribus ex statu Imperii eandam speramus.

And the day before our departure our guest, the poet of the party, saddled his Pegasus and penned:—

A PARTING WORD.

*I wish ye well, ye Sachems bold,
Who made me place beside your fire,
And gave what wisemen most desire
And deem more worth than Klondike's gold—
Bright eyes, clear head, and heart at rest,
With love of friends, the truest, best,
Because they are the manliest.*

*I wish ye years and trips a score;
May The Wigwam's witchery always grow
And keep hearts green though heads have snow,
And memories' joy be more and more.
May the pains of life that will come each year
Be forgot when The Wigwam holds you here,
And the wood's breath leave on your cheek no tear.*

These sentiments and kind wishes were lettered upon an elegant sheet of white birch bark, handsomely framed in a rustic frame, and accorded a prominent place on the wall to awaken old-time remembrances and to give added cheer and pleasure to future visits to The Wigwam in the wilderness.—*Maine Sportsman*, September, 1897.

EYES THAT SEE AND EARS THAT HEAR.

THE gyves of winter are still upon the lake and the noisy stream is silenced under his cruel restraint; the distant mountain peak glitters in the sun and the trail lies hidden by its mantle of snow.

The varied pursuits of life impose their galling chains upon the lovers of the beautiful in nature, and, while they are denied the pleasures of a sojourn in their accustomed haunts, they may indulge a malicious delight when they consider that even nature itself has to pay tribute to inexorable law of restraint and veil her manifold attractions.

But the forces of spring are gathering and the crown of flame upon the maples and the gossamer bannerets upon the willows betoken the multitude of the oncoming host whose successful smiting will drive winter from his throne, liberate the lake, and make the rivers sing a joyful refrain of victory.

Our man of business may well pray for the intervention of some kindly goddess to break the chain that binds him to the cares of life and afford him an opportunity to join in the tuneful melody—and to enable him to spend his vacation days where is found the flood tide of pleasure as it is found nowhere else—in the freedom, contemplative, restful silence and abstemious life of the woods.

For him who has for years pitched his camp and

built his campfire on the shore of some beautiful lake in the depths of the forest far from the abode of man we do not write. No assemblage of words, however well chosen, no sentences however smooth and beautiful the diction or fascinating the charm, are needed to engage his interest or stimulate his enthusiasm.

We fain would write a line to encourage those who have never yet come within the kindly influences of the woods nor experienced some of their many charms, which abound upon every hand and are as different and varied as the inclinations and tastes of visitors.

The contemplative and sentimental see the towering mountains joining the horizon by graceful, undulating outlines; the virgin forest majestic in its silence; the melody of the mountain brook and the repose of the placid lake; the curling smoke from the primitive campfire and the savory odors emanating therefrom; the tuneful note of feathered songsters and the weird note of the elusive loon; the scudding, fleecy cloud and the arching dome of heaven over all—all are the accordant notes awakened upon the lyre of nature by the hands of Omnipotence whose chords quicken the heart and lift the listener above the meaner things of life.

Rays of golden sunshine shoot through the sombre treetops and dance fantastic dances beneath our footsteps, weaving and unweaving, with the lights and shades as warp and woof, a gilded tapestry, which gives added welcome to the visitor while rendering more beautiful the mosses and lichens, and anon gilding the trembling leaf and gnarled trunk with its most brilliant but transient rays.

Thankful should he be who is permitted to enter the holy place and come within such influences—leaving

the noisome byways of the wearisome road of life behind and enjoying the passing sunbeams without annoyance or distraction in primeval solitudes.

To the candid mind they appeal with more force than worldly eloquence or wisdom, and whether we sit in silent contemplation on mountain top with rolling clouds at our feet, or quietly follow the blazed trail through the wilderness, or vex the cool waters of some beautiful lake with the paddle of our frail canoe, we think thoughts and experience sensations that lift us above the dull commonplaces of everyday life.

They furnish abundant food for sustained thought—they have in them pregnant germs for a post graduate course above and beyond that found in the curriculum of universities.

Rightly interrogated they reply with no uncertain or ambiguous answer how great and good is the God of Israel, how vast are his possessions, and with what superabundant kindness does He not measure out to His creatures.—*Phillips Phonograph, March 27, 1896.*

FROM LITTLE MUCH.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

MOST of the experiences written out by sportsmen for publication are limited to the success achieved with rod and gun and the pleasures derived therefrom.

I venture to assert that many who have pitched their camp near the summit of some towering mountain peak, or built their campfire in the solitude of the wilderness, or cast the seductive fly on ruffled lake, or

sent the ruthless messengers of death after fleeting fur and feathered game, have cherished memories of peculiar and unlooked-for experiences, possibly disappointments, hair-breadth escapes, and a thousand and one adventures and incidents which seldom get beyond the circle of most intimate friends, but which, nevertheless, are prized memories above and beyond their greatest success in mere killing.

At the time many of these appear trivial and of so little consequence as to make no particular impression upon the mind, but after we return to the tread-mill of every day life to grind the same old grist over and over again, they assume a new hue in the warp and woof of our outing and add color and variety to the beautiful mosaic.

Just now, when Boreas blows his cruel blast, when holly and mistletoe adorn the homes of our land, when tables groan under the load of the many good things prepared for the Yuletide season, my thoughts go back a twelvemonth to a Midwinter adventure and a dinner in the wilderness of Northern Maine when the thermometer registered several degrees below zero.

Reed's Big Machias Lake Camps, at which we made headquarters, are located about a mile from the Machias river about three miles from where it leaves its birthplace, Big Machias lake. Here genial companionship, success, good cheer and the comfort and cuisine of our camp made the days and weeks fly altogether too swiftly away for our party of four.

Several pages, generous though they be, would not be adequate to record in outline the haps, mishaps, successes and adventures of the trip, so I will but at-

tempt to describe briefly the incidents in the least important day which led up to the dinner in the woods.

At that time the experience appeared a very prosaic and matter-of-fact event—and not of sufficient consequence to be remembered until night; but since returning home it has assumed a different hue, and now it is remembered as one of the events of the trip.

We were so thoroughly tired out the night before, having worked hard all day and not without reward, wallowing many miles in deep snow, over hills and through ravines in the wilderness, that we slept so soundly that the noise of cook and cookee preparing our breakfast before break of day, and the savory odors of coffee, fried onions, venison steaks and other savory and appetizing dishes failed to arouse us from our restful slumbers. But business is business in the woods when after big game, and he who would follow the monarch of the forest to his Winter home far up the mountain side must be up betimes and ready for the trail as soon as it is light enough to distinguish and follow it.

To arouse his sleeping guests the cook beat a tattoo upon the dish-pan, and soon all turned out. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, and now as the dawn approached, it grew intensely cold, the wind whistled a chilling tune and drove the fine snow spitefully against the windows of the camp.

Breakfast disposed of, two brave members of the party and their guides sallied out, but the fatigue of the previous day being still a present and very definite quantity, two other members of the party, including the writer, did not need greater persuasion than the

unfavorable condition of the weather to remain in camp.

Those only who have been compelled to remain in camp can appreciate the monotony of killing time therein; and doubly irksome is it when you think what valued trophies may reward the efforts of your less effeminate companions.

The morning gradually wore away, the cold grew more intense, and the flakes of snow grew smaller and more infrequent, until the sickly rays of the sun revealed none in the frosty air.

"Come," said my friend Farley, "let us get ready and take a turn out; I can't stand this inactivity any longer."

"It is a unanimous vote," I replied, and soon our feet were warmly dressed in two pairs of very heavy woolen stockings and rubber overshoes, such as lumbermen wear. For bodily clothing we put on but little more, if any, than would be worn by men out gunning anywhere in the Northern States in early autumn.

Carrying ammunition and a heavy rifle, together with hatchet, blanket, food, teapot and other necessities, with feet heavily laden and wallowing in deep snow, the blood is soon sent coursing through the body, bestowing abundant warmth without the adjunct of heavy clothing.

We started out and noticed the faint tracks made by the others—now nearly blotted out by the drifting snow—and took an opposite direction along the old tote road leading to Big Machias lake and beyond. The snow was very deep and our progress very slow.

We had traveled but a few hundred yards from camp, and lo! and behold! there before our very eyes

fresh caribou tracks!—and three of them!—a great bull, a cow and a calf, and all headed towards the river.

Our spirits took a flight upward and after a hurried whispered consultation—when it was decided that the big bull was ours and that we wouldn't shoot the cow or calf—we took up the trail in silence and with the utmost caution. The spruces, cedars and firs were clad in the garments of Winter and all appeared as beautiful pyramids in their apparel of purest white, relieved here and there by the dark green of some limb from which had slipped its overburden of snow.

Quietly, patiently, stealthily, we slowly follow the quarry, peering intently at every object and momentarily expecting to come in sight of our intended victim and get a shot. Here they lingered to eat the moss from an overturned spruce—there they separated, as did their pursuers, only to be re-united again at a little distance—here getting down on hands and knees to creep under dependent boughs borne down by their loads of snow, and sometimes misjudging distance by a hair's breadth, rising up only to dislodge it upon our necks to melt and run down our backs.

We were keenly alert and pushed forward with all the haste consistent with extreme caution in pursuing the very irregular course that the quarry led us, and it seemed as if we must have been several hours in pursuit.

Looking at my watch I found it was less than an hour and an intense fatigue seemed to overpower me. Pulling myself together, I examined the footprints closely and they seemed fresher than ever. I took new courage and pushed forward with renewed vigor, expecting to get a shot every moment.

So intent were we in pursuit that we paid no heed to the general direction that we had traveled and soon we were surprised to find that all three of the caribou had come to the edge of the clearing within fifty yards of our camp where they had remained some time and trod the snow solid while investigating their surroundings.

We smiled an audible smile at the curiosity manifested by them, and at once we proceeded to open a lodge of conference, wherein we debated in pantomime whether Mr. Reed had seen them, and if so whether or not he had extended the courtesy of the camp to them and invited them in to breakfast, and if we had better continue in pursuit or give it up and return to camp.

"No surrender" was the motto that we signaled to each other, and we turned about and resumed the quest.

But, alas! we had so strained our eyes peering so long at the brilliant snow that it was some time before we recovered our sight sufficiently to follow the trail. They wandered off in a tortuous course along a small brook that runs diagonally from the camp to the river, and along this we cautiously made our way.

When about half way to the river, they crossed the brook where it is flanked on either side by a dense growth of swamp cedars.

Here, in crossing the brook as best we could, we got in over our rubber overshoes and emerged with our feet and legs wet nearly to our knees. While it was intensely cold, the brook was probably fed by springs and the dense woods growth and deep covering of snow kept it from freezing.

Onward we pushed, the signs showing fresher and fresher, and yet we got no shot, nor even a glimpse of the wandering, erratic animals.

We had become thoroughly warmed up by our anxiety and exertion and were sweating freely. Expectation lightened our footsteps and hope spurred us on. The pale rays of the little sun that broke occasionally through the tree tops showed that it was certainly past meridian, and again looking at my watch I saw it was after one o'clock.

Communicating this to my companion a whispered consultation was held, joined to pantomime, when it was decided to make some tea and eat our lunch.

Looking about we saw at a little distance a large overturned yellow birch tree which promised to be a good place to eat our noonday meal.

We gathered an armful of white birch bark and placing it between two limbs near a crotch in the tree soon had a good fire going and the teapot half full of boiling tea. Mr. Reed, being an ample provider, and having given us more tea than we could use, we put about one-half in the teapot and returned the balance to our pack.

We gathered about the little fire to eat our lunch and drink the hot tea, but my breath had so frozen that my mustache and whiskers were a solid mass of ice and I could not open my mouth wide enough to eat or drink. Stooping over the smouldering remnants of our fire it was several minutes before my mouth was sufficiently thawed out to proceed with our meal.

We had set the teapot on the trunk of the tree a little way from the fire, which was replenished from time to time with birch bark, and now when about to partake of our meagre repast a twig that had been borne down by the snow and frozen to the trunk was liberated by

.

the fire and suddenly switching around it knocked the teapot over and spilled the tea.

As we had to maintain a very considerable silence we did not give audible expression to our thoughts, but if the expression of our countenances and vehement pantomime were adequately described in words I am free to confess I think they would look better in some dead language than in unvarnished Anglo-Saxon.

Standing comparatively still for so long a time with wet feet and our bodies wet with perspiration, and the snow that found lodgment on our necks and so down our backs, we soon became chilled through and through, but some hot tea we must have and so another fire we must make.

This, after some effort to secure an additional supply of birch bark, we had blazing up again, a new supply of snow melted, and the aroma of the tea again perfumed the clear air for some distance around. We hastily partook of our dinner which did not require the conventional hour for its disposal, but choicer viands and more lengthened time never imparted greater zest.

Refreshed and re-invigorated we increased our pace, and soon came to where two of the trio had lain down for their mid-day siesta. We felt that we must be very near to them, and the trees being larger and of more open growth permitted our more hasty advance.

The sun had sunk below the tree tops and the afternoon was well spent when the trail led us to and across the Allegash tote road several miles from our camp toward Ashland in the direction taken by our friends and their guides in the morning, having substantially made a large, irregular half circle around our camp.

Hastily crossing the road we found to our dismay that moccasined footsteps had taken up the trail, and crestfallen, disappointed and weary we gave up the chase and started for camp.

We had not travelled many minutes before the sharp report of a rifle on our right rang out on the still Winter air and told the story of the tragic end of our big bull. Soon after our return to camp his massive head and branching antlers made their appearance upon the shoulders of one of the guides who was returning to camp with his man when they discovered and followed the footprints that led us such a tiresome yet hopeful chase.—*The Amateur Sportsman*, December, 1896.

WOODS PICTURES.

TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE FOREST.

S LIGHTLY paraphrasing an old saying, which has now the force of an aphorism, we may say that one-half of those who enjoy an annual outing do not know what the other half do, nor wherein lies their pleasure. Sportsmen have little or nothing in common with those who seek the din and dissipation of the popular resort, and so we turn from them to the large and rapidly-growing class who seek rest, health and recreation far from the haunts and dissipation of men to the lovers of mountain solitude and virgin forest; of rippling stream and placid lake; of the graceful contour of mountain range and towering peak; of the trilling notes

of grosbeak and the sustained melody of the Canada thrush; of the timid deer and gamey trout; of the waving pines and the balsamic odors of spruce and fir—all commingling and blending to attract and please

“Him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms.”

They are all harmonized notes in the unending Te Deum to the God of nature, and all who come within their influence will find the heart quickened, the mind elevated, the body invigorated.

Any one of the above subjects would make a sufficient text for an extended article, and altogether they would fill a generous volume without amplification. We will, therefore, limit this article to a single episode in our recent outing, and this we do for a twofold purpose, viz.: to show one of the very pleasant and unusual occurrences which may come to them who journey far from the habitations of men, and also, in so far as it may, to prove that the popular notion that all who go into the wilds find their only pleasure in wanton slaughter.

On August 8th of the present year our party, made up of congenial companions, arrived at Maccannamac Lodge on Spider lake, in the province of Quebec, belonging to the Megantic Club, having left the settlements in Maine a week previous by journeying up the Dead river to the Chain of Ponds and over Snow mountain to the famed Seven ponds, and thence out by Massachusetts Bog, Arnold Pond and Crosby Pond, where we took the trail across the Boundary mountains to the headquarters of the club.

Already the membership limit of three hundred is reached, and most of the members make a tour of the preserves every year, and we met a large number at the clubhouse, as well as in the different camps and upon the various trails. And yet no one now living recalls the time when deer were so plentiful or tame as they are this year. It was a daily sight to see them feeding, playing with each other along the shores of the lakes, and so tame that many times we were near enough to see them wink their eyes. Few days there were the past Summer that deer did not come into the yard about the clubhouse, especially in the afternoon, twilight and evening; and so little were they disturbed by the presence of man, or the wanton destruction so much talked and written about, that they would tarry about in the clearing as unconcerned as domesticated animals—even within twenty-five feet of the piazza when occupied by many people. Their inquisitive gaze, graceful outlines and fearlessness were a source of pleasure for all, and were much more highly enjoyed than would be the same forms rendered inanimate by the ruthless rifle bullet.

Do not the presence of deer so tame and in such numbers negative the overdrawn and highly-colored claim of wanton slaughter? Do not such facts speak volumes in proof of a higher sportsmanship that finds more pleasure in conservation than in destruction? And in no uncertain tones does it not tell us of the law-abiding and law-enforcing character of the members of the Megantic Club?

But to return to the episode of the trip which occasioned this article.

On the afternoon of August 10th a young man from Boston and the writer went up the trail leading from the clubhouse through the preserve with our cameras to get some woods views, and when we had proceeded but a little way, in going around a bend, we encountered a beautiful doe not more than thirty yards away.

My friend having plates much quicker than my films, I whispered to him to take a snap, although the sun was wrong for us, the doe being to the westward. This he did several times, the subject being not in the least disconcerted. She cautiously ventured toward us, browsing on the shrubbery along the trail and several times knocked flies from her ears with her hind feet. We did not fail to notice her graceful outlines and most beautiful posing, and yet we despaired of getting a good picture, owing to her moving about and our bad light.

At length I suggested to my friend to set up his tripod and I would try a time exposure with my larger camera. This he proceeded to do, and as he unfolded its legs her bump of curiosity asserted itself, and she cautiously approached us within ten feet, staring all the while at the new three-legged thing that she had never seen before. She was then at a point where we wanted her, but the declining sun shot sharp rays through the tree tops directly on the lens, and rendered dubious our chances for success. Just then she thought she would take a rear view of her visitors and their new-fangled contrivances, and so she walked around and by us and came out again into the trail not more than ten or twelve feet away. What with the tormenting flies and her efforts to rid herself of these pests, snipping off the foliage and eating with avidity, and

peering at us from a dozen different attitudes we had much to admire and enjoy, but we could not catch her quiet long enough to make the desired exposure. Several of our efforts resulted indifferently well, but that shown in the accompanying cut is perhaps the best of all.

We probably spent in all a full half hour with Mrs. Doe, and when we left the scene of operations she was quietly eating her supper within twenty feet of the trail.

Such experience seldom comes to him who goes into the woods, and it is something remarkable to occur in a section of country settled so many years ago, and so densely populated as is New England. When we related our experience to our friends at the clubhouse on our return, we received heartiest congratulations on opening a studio in the woods and having timid deer for patrons.—*The Amateur Sportsman*, October, 1895.

A DAY WITH MUSKALONGE IN CANADA.

MORNING came. Dog days had not run their course. The sun cast up red like a ball of fire. Not a breath of air stirred to temper the torrid heat. Swallows flitted lazily about, and the sibilant song of locusts fell drowsily on the ear. Tiny, fleecy clouds on the horizon gave promise of showers during the day.

During the early hours of the forenoon I repaired to the home of old Brissette on the bank of Pike river

(which flows into that portion of Lake Champlain known as Missiquoi bay) near the village of Bedford, Quebec. I was provided with a hamper of solids and liquids for the inner man, and a sufficient supply of paraphernalia to start a fishing-tackle store. Brissette was awaiting me.

“*Bon jour, bon jour, mon cher ami; we mek start rat off for quick.*”

Dipping his fingers into the *benitier*, which always has a conspicuous place in the home of the *habitant*, Brissette devoutly made the sign of the cross; and, with a wish from his wife for our success and safe return, we took our departure for the flat water of the river, some distance below his house.

On our way to the landing, near the deep pool where the rapids end, we passed through nooks and vistas in glade and mead that gladdened the eye; where nature in her seeming indifference and frowsy neglect furnishes many artistic sights. The timid brown thrush is startled by our intrusion and flits into the denser growth beyond, and the bobolink sings his joyous, rollicking notes in the meadow. All this seems lost on the matter-of-fact Brissette, the patient basket maker and successful angler; perhaps because it is a part of his everyday life.

At the landing the trolling rod of split bamboo is assembled, the multiplying reel is well secured in its place, the threadlike, silk waterproof enameled line is extended through the guides, and a latest pattern of trolling spoon is attached. Brissette scrutinized everything closely without saying a word, but it required only an indifferent mind-reader to see that he was not favorably impressed. As we took our places in the boat he said:—

“Ver’ nice, dat tings, ver’ nice. He don’t fool ’longe, plobly, don’t he, hein?”

Feeling entirely confident of giving him a surprise, I was content to make answer,

“Well, we’ll see, Brissette, we’ll see.”

The oars were in the hands of a master. The boat moved as smoothly as a swan on the surface of the water. The speed was neither too fast nor too slow. Seventy-five yards of line were slowly paid out. Every nerve was tense, and anxiety waited on expectation. Slowly a mile was covered, but no pirate of the waters seized the tempting lure. My faith in the burnished gold and silver spoon weakened after going a few miles, and I asked Brissette to desist from rowing until I mounted a phantom minnow.

“Looks lak he no wants de jewelry mek on de State, hein?”

“Well, Brissette, your ’longe may not be so highly educated as ours, but all the same I think I shall tempt one yet.”

“Plobly,” answered Brissette, with deep skepticism depicted upon every lineament of his countenance.

I raised and lowered the tip of the rod, describing the tangents of a circle, but all to no purpose. We covered five miles without a rise or a sign. I discarded my phantom minnow for a St. Lawrence gang, and we covered more miles without encouragement or reward. At the turning point we neared a few spreading elms and I suggested to Brissette that we go ashore to eat our lunch.

Climbing the precipitous bank of the river we saw murky clouds rolling toward the zenith from the Western horizon. They were frequently intersected

and illuminated by zigzag chains of lightning. It was evident that a heavy shower was not far off, and we deemed it wise to seek the shelter of an outlying barn some distance away. We had just begun to dispose of our refreshments, seated on mounds of sweet scented, newly gathered hay, when great rain drops beat a restful tattoo on the roof. The wind grew in volume and intensity and soon we were in the midst of a blinding summer shower, punctuated by the flash and roar of the artillery of the clouds. The face of nature was thoroughly washed, and after the passing of the shower, vegetation appeared an intenser green.

Luncheon was leisurely disposed of, together with something of a liquid nature, which had a happy effect, when Brissette broke in with,

“Bah gosh! ah’ll tole hol’ hwomans we go get big ’longe; for big tam. We’ll fin’ big tam for sure!”

“Yes, but we haven’t got our big ’longe yet.”

“*Certainement! Certainement!* Des ’longe he no lak for to heat de jewelry tings. He lak it de chub bettaire.

“Well, Brissette, I don’t know but you are more than half right. If you will rig up a chub for me your way, we’ll try our luck with him.

“*Non, non, mon cher ami!* Brissette mak’ it de boat go long sof’ and easy lak. He no feesh. *Nous ne pas* for mak dat wheel machine go on dat leetly feedle steeck.”

“Oh! You may row the boat just the same and I will use the rod and reel. I only want you to get the chub and put him on the hook for me your way.”

“I no lak it dat way, me. I go on de store for melasses and de docteur he come and he say, ‘Brissette,

I go for 'longe las' week. I don't get one. For how you feex it de bait on de hook for catch him?" De minstaire he say, 'Brissette, for how you coax de 'longe? I feesh, one, two, three tam, and don't see 'longe at all.' De Heenglishmans in village he ver' smart; he know every tings. He say, 'Brissette, we go feesh wid you some tam, some day, noder day.' Brissette no keep it de school; Brissette he no go!"

"Very well, Brissette, I will adopt your method. You rig up a bait your way, and on our way back I will do just as you direct."

"Rain look mos' gon' by. I go on de brook for ten-fifteen minutes; den you come on de boat."

The time had passed, the rain had ceased, the air was refreshed and agreeably tempered. Meeting at the boat by appointment, Brissette exhibited a chub at least ten inches long, which he had caught in the brook, and which he said was to be my bait.

"Great Scott! Brissette, you don't mean it! Why that fish is almost large enough to carry home to stuff and bake. It will frighten any 'longe out of his wits!"

"You for do my way, hein? Well, Brissette acquaint wid dese 'longe and he know what he lak' *pour manger* for him supper."

While engaged in this conversation, Brissette was mounting the chub. He peeled and sharpened a small sapling with which he made a perforation from the head along the backbone to the rear of the dorsal fin. Through this he passed a copper wire which he made thoroughly secure to a hook large enough and strong enough to hold a shark. He then withdrew the copper wire until the shank of the hook was drawn into the opening made by the sapling, and so concealed in the

body of the fish. He next passed the point of the hook through the body midway between the dorsal fin and the tail and gave it a twist, or bend, which would cause the chub to revolve when drawn through the water. He then passed the free end of the wire twice through the lips, effectually closing the mouth so the bait would move through the water easily and without injury; and finally he connected it with the chain of swivels attached to the end of his line.

He cast the bait thus prepared several times into the water and drew it toward himself to see if it revolved properly while being drawn through the water. Everything being satisfactory, Brissette said,

“We now go for beeg 'longe; we get him for sure.”

“Well, I am glad your courage is good, Brissette; but I can never get that big line of yours on my reel. What shall I do?”

“Hole' heem in your han's. When big 'longe eat him and run, let him go, pull heem in, let heem go some more; bimeby he get ver' tired.”

“Yes, but how do you do when alone? You can't hold the line and row at the same time.”

“Hol' line in mout'. When 'longe come, stop row, take hol' on line.”

Diplomacy, persuasion and importunity were brought to bear, and after a great deal of remonstrance, and with evident misgiving on his part, he at last consented to let me use my rod, reel and line, on the strongest assurance of their strength and reliability, and that I would be neither displeased nor disappointed if I hooked and then lost the largest 'longe through my own inability or the breaking or failure of my tackle.

With this concession and understanding, we set out on our return trip. Obeying the instructions of Brissette I paid out only twenty-five or thirty yards of line. We carefully skirted the lily pads, giving special attention to the deep pools where the water had cut away the banks of the river, and to the darksome reaches of water beneath the overhanging growth of water brush and other foliage. Mile on mile we slowly covered, with expectation constantly keyed up to intensest pitch, but all to no purpose. We came in sight of the wide and deep pool at the place of our departure near the end of the rapids without any attack on our leviathan bait. Brissette's volubility had ceased and anxiety was depicted on his countenance. We were gently sweeping around the other side of the pool when I ventured to say,

"Well, Brissette, it begins to look doubtful if your prediction will be fulfilled today. The big 'longe don't seem to want to call on the big ch—Hold on, Brissette, hold on! We've struck a snag!"

Whiz-izz-izz-zz-z went the reel. The fight was on, and we were launched at once into the storm center of exciting sport.

The mighty fish threw his weight on the rod and it yielded to the strain in graceful ellipse. Away he went down stream, pulling the boat after him as if it was drawn by a stout pony. The strain was too great and he hurled himself defiantly out of the water, the embodiment of untamed fury and piscatorial ferocity.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* but he is de bigges' fader of dem all! Nex' tam he come he eat up your leetly string and feedle steeck and laf at Yankee man from State! Brissette mek him cool off and go 'long home wid him for sure."

“Just wait a little while, Brissette, and see what the Yankee man and his fiddlestick will do. He’ll cool him off all right.”

Down to the bottom went the ’lounge to sulk. A few gentle turns of the reel and like a flash out again came the tiger of the waters, shaking his head to free himself from the cruel barb; but the multiplying reel and the resiliency of the split bamboo rod gave him no slack line and consequently no chance to escape.

“*Sapristi*, but I nevaire see like dat before, me! One leetly feedle string and one leetly fiddle steck mek, hold mos’ bigges’ ’lounge as ever was.”

“Oh! I’ll show you before I get through what the little fiddle string and the little fiddle stick will do.”

Meanwhile his royal majesty made another drive away from the boat with great speed and power. To the resistance of the drag on the reel I added the pressure of my thumb on the line, but he never ceased in his flight until he had taken out some forty or fifty yards of line. He then started on a circuit of the pool, which I endeavored to check by giving him the butt of the rod and by reeling in whenever for a moment he desisted from pulling and tugging. Twice during the circuit he essayed the aerial act, but with less impetuosity and violence. It was easy to see that the severe strain of the rod was telling on his strength. He turned about and made another wild rush as if to pass underneath the boat, but reeling in quickly and putting pressure on the rod I frustrated his plan and prevented the line from getting entangled with the oars, as would otherwise probably have been the case. That seemed to infuriate him anew and again he essayed to leap out of the water as his only hope of escape; but he was

unable to force more than his head and back above the surface of the water.

Alas! good fighter! Alas! mighty warrior! All danger is past and it is only a question of patience, care and time before your royal sway is at an end.

The fight was fast and furious, permitting of no conversation nor idle banter. Brissette, while carefully managing the boat, did not for an instant cease to regard the, to him, unequal contest with an intensity of interest bordering on enthusiasm and amazement.

"Ah! Brissette," I ventured at last, "see the big fellow is getting tired. Now what do you think of the fiddle string and the little fiddle stick?"

"Bah gosh! feedle string and feedle steeck all right when Yankee man play de feedle. Bah gosh! I nevaire see like dat, me." This by way of compliment and praise, for your Frenchman is nothing if not polite and complimentary.

"Thank you, Brissette, but we haven't got him into the boat yet."

"For sure, our 'longe! I jomp in wataire and pull him on shore."

"Well, not just now, Brissette. He is cooling down all right, and when all the fight is out of him I will lead him around to the edge of the boat. Then you can slip your thumb and fingers into his gills and lift him in."

Ten minutes more passed and the struggle was at an end. The fierce fighter could be led about as gently as a fingerling. I reeled in the line. As the 'longe neared the gunwale the hand of Brissette laid firm hold on the gills and soon the monster was writhing on the bottom of the boat. A merciful blow at the

base of the skull ended the struggle and Brissette pulled for the shore.

As the shadows of evening gathered, a proud procession moved through the village street, to the surprise and wonderment of passers by, who were generous with congratulations and praise. At last the village store was reached and the scale registered 28¼ pounds as the weight of my prize. I returned to my home with pleasant recollections, well content to have spent the day on Pike river with old Brissette.—*Recreation, December, 1902.*

FROM NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD.

BEFORE the creation of mankind in the person of our first parents, Adam and Eve, it pleased the Omnipotent Jehovah to clothe and adorn the landscape and towering mountains with the offspring of His power and love.

In the first chapter of Genesis we read that on the third day God said: "Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth, and it was done.

And the earth brought forth the green herb, and such as yieldeth seed according to its own kind, and the tree that beareth fruit, having seed each one according to its own kind. And God saw that it was good."

And why should it not be good? A creation for a definite purpose, a specified end, without restriction or limitation to place or time—to serve and to serve

only the purposes of a kind and all-wise Creator—how could it, how can it be otherwise than good? Created by God for a God-like end, without power to rebel or offend, who shall say that God's ways are not highest wisdom, that His purposes do not

“through countless ages unceasing run,”

that His power and love are not now everywhere as manifest as in the time of creation, and that His mercies do not still abide in His works to proclaim His Omnipotence, to bless and to cheer?

The world of Nature is one vast school-house, but man—inconsistent, thoughtless man—is prone to neglect, mis-interpret, or forget the many valuable lessons taught therein. These are everywhere in evidence, illimitable and exhaustless, and they are adapted to the idiosyncracies, temperaments and capabilities of all.

Philosophers, scientists and students may actively spend all the days of long lives without avail in the attempt to measure the extent of space, to determine the movement of the planets therein, or to adequately depict the beauty of the starry heavens and the music of the spheres. But all these and much more that are beyond the range of the masses of mankind, have their counterpart in things mundane, things around and about us with which we are all familiar, things commonplace, if anything created by Omnipotence may be so called, and they teach equally important and valuable lessons to all who have open eyes and a reverent mind. Along this more humble pathway we shall direct our footsteps.

Going hence, we see the running vine and scented flower, the gnarled oak and towering pine, the waving

grass and blooming lily; but in their luxuriance and beauty we can read no trace of the sorrow of an offended God which is recorded in the Scriptures against the dereliction from duty of His highest creation when He said "It repented Him" for having created man.

But our steps are directed toward the wilderness which clothes the mountain side, and the thought comforts and encourages us that there at least we shall be alone in His creation—there at least we shall escape from the traps and pit-falls so industriously and seductively planned and laid by man to ensnare and degrade his brother—there at least we shall have God's work upon the third day for associates and companions.

Standing alone upon the acclivity we see a giant oak, gnarled and scarred by the storms and buffetings of lengthened years, its roots growing deeper and firmer with every onslaught, its massive limbs outstretched as if in defiance to the storm's severity and the assaults of Time. In this sturdy and defiant picture we see a type of the hermit of old who successfully battled for God and right, and who was content to stand alone and battle for righteousness though all the world opposed.

But now we have passed to the denser growth of the conifers that live in such close and helpful relation as to suggest the members of human communities who for the greater love and glory of God live apart from the world, their prayers and good deeds purifying the atmosphere in which they live and ascending to the great white throne on high even as the balsamic fragrance of the trees purifies and perfumes the surrounding atmosphere.

And anon, toil and perseverance bring us well up the mountain side where we rest beside a spring that gushes forth and pours out its sparkling, saving waters to revivify and nourish all below, even as the grace of God is continuously outpoured upon all to revivify, to nourish, to restore and to bless.

Ascending still higher, we encounter what was once a small lakelet, clear as crystal, that once reflected the eagle's flight by day and the glittering stars by night; but, now, alas! through inadvertance, carelessness, or malevolence, some member of the human family enkindled a fire which did the work of destruction. Forest trees—great and mighty—trees that saw the rising and setting sun throughout untold centuries—fell before the devouring element, and where once was a beautiful forest picture that would please the heart and gladden the eye of an artist is now a blackened and repulsive spot in the forest—the once pellucid waters now overgrown with noxious weeds and transformed into a miasmatic bog.

Here is suggested and impressed upon the mind of the thoughtful and contemplative one of the saddest pictures upon which the mind can dwell—the beauty of the garden of Eden and the fall of man, the work of the sower of cockle upon the goodly field of wheat, the work of the unrighteous and ungodly in the world and the evils resulting therefrom.

Before resuming our upward journey let us search in the unwholesome and repulsive bog for our old friend, the modest and retiring pitcher plant, of the order *Sarracenia*, limited to two genera, and known to the botanist as *Sarracenia purpurea*.

A dilligent search is required to discover the object

of our quest hidden away beneath the lichens, coarse grass and other noxious and repulsive undergrowths. But our hunt is rewarded and again we find our old-time favorite nourished by the stagnant waters of the bog, its urn-shaped petiole filled with the pure, crystalized and sparkling dew of heaven, when again we are reminded of the goodness and mercy of God which abounds in the world amidst the wickedness of men, again we see a type of the human brotherhoods and sisterhoods, the oases in the desert places of life to encourage and uplift, and again we see over and above all, a type of the Virgin Mother who gave the God-Man place in the chalice of her virginity while surrounded by an indifferent, repulsive and sinful world.

Climbing still further up the ascent the notes of singing birds take on a purer tone and cheer us on our valleys below and beyond until the horizon limits our way. Reaching the summit, we gaze out upon the vision. We seem lifted above the things of the world—the strife, the passions and sins of mankind. We seem to breathe in a holier atmosphere than is vouchsafed to them below, to be more than recompensed for the toil of the journey even as are those who manfully strive in the journey of life for the “well done, good and faithful servant” of the Master.

We realize that Nature constantly suggests and constantly points upward to Nature's God, and that he alone is wise who heeds the helpful lessons taught.

“The heavens show forth the glory of god, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands.”—*Annals of Saint Anthony's Shrine, Worcester, Mass, June, 1907.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU . . .	316
INVITATION TO YE GUILD OF FYSHERMEN . .	408
ROUND MOUNTAIN CAMP THANKSGIVING MENU .	460

CONTENTS.

TORQUATO TASSO	11
MONEY AND BANKING	33
THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND ITS PEOPLE .	55
AN HOUR WITH THE PURITANS AND PILGRIMS .	89
REMINISCENT AND OTHERWISE	130
VERY REV. JOHN J. POWER, D.D., V.G. . .	157
A CHRISTMAS REVERIE	172
THE HORSE IN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE . .	179
TROTTING RECORDS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR WHEN BREEDING FOR SPEED	188
THE NEW ENGLAND FARM AND FARMER . . .	192
A SOURCE OF INCOME	197
HOW SABATTIS GOT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER .	201
FERNCLIFFE	212
A PILGRIMAGE TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES . .	227
THE PRINTED WORD	233
PILGRIMAGES	240
WHEAT AND COCKLE	243
RICHES IN POVERTY	247

CONTENTS — *Continued.*

	PAGE
A TRUCE IN THE WARFARE OF LIFE	252
THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD	257
MOOSE AND MOOSE HUNTING HINTS FOR BUDDING NIMRODS	264
PARADOXES AND SPORT	274
MASSACHUSETTS IN A.D. 1900	277
BIG GAME HUNTING	281
PROSPECTING FOR WOODCOCK IN MASSACHUSETTS	289
ZIG ZAG EXPERIENCES — I.	298
ZIG ZAG EXPERIENCES — II.	303
ZIG ZAG EXPERIENCES — III.	307
ZIG ZAG EXPERIENCES — IV.	311
ZIG ZAG EXPERIENCES — V.	314
THANKSGIVING IN THE WOODS	316
THE POETRY OF ANGLING	328
AN OUTING WITHOUT ROD OR GUN	333
THE MONARCH OF BUTTERMILK BARREN	340
NEGATIVE SOUP	349
MY FIRST CANVASBACK	356
A COONLESS HUNT	360
A DAY IN MASSACHUSETTS COVERS	364
THE MONARCH OF THE POOL	372
OUR TRIP TO LITTLE JO MARY	376
REMINISCENT	383
A VERACIOUS NARRATION	391
BOOKS IN RUNNING BROOKS	398
TONGUES IN TREES	401
PICKEREL FISHING THROUGH THE ICE	405
JACKING DEER	408
A DAY IN THE OLD DOMINION	414
ONLY A DOG	418
VERACIOUS JIM	424
WAYSIDE PICTURES	429

CONTENTS — *Continued.*

	PAGE
SPORTSMANSHIP — 1492-1892 . . .	433
A RED LETTER DAY ON A MASSACHUSETTS TROUT BROOK	435
ROSES AND THORNS	440
LAST NIGHT IN CAMP	446
THE CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS	451
THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE	455
HUNTING BIG GAME IN WINTER	460
VACATION PLEASANTRIES	466
MONOTONY THAT IS NOT MONOTONOUS.	470
OUR SUMMER'S OUTING	472
EYES THAT SEE AND EARS THAT HEAR	478
FROM LITTLE MUCH	480
WOODS PICTURES	488
A DAY WITH MUSKALONGE IN CANADA	492
FROM NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD	501

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